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# *Annals of Wyoming*

Vol. 21

January 1949

No. 1

**A HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**



Photo by A. E. Carlstrum

**TEXAS TRAIL MONUMENT AT PINE BLUFFS, WYOMING**

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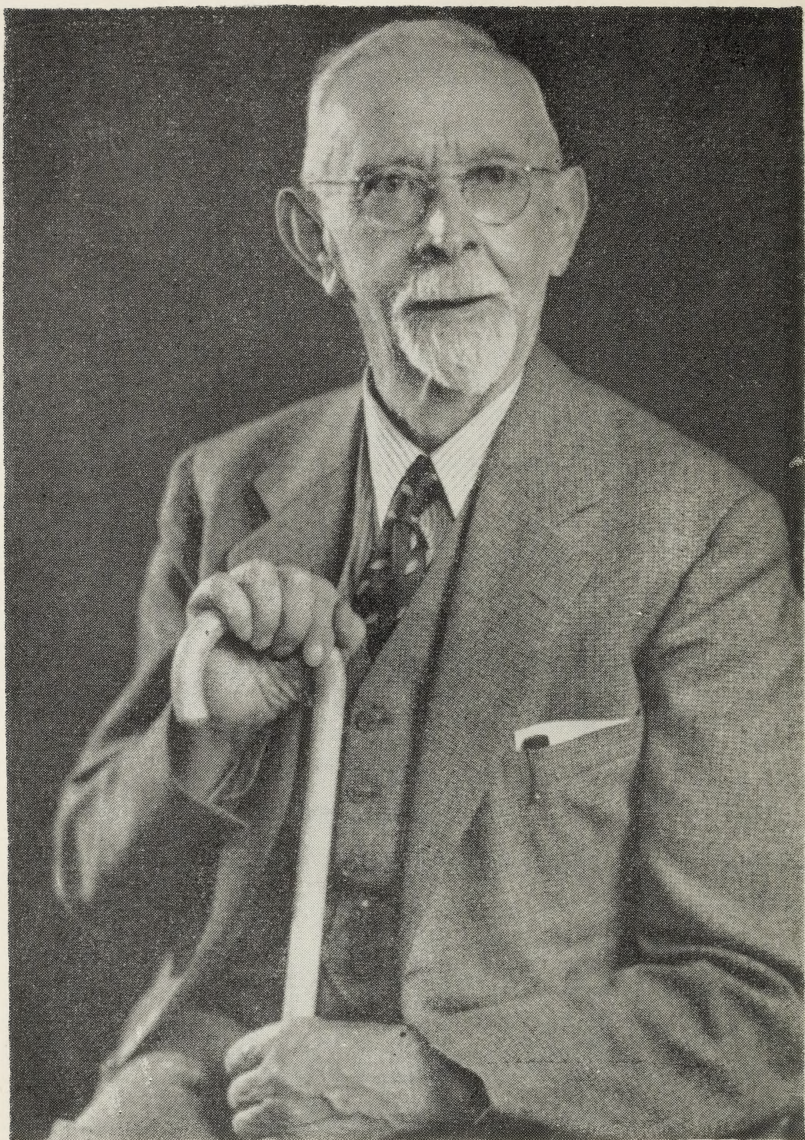
## *Contents*

The Far West in the '80's.....	3
By John James Fox.	
Kiskadden-Slade .....	89
By Perry W. Jenkins.	
Texas Trail Monuments in Wyoming.....	93
By Louise Love.	

## **ILLUSTRATIONS**

Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs .....	Cover
John James Fox .....	2
Frank Hadsell .....	12
Mrs. Frank Hadsell .....	44
Frank Hadsell Ranch .....	10
Dedication of Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs .....	94
Reverse side of Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs .....	98

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**John James Fox, 1942**



# *The Far West in the '80's*

By JOHN J. FOX

Edited by T. A. Larson\*

The following account was written by John James Fox, 1866-1944, who came to Wyoming Territory from England in the spring of 1885. He remained in Wyoming until 1887, when he returned to England. In the early '90's he came to the United States a second time, and settled on a citrus ranch in San Diego County, California. Later he spent some time in Guadalajara, Mexico, before returning again to England. For a time he managed a small sheep ranch in Udimore, Sussex, but America called him a third time, and this time (1904) he settled in California for good.

John Fox became a prominent farmer and stock raiser. He served on the Horticultural Commission of Napa County for three years, was appraiser for the Federal Land Bank for eleven years, and was horticultural editor for various farm papers. He wrote a *Manual of Rural Appraisement* which was published by the Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco, 1923.

In Wyoming John Fox worked in 1885 for Frank Hadsell, prominent resident of Carbon County, who died in 1927. Frank Hadsell's son, Kleber, who lives in Rawlins, Wyoming, has an account book left by his father, which includes the following entries:

## John Fox, 1885

April 23	overalls	\$1.00	Commenced work April 11th	
30	Tobacco	1.40	June 11 by work	\$40.00
		-----	June 14 by Gus	3.00
		2.40		-----
June 11	cash per			43.00
	J.S.J.	1.50		
	cash	.50		
		-----		
		4.40		
	To check	38.60		
		-----		
		43.00		

John Fox left school in England at the age of fifteen, but he continued to educate himself thereafter, particularly in the fields of history, literature and music. In the narra-

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\*T. A. Larson is Professor and Head of the Department of History at the University of Wyoming. For biography see *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 14:1:5.

tive which follows Fox has written authentically and entertainingly of the life in southeastern Wyoming in the days of the open range. The story was written in the 1930's, about fifty years after the events which Mr. Fox describes. In editing the manuscript the punctuation has been simplified, but otherwise little change has been found necessary. The author's vocabulary was extensive, and he used some words which are not in common usage in this country, but they are nevertheless used correctly and add color to the story.

Three sons of John Fox now live in California. One of them, Denis L. Fox, a member of the faculty of the University of California, turned over his father's manuscript to the History Department of the University of Wyoming, and authorized its publication.

### THE FAR WEST IN THE '80's

The high lights of early experiences stand out in one's memory and perhaps become hallowed and idealized by time. They are like old port—though covered with cobwebs, they improve with age. Rather a mixed metaphor that, but let it stand. Nevertheless, those memories are valuable because they form the basis of a comparison between widely separated periods of time.

We sailed from Glasgow in February 1885, in a sort of hybrid steamer that also carried huge sails; a wallowing old tub that rolled like a porpoise. I was intent on becoming a cowboy in the Far West, so was braced to stand anything. I will pass over the horrors of the journey out on a crowded emigrant ship, and the herding of its passengers at Castle Garden in New York. These impressions have been written elsewhere and are not good reading. However, the first sight of the Statue of Liberty stirred me deeply, as it must all men of imagination.

It brings to mind, in a jumbled way, all those events of which one has read—the winning of the wilderness from the savages by the early pioneers; the war of the revolution; the clearing of the forests and the building of cities and states; the manumission of slaves, and the still living, unbounded freedom of the frontiersmen, the hunters, the trappers and the cattlemen of the Far West.

When we landed in New York it was bitterly cold and all the busses and cabs were on runners—a mode of vehicle I had never seen before. I could hardly believe that all the muddy looking heaps on both sides of the street were composed of snow. The mackinaw caps, pulled down over the driver's ears, their heavy mackinaw coats, high boots,



and the bearskin or buffalo robe wraps over their knees, made me feel that I was already getting close to the wild life of my dreams.

The policemen on the street corners looked threatening or challenging. Coming from the British Isles, where the police are not allowed to show their truncheons except in emergency, the sight of these men, twirling their business-like clubs, made me think that they were looking for trouble and that it was imminent.

My ticket from New York to Chicago cost only \$1.00, as there was a railway war going on and the rate cutting had reached that ridiculous figure. I liked the nice long compartment trains with all their conveniences after the wretched little compartments we had in England. Also the fact that our baggage was checked, and that we had no further concern with it, was wonderful.

The neat houses built of wood instead of brick or stone were a novelty. From the car windows snake fences were everywhere visible—fences of split rails, and to think that a president of this country had split such rails and built such fences. Here was democracy for you!

Everybody seemed to wear knee-boots—a very novel sight. The farmers' boots were of stout cowhide, roughly made and with the tabs sticking boldly out of them, while the business men's boots were of kid or kip hide and were worn beneath the trousers.

In Chicago, State Street had a cable car system of which the city was justly proud. All the other cars were either horse or mule drawn. Two years later the whole street car system was electrified, horses being used only on the outskirts of the city. While there I was astonished to hear that a street car had been held up at Dearborn and Madison Streets at 10 o'clock in the morning, the passengers robbed and robbers evaded arrest. After that, when walking to my lodgings at night up some of the dark streets, I kept a revolver in my coat pocket with my hand on it all the time.

The next thing that shocked me was that a boy had been shot down while running away, trying to escape arrest for thieving and nothing was done to the policeman who shot him. The most amazing thing of all was hearing that murderers or other vile criminals, even though caught *in flagrante delicto*, could get out of durance "on bail" if they had money or friends to supply it, while witnesses to the crime could be held if there was any likelihood of their disappearing.

This was quite a blow; but it seemed to explain quite clearly why "lynch" law was in evidence in the less civil-

ized communities and why vigilance committees could be organized as I had read of them in San Francisco. For, I thought, a vigilance committee's actions show a desire on the part of the law-abiding to do their best to make up for the slackness with which the law was administered, and to render what they considered justice, for the safety of their own communities. It was not that the vigilance committees were lawless or bloody minded; it was the paltering with justice by accepted authority that engendered "lynch" law. This was driven home to me later in Wyoming.

## WYOMING

After two weeks spent in Chicago I heard that a big cattlemen's convention<sup>1</sup> was to be held in Cheyenne and, as Wyoming had been my objective, off I went, not knowing anything but that I must get work on a cattle ranch. Through a friend I had been offered an office job with the C. B. and Q. Railroad at fifty-seven dollars a month. Two hundred would not have tempted me, with the plains calling.

I had expected to find Cheyenne City quite a large place, for it was known as the wealthiest city in the Far West, and doubtless it was. Yet instead of being disappointed, I was much pleased to find it the cattle metropolis of my dreams. The saloons all had wooden platforms in front of them, furnished with several chairs, all well braced with wires beneath to withstand the constant tilting of them by the users. Cow ponies were standing at the hitching rails and a few blanket Indians were seen about. The whole atmosphere of the town was of cattlemen. I walked all around the little berg in an hour. One could stand in the center of town and see the prairie all around it. The city claimed 7000 inhabitants, but I doubted there could be so many as that.

The streets were uneven and unpaved for the most part and the sidewalks, where there were any, were wooden. Quite a number of men had long hair and beards or large moustaches. The chaps of most of the cowboys were fringed at the sides and one saw a few fringed buckskin shirts, though these were mostly of blue serge or black sateen or moleskin. Bright colored silk or bandana handkerchiefs were worn round the neck in loose fashion, sometimes two or even three of different colors. Most of the hats were wide brimmed Stetsons or "billycocks" and many of the men were armed with business-like heavy revolvers.

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<sup>1</sup>This was evidently the spring meeting of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.



The finest store in Cheyenne was the saddler's. Besides an enormous array of saddles, bridles, riatas, whips, quirts and light and heavy harness, it had a fine long show case containing bits, spurs and ornamental martingales, all gay with silver conchas or brass letters. This shop was the rendezvous and the haunt of cowboys. A huge stove stood in the middle of the store with chairs set around it and boxes of sawdust for the convenience of tobacco chewers. On the show case was a large sign, "Wanted 50 cowboys to lean on this case." It was quite effectual and the case was respected.

The very first thing I did in Cheyenne was to buy a blue flannel shirt, a pair of blue jeans overalls (usually pronounced "overhauls"), a stiff brimmed cavalry hat and cowboy boots. I had arrived there wearing a new brown Derby or bowler, a white collar, English riding breeches and leggings (box leggings) and had never attracted so much attention in my life. After the change, the men where I boarded were not only approachable but friendly. They pointed out different men at the hotels who were cattle kings. A young fellow who had come out on the train with me let the boys know that his father was a Chicago alderman.

"Oh! Then he is a saloonkeeper, isn't he?" said one of the boys.

The young man said, "Yes."

"I knew it," returned his questioner, looking round at the group. "Chicago is ruled by a board of aldermen and they are all saloonkeepers. It is policed by ward-heelers and strong-arm men and the folks have got to vote as they are ordered to. The greatest center for crooks and grafters the world has ever seen."

"They're not all saloonmen on the board of alderman," said the youth, reddening.

"Is that so?" asked the cowboy banteringly. "Which one ain't?"

"I guess a saloonman is just as respectable as anyone else, ain't he?" said the youth in defense of his father. "My old man runs a clean joint; he don't run no dive."

"Sure a saloonman's respectable, kid. Wish my old man was one 'stead o' bein' a trapper. Then I could go in and rinse me mouth out any time I wanted to 'thout havin' to worry about the price."

I drifted out and after trying several men, I was finally hired by Frank Hadsell, a horseman from Elk Mountain, at the Medicine Bow emigrant crossing. We left on the midnight train and drew into the little town of Carbon just at dawn.

The depot was a short distance from the town and we had to thread our way round pits and sunken areas, where mine cave-ins had caused a subsidence at the surface.

Carbon was a little coal mining and cow town<sup>2</sup>, consisting of one main street and a few beginnings of laterals. It lay then along the main track of the Union Pacific Railroad. There were a few frame houses, but many were built of logs. There were also some dug-outs on the hill sides, faced up in front with logs or lumber and roofed with poles and sods. The railroad depot had originally been right in front of the general store and Johnny Conner's saloon, which stood some 40 yards back. But it had been found practically impossible to keep the cowboys from shooting at every new notice that appeared on its walls. The raw-hide bottomed chairs were always on the saloon platform in good weather and idle guns had to have practice.

The occasional shooting made the telegraph operator, who was also train dispatcher, freight clerk and general factotum, nervous; and, after several of them had successively resigned for the same reason, the district superintendent had the little depot hoisted on to flat-cars and moved outside of town.

The first little incident that thrilled me as we entered its precincts at daylight was the sight of a cowboy and a girl dashing down the street on horses, yelling, the man firing several shots in the air. He was evidently well "lit up" and the noisy female rode astride her pony, her long hair streaming behind her. She had on nothing but a chemise!

To a very green young man, born and raised in the sleepest, most conservative little country town in Wessex, this was Life with a capital L. How my eminently respectable Victorian training leapt to meet it. I would fain have "whooped" too. The man was a very decent sort, whom I met and worked with later. The woman was, of course, an "entertainer."

At the hotel I met a Dr. R.,<sup>3</sup> who was an Englishman. He was the only surgeon in the district and was regarded with the utmost respect, especially by the miners. I suppose that he was typical of the frontier doctor of the period. His manners were gruff, to put it mildly, and his

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<sup>2</sup>In his longhand first draft Fox included the following comment: "I have said that Carbon was a cow town and so it was. But it was also a mining town and the coal miners were half Finlanders and about half Cornishmen so there were two saloons, naturally, and the Finns kept to themselves."

<sup>3</sup>This may refer to Dr. Ricketts who was in Carbon County at the time.



English accent lent distinction to his choice assortment of purely American oaths. He was at times a bit reckless at the card tables. I describe him because he was a very important member of the community, and seemed to fit in with frontier life without seeming out of place.

Of course he had a good permanent practice. I understood that he was paid fifty cents a month by each of the miners, which sum ensured them medical attention without further charges. His two-room log cabin was near the main adit of the coal mine, down towards the depot, so that an injured miner could be landed on his platform from the handcar. The front room was his surgery and the back his bedroom. He took his meals at the hotel, being a bachelor.

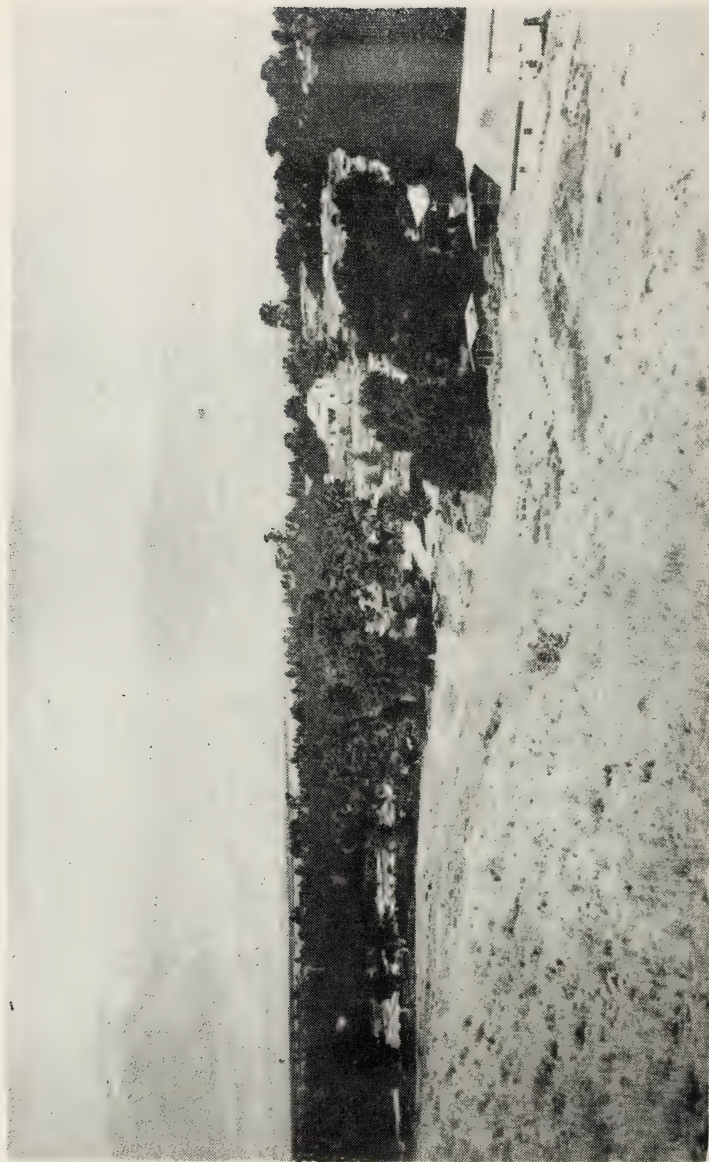
One morning the doctor had just retired to rest, having spent the night in a poker game, and two men banged at his door, just as he had dropped off to sleep, about six a. m. One of them unwrapped his injured hand, which was still bleeding, and holding it up for inspection, said "Tore it on a rusty nail on the handcar, doctor! I was afraid it might mortify!"

The doctor looked at the hand and was furious. He stepped nimbly out, clad only in his underclothes, and with one punch on the jaw he knocked the "patient" off the platform, clear across the little track, saying, "There now! If you ever come and wake me up in the middle of the night again for a scratch like that, I'll kill you. Put some more turpentine on it and come back at ten o'clock!"

"I treat 'em rough and make 'em like it. That's the sort of a hairpin I am," said the doctor. "Once let those miners think you're soft and they'd be bothering you for attention all the time on the slightest pretext. What do the blighters expect for fifty cents a month—a hospital cot? They know that some of them have to look at my knives and lancets every week and they are going to take no chances with me. No know'ns when their turn will come and how do they know but what I might cut an extra chunk out of 'em for revenge if they rile me? Always a good thing for a 'medic' to stand on his dignity with such a crowd. Keep 'em guessing, darn 'em. The shorter and sterner you are with them the better they obey orders about keeping their dressings clean."

Dignity and a short arm punch on the jaw! More power to his elbow.

"Doc" was a public spirited man who did not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. A woman sharpshooter came to the town one day and gave an exhibition at the "Opera House," which was a long barn-like structure with



Frank Hadsell Ranch showing the Overland Trail crossing of the Medicine Bow River with Elk Mountain in the background and the store, post office of Elk Mountain and saloon in the building in the foreground. The Ranch shows clearly across the river and the old overland stage station was across the road and just north of the ranch house. Photograph by Fred Baker, Carbon, Wyoming, 1885.



a dirt floor. I think it was built of logs. It had a seating accommodation for about two hundred if the benches were set close together. The footlights were small flat lamps.

After the usual exhibition of shooting out the flame of a candle, of smashing a potato swinging on a string, and putting out the candle behind it with one shot, and shooting objects from all angles, she asked for a volunteer to step up onto the stage and have a potato shot from off his head, called the William Tell act. "Doc" immediately hopped up and submitted himself for the stunt, refusing to allow his eyes to be bandaged and promising not to duck.

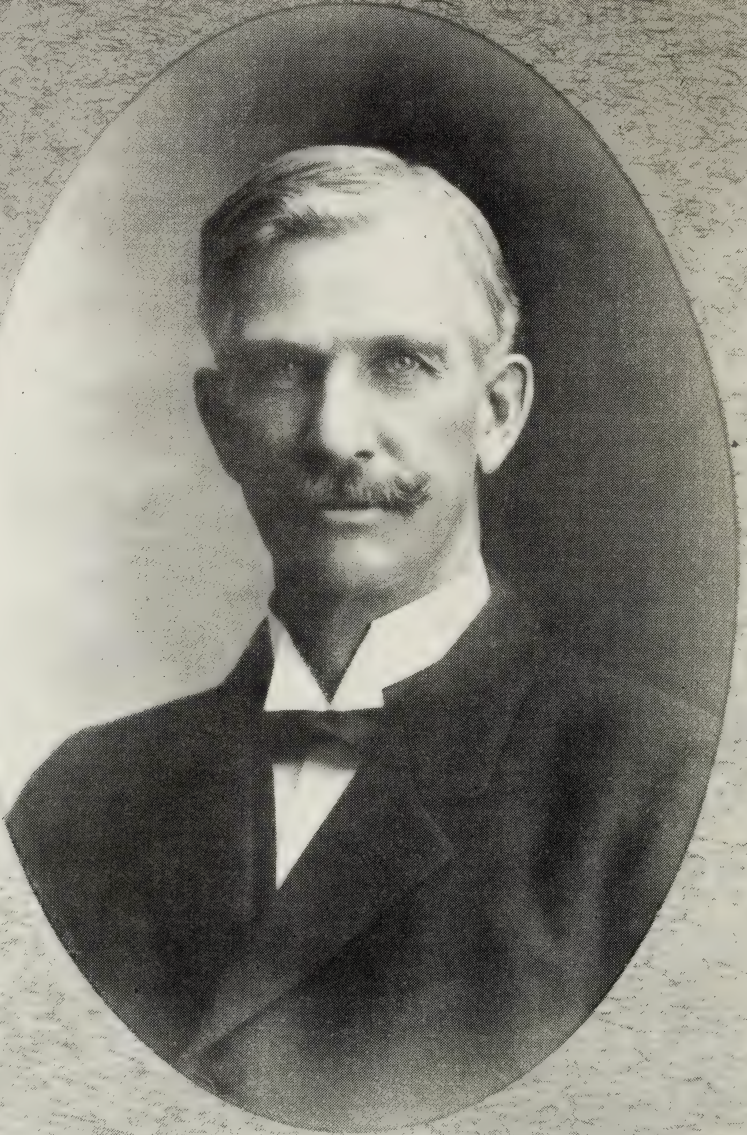
These incidents are small sidelights on his character. He "drank his whiskey straight," as the saying went, and I suppose that other men were attracted to him as I was. For there was a doctor of medicine, a man of great learning, whose hands held the keys of life or death, a man who knew all there was to know about human ailments and how to cope with them. That he should condescend to risk his life on a bet seemed nothing short of foolhardy to me. Yet I saw him bet a man five dollars that he couldn't shoot the ash off his cigar at twelve paces. The man had bragged that he could, after seeing the woman at the Opera House shoot. I saw him stand in the doorway of the saloon and stick his whole face out, while the gun wielder took up his station at the corner of the building outside. After throwing the revolver round his finger half a dozen times, the "expert" fired and smashed the cigar.

Instantly "Doc" dashed out of the doorway like a delighted schoolboy, holding out his hand and saying, "You smashed the *cigar* and you lost. See, come on now! Ante up the five bucks and look pleasant about it. You said the *ash!*"

The bet was paid and as quickly spent over the bar. Who could help liking a man like that, even if he did lack "the bedside manner?"

## AT THE CROOKED X RANCH

Hadsell's foreman met us at Carbon with the spring wagon and a lively team, but there seemed to be a lot of shopping and pottering about to do, so we did not start for the ranch 'til the afternoon. The ranch was situated on the Medicine Bow River on one side of the old emigrant toll bridge, and the Elk Mountain post office was on the opposite side. Besides being the postal center for the Elk Mountain district, it was the general store, boarding house



**Frank Hadsell**



for travelers, saloon and livery barn. The owner<sup>4</sup> also had a large bunch of brood mares, besides a stable of stallions. The whole area of land, from Carbon out to the ranch, was either government land or (every alternate section from the railroad, for 10 miles<sup>5</sup>) belonging to the Union Pacific. There was not a single ranch taken up between Elk Mountain post office and the edge of the Laramie plains on the old trail, except the Hashknife. That was, I think, about 25 miles.

There was a good deal of snow on the ground when we arrived in the afternoon and, after depositing my dunage on an unoccupied bunk in the bunkhouse, I was immediately put to work on some harness and gear in the barn. It was nearly dark when I went across to the bunkhouse. The other men were already inside and had a fire going.

It was a long log building with bunks ranged along on both sides of it. The furniture consisted of half a dozen rawhide seated chairs, a rough deal table and a couple of hanging lamps. A large homemade stone fireplace occupied one end of the room.

I heard the boys laughing and talking hilariously, but, as I kicked my boots against the lintel to knock the snow off, the laughter suddenly ceased and a few remarks were made in a low voice. "Here is where you are due for some sort of practical joke," I said to myself, and made ready to meet it without getting rattled.

The boys were gathered in a semi-circle round the hearth, where a cheerful blazing fire was lighting up the whole scene. I noticed my smart little brown Derby had been dented in at the crown so as to make it stand up and that it was being used as a smoker's and tobacco chewer's receptacle.

The foreman sat in the middle, tilted back in his chair. He looked up at me sideways with a quizzical grin, as much as to say, "Well, Mr. Freshman, and what are you going to do about it?"

So I said "Well, gentlemen, since that used to be my property I suppose you have no objection to my contributing."

"Help yourself, kid! Help yourself!" he broke in, with a gesture of both hands toward the little bowler, after taking a shot at it, and joining in the general laughter, as I tossed a cigaret butt into the despised headgear.

"Tell you what that reminds me of," I said quickly and managed to get off the story of a schoolboy prank. This

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<sup>4</sup>Johnny Jones (J. S. Jones) according to the longhand manuscript.

<sup>5</sup>This should read 20 miles.

kept their little joke within due bounds, kept it from stringing out, so to speak.

Somehow this small incident seemed to establish me on a friendly footing with the boys at once, an intimacy that was never lost or abused. It was unwise of me to take that stupid little hat into the cow country, though it served a useful end. It had cost me seven and sixpence in Glasgow less than six weeks before and seven and six is seven and six, Scotchman or no Scotchman.

Frank Hadsell was very good company. He was a tall, lean, wiry man, full of exuberant life and high spirits, which shone from his dark blue eyes. How they sparkled as he recounted some story or event in the legislature<sup>6</sup> or an extra good yarn that he had heard. The dinner table was always very much alive when Hadsell was present. He was only thirty-three years old and had already established himself in a business worth probably \$30,000, off his own bat, so to speak.

He was intensely interested in English stories and in English life, but was essentially a man of the West, though he was born in Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills. The Hadsell homestead there, still in the family's name, was acquired from the Crown of England, so it is natural that Frank should be interested in the stock from which his family sprang.

One night at the table, on my remarking that none of the ranches I had seen had locks on their doors but only latches, he said, "Ah! Wyoming is the safest, most law-abiding territory in the Union, probably in the world. Think of it. We have no penitentiary, no police and only five men have been hanged in the whole history of the territory since it was formed, seventeen years ago!"

This impressed me very deeply for I felt that he was telling me the truth. However, during that spring several bunches of cattle rustlers and horse thieves were captured and disposed of summarily. This seemed to demand some sort of explanation, so I asked Frank one evening, "How is this? You told me that only five men had been hanged in the whole history of the territory, yet about fourteen men have been hanged, if all accounts are true, between the Chugwater and Jackson's Hole and around the Black Hills. How about it?"

"Oh, well!" he replied, "they were rustlers. We make no record of them. If we did not take prompt measures to punish such vermin as they, none of us would be safe."

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<sup>6</sup>Hadsell was elected to the Council of the Territorial Legislature in 1886 and served in the Assembly in 1888.



Here everyone's cattle and horses range together at large on these wild lands. Everything that we own is invested in livestock. We have no police and no patrol but we have to see that our brands are respected, and since there is nobody else to do it we have to do it ourselves, though I have never had to be in on a hanging. You HAVE to hang rustlers. It's a ground-hog case!"

"Yes, but," I persisted, "why don't they get a trial?"

"They do," he responded.

"Yes, but trial by 'lynch' law is pretty nearly a fore-gone conclusion, isn't it?"

"It's all right. It works," he said shortly. "It makes our frontier civilization safe and it's fair. Besides, you're new and don't know what our law courts are. If we gave all the rustlers a trial in court, it would cost more than our herds are worth and then maybe half of them would get off. The few taxpayers there are in the territory couldn't stand it. The rustlers could put up enough money to hang up a case interminably, and finally they would get off, probably on some error, appeal, insufficient evidence or something like that and start all over again. When we hang them they're done, and it discourages others from shooting our cows and misbranding our calves."

"But what about those five that you said were legally hanged?" I was seeking enlightenment.

"Oh! they were just plain skunks, murderers. We had to put them through, though it cost the taxpayers a heap of money," said Frank thoughtfully. "There isn't such strong feeling about a murderer, unless the victim happens to be a popular fellow with lots of friends. Then the trial don't take long."

"But you said there was no Territorial Penitentiary."

"Ah. There you are," said Frank quickly. "It's a darn sight cheaper, when taxpayers are few and money scarce, for a criminal to be dead than for us to have to board him out in Illinois or Colorado.<sup>7</sup> It costs over six hundred dollars a year to board out a convict in addition to the costs of the trial, and the population of Wyoming is only about 25,000 today, including Indians."

I waited.

"But the main thing is," he went on, "that prompt and stern justice discourages the low-down, no-count loafers from interfering with our brands. Besides, our homes are safe, our women folks are dead safe, no matter where they

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<sup>7</sup>A few federal prisoners were kept in Laramie, but generally other prisoners were sent to Joliet until the State Penitentiary at Rawlins was completed in 1898.

go, and our taxes are reasonable. Isn't that better than playing with a criminal, like they do in more 'civilized' countries, and then living in a state of fear and suspense all the time? It sure is. Why the criminal element would swamp us in no time. If we didn't make short work of 'em they'd swarm in here. As it is they keep away—those who have any regard for their health," he added pleasantly.

This conversation was very enlightening to me and the words sank in. I had glimpsed the citizen's point of view and the taxpayers' point of view, and to this day I cannot see how they could do other than they did with the vermin who drove off their stock. Instead of shooting them on sight they were at least given a decorous hearing.

It was again demonstrated that "Justice is swift" if it is to be efficacious and that the sacredness of life and property were best secured by a virile community whose ideals were high.

No sob-sisters in Wyoming. Neither did I ever hear a case of assault against a woman or a girl. An assaulter would assuredly have met with short shrift at the hands of the nearest man. And these safe conditions prevailed right in the old Sioux hunting grounds, only nine years after the Custer Massacre.

### STONEWALL JACKSON

"Here comes old Stonewall Jackson," Frank said one day, as a fierce looking old wreck of a man passed along on a deplorable old grey cayuse. He wore an old grey billycock hat that was full of holes; his grey hair was long and shaggy, coming down over his collar; and his unkempt grey beard stuck out every which way. Though worn and bent, he still looked fierce and untamed.

"How do, Stonewall!" Frank hailed, as the old man passed.

The old man glared round, gave a curt nod, thumped his pony with his heels and said, "Gid up!"

"The old rip hasn't very much use for me," said Frank. "I hired him once but had to let him out directly. He's too dirty and ornery for anything."

"But," I said, amazed, "I thought 'Stonewall' Jackson was a very celebrated Confederate General. Surely that old ruin—"

"No relation, kid. This old bird got the nickname probably because he is so fond of Stonewall whiskey. No, this old boy has had a very hard life, including a year in Andersonville prison during the war. And to do him justice, he



doesn't know the name of fear, even if he is an old whiskey soak." And Frank told me of the time he had hired him in Cheyenne.

They were to go out on the midnight train, and Frank, knowing old Jackson's weakness, had hunted around town for him about eight o'clock in the evening. But none of the saloons yielded any knowledge of him. So Frank went to the jail and sure enough the sheriff had an old drunk answering the description. Frank went in and identified him as he lay asleep and asked the sheriff to let him out and see that he got down to the train at midnight, as it was hard to get another cook in town. This the sheriff agreed to do.

Then Frank said, "Listen, Larry,<sup>8</sup> just throw a scare into the old stiff when you let him out. I don't want him to come back again."

Larry said afterwards to Frank, "Say, Frank, that was a nice trick to play on me, telling me to throw a scare into old Jackson."

"What did he say? Did he make a pass at you?"

"Why!" said Larry, "I said, when I let him out, 'Now look here, old man, I'm letting you off to catch that train because Hadsell's a friend of mine, but if I ever catch you in this town again, I'll give you sixty days on the stone pile.'"

"How'd he take that?" Frank asked.

"How'd he take it! He looked me up and down as insulting as ever a man looked; then he spat savagely on the ground and said, 'The hell you will! Say, Whiskers, are you king of Cheyenne? YOU'LL give me sixty days on the stone pile. Why you cocked-up bonehead, you got no right to *turn me loose*. Where's your papers, eh? Where's yer papers? You're a-breakin' the law to turn me loose, ye dum-gusted turnkey'."

"And then," said Larry, "he cussed me till he got out of sight."

One night that spring the old man came past the ranch on his mustang after we had all gone to bed. At that time Hadsell's house and the old log bunkhouse were adjoining. We heard the old man singing as he came over the bridge and he stopped his horse as he was opposite and began hurling the most offensive abuse at Hadsell.

We boys were chuckling away inside, wondering what Frank would do. He finally got out of bed and went to

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<sup>8</sup>In his longhand first draft Fox wrote that he thought the sheriff's name was Larry Fee. The *Wyoming Historical Blue Book*, however, lists no Larry Fee as Laramie County sheriff, but does list a Lawrence Fee as unsuccessful candidate for Constable in the City of Laramie in 1884.

the door with a lantern in his hand and said, "That's about enough now, Stonewall. You're not so drunk but that you know what you're doing. There's women folks in here can hear you—ain't ye shamed? Now you beat it or I'll take a shot at you."

"Bing," came a bullet from the old man's Colt and hit the logs close to Hadsell's head. The light vanished suddenly and Hadsell retired, while Stonewall, after another terrible tirade, as a sort of paean of victory, rode off singing his old song in a maudlin quaver, "When you and I were young, Maggie," or something like it.

The next year Stonewall was cook for the "Quarter Circle F" outfit on the beef roundup. The outfit had camped at a deserted log house, and when the boys came in for dinner about eleven o'clock nothing was prepared. Stonewall had found a large bottle of spirits of camphor (I think it was) and was in no condition to do anything.

The foreman said, reproachfully, "Now Stonewall! Ain't you the no 'count old stiff. Here's all the boys hungry and expectin' a meal, a good hot dinner, and you've throwed 'em down."

"Now ain't that too bad!" said Stonewall, beginning to weep and weaving to and fro on the ground.

"Oh, well!" said the foreman, "you better go in and sleep it off and then you can go and roll your blankets (the sign of dismissal); I'll attend to the dinner myself."

"All right, Ed, all right," sobbed the old man, "Poor boys! poor boys! an' I throwed 'em down. They relied on me an' I done throwed 'em down. Won't you brew me a cup o' tea, Ed? I do want a cup o' tea right bad."

So Ed had to sling up a meal for the men himself and then took some tea to the old man, who appeared about four o'clock with his blankets rolled and his old cayuse saddled. He went away a picture of penitent misery. And well he might, for the boys said nothing, which must have hurt him more than a volley of reproof.

One more incident may be of interest and serve to set off the redeeming qualities of this remarkable old wreck. He had a quarter section of land (160 acres) that he called his "Home" because it had a log cabin on it, with a lean-to shed for his horse. The whole was surrounded by a lodge-pole corral.

On going home after he had been fired by the "Quarter Circle F" he found there a pair of escaped convicts from Colorado, both weak from starvation and exposure. Poor old Stonewall had nothing in his provision bag but a little flour, bacon, lard and beans, and here were some men in



distress. So he took his rifle and went out and killed a range steer.

According to his story he kept those two convicts at his cabin for a couple of days and fed them up. Then he gave them an old blanket and all the cooked meat they could carry, advising them to try to climb a freight train at Lookout.

Stonewall had no more sense than to hang the green hide of the slain steer on his corral fence with the brand showing plainly, and one of the boys going by a little later spotted it and reported it to the owner. A couple of boys were sent to investigate and they brought Stonewall down to the cross-roads, while word went around that a rustler had been caught. This was interesting and quite a number of men assembled to attend the "trial."

The old man told his story and was so earnest, aggressive and vituperative in the examination and cross-examination that the assembled punchers were in a constant giggle. Stonewall did not like that. He was solemnly sentenced to death for cattle stealing. His arms were pinioned, a lariat placed round his neck and thrown over the limb of a cottonwood tree and he was stood on a barrel.

The judge then solemnly said, "Stonewall Jackson! Have you anything to say before sentence of this court is executed?"

"YES! By the jumped-up jiminy crickets, I have!" the old man bellowed. "You— — — —" and he let out the most terrible stream of invective and insulting epithets it is possible to conceive, his eyes burning with anger.

"WELL! If that's all you got to say, we may as well go ahead. Kick away the barrel, Bill Hickman," said the judge.

The old man turned quickly to Bill Hickman and said, "You dasn't to kick away that barrel, Bill Hickman, I bet you two and a half you dasn't to kick it away." And it was Bill's turn to be consigned to perdition.

After the laughter of the crowd had subsided following this sally, the owner of the slain steer said, "Stonewall! If we let you off this time, will you promise never to kill another range steer?"

"I will not!" bawled the old man. "Them convicts was starvin', haven't I been atelling ye, an' I had nothin' to feed 'em. If a starvin' man comes to my house an' I'm broke, I'd kill another o' yer durned steers, by G—! Why, what d'ye take me fur? Which is worth more—a human or a critter? Ye lunk-head!"

"Well," said the owner, "if we let ye off this time, will ye come over to my ranch and work out the price o' that steer?"

"Yes, I can do that much," he replied.

So Stonewall was untied and stepped down from the barrel. He walked through the group with an air of injured innocence. On his way to the barn to get his old mustang he would stop every ten yards or so to hurl insults at all and sundry of the crowd, while tears of anger rolled down his cheeks.

He never did work out that steer though—the old rip.

### CHARACTER AS SHOWN IN ANECDOTE

Wyoming in the early '80's was part of that frontier of civilization known in eastern America as the "Far West." It was a very new territory with very few settlers, considering its area. Most of the vast area of the plains and mountains was government land. Comparatively few women were to be found in the territory, outside the towns (I heard at the time that the ratio was one woman to thirty men), and there were practically no old people. Pioneer stock has to be young, healthy, inured to hardship and prepared to meet any conditions of privation, weather and isolation.

It did not take me long to learn that toleration and consideration were qualities that were necessary. They were engendered by the interdependence of this sparsely settled country. The man whose behavior was offensive or the man who always carried a chip on his shoulder found himself isolated. He was left alone. He had to leave the country or win back again by mending his ways. The thing was automatic—spontaneous, not calculated. A deliberate complainer was, I believe, an anomaly amongst the pioneers.

These papers are by no means chronological. Such events as are set down here will allow the reader to judge for himself what manner of people are those described.

I was in the general store at Carbon one day to make some purchases, and a man called "Riley" was with me. I do not know what his real name was, but one of his eyes was a "blank," so he was named after the hero of a ribald song of the period, called *One-eyed Riley*.

While we were standing about waiting for our purchases to be put up, a smart, nice looking girl walked by and nodding, said, "Hello, Riley!"



He touched his hat with his finger in salute and said "Hello, Mary!" Then, as she passed on with a large parcel under her arm, he called after her, "How's Pearl, Mary?"

The girl's eyes were moist as she looked down and rubbed a knot in the floor board with her toe. "That's what brought me over here today, to get this cheese cloth for her," indicating the parcel.

"Well," said Riley, "We all got to go sometime, I guess an' you girls been mighty good to little 'Sore-eyed Pearl'."

"And why wouldn't we?" she flared. "I bet every one of us saw ourselves a-lyin' there where Pearly is—in our minds. Man! She rotted to death!" And Mary sniffed hard, and turned to go.

"Hold on a minute, Mary. What about a fiver towards funeral expenses or flowers or sump'n? I'd like to be in on this."

"Well now, that's man's talk, Riley. Flowers it is," said Mary, as she held out her hand for the five dollar gold piece. "She wanted a church funeral, Pearly did. And she's goin' to get it too, for we got the priest over from Laramie and he give her absolution before she passed out yesterday."

"Fine," said Riley. "My regards to the girls." This time he raised his hat as the girl left us. She tied the parcel on to the back of her saddle and went off out of town in a cloud of dust.

"Who's that girl?" I asked Riley, innocently, for it was hard to believe that this gentle voiced, distressed girl was anything but decent.

"Why, she's just one o' the bunch over at Number Five," said Riley.

"Was this Pearl her sister or a relative?"

"Nope. Just one o' the bunch. When she got real sick, they give her a cabin to herself and fixed it up nice and they've always took turns to wait on her and give her the news. Most o' them girls is pretty good-hearted to a down-an-outer."

"Funny things, women," he continued. "I asked Pearl how she was a-gettin' on a few weeks ago, when I was over there. She was behind a screen 'cos she didn't like nobody to see her face, the girls said. But her laugh was a fright, like scratchin' on a winderpane with a rusty nail. It give me the shivers. An' yet she said that she was happier than ever she was in her life—and her dyin'."

"How old was she, Riley?"

"Probably 'bout twenty-five, should cal'late."

How surprised Riley would have been if he had known my thoughts. Christ and the Magdalen. And the thought that a despised woman of the town, dying of a loathsome

disease, was given happiness at her end by the consciousness of the friendship and care of her companions in misfortune!

"Come on, kid. Let's go down to Johnny Connor's and I'll throw you 'horses' for the drinks, 'fore we have dinner," said Riley, as we gathered up our purchases and put them in a sack.

### A HORSE DEAL

Hadsell had a foreman by the name of Jeff Groves, who was also his chief handler of bad horses—the "Bronco-buster." He had been sent over into eastern Oregon to bring back a bunch of cayuse mares that Hadsell had bought cheap and had returned very tired and out of humor after the long and arduous trip.

In Jeff's string of saddle horses was one tough little brute—a splendid cow pony, with feet of iron; an animal that was never sick nor sorry, but with a most evil disposition. He could buck half a minute longer than any other horse on the ranch, and half a minute is an awful long period to the rider at such a time.

But it was when handling the critter at saddling time that he bluffed everyone. He was a wicked biter and as quick to strike with a forefoot as he was to squirm around and try a blow with his heel. And so nobody but Jeff wanted him. In wickedness he was unbelievable, but he was also indestructible.

Jeff had ridden him every day on the Oregon Trail in order to subdue the devil in him, with indifferent success. The pony was standing alone in the big branding corral one day, idly switching the flies with his tail and looking the picture of innocent strength and contentment, when an emigrant, whose saddle pony had gone lame, happened along with his covered wagon.

Now every emigrant that crossed the plains had to have at least one or two saddle horses. They were needed for rounding up the work oxen mornings or for looking for good camp sites and water. The man whose pony had gone lame was getting tired of having to round up his animals every morning afoot. It was dangerous too, if there were any range cattle about, for a man to be afoot. So he called at our ranch to try and trade for another saddler.

Hadsell took him out to the corral and showed him Jeff's "lamb." Here the two men sat, on the top rail of the big corral and whittled. The emigrant regaled Frank with an account of his arduous days through the mountains, while his listener replied with a long and detailed story



of the difficulties yet in store for him, which might be epitomized as "The worst is yet to come."

"The further you go north," said Hadsell, "the more you have to rely on a good saddle horse, an animal in whose powers of endurance you can absolutely rely. Man, your very lives may depend on it when you get over to Wind River. The Shoshones are masters at driving off stock—good work stock—maybe many miles in a single night. And without a cow pony, a good one, mind you, what can you do? You're stuck."

"Now, that sturdy little mustang there," he continued, "has just come over the trail with a cavy from eastern Oregon, the very road through Boise City that you will take going to Washington. My man says that he rode him four or five hours every day on that trip. He's tough as pinwire, quick as a cat and knows his business, either roping, herding, or cut out work. And bitted! He'll turn on a dime with a packthread."

"Well, what d'ye want to sell him fer, then?" said the emigrant.

"WANT to sell him! Do tell, didn't you come to me and ask me to help you out? I got three carloads of 'made' horses going to Nebraska next week. I shall have them in off the range tomorrow, if you want to wait over. I'll let you have the pick of them for the same price as I'm offering you this buckskin. They're all colts, but have all been ridden several times."

"I dunno about waitin' over," began the emigrant, doubtfully.

"Hello!" said Hadsell, raising his voice a little for Jeff's benefit. "Here's my man coming now. He's the fellow that rode this horse over the Oregon Trail."

Jeff came sauntering up to the corral, rolling a cigaret and supposed that Hadsell was enlarging on the demoniac qualities of the buckskin. When he came up, Hadsell introduced him to the emigrant and he climbed up and roosted between them.

"Young man," the emigrant said, turning to Jeff, "I understand that you rode this horse down from eastern Oregon—all the way—is that right?"

"Sure is," said Jeff, shortly. He was probably a bit nettled at being addressed as "young man." It was a new experience for him to be patronized.

"He must be a tough bit o' stuff to stand that," remarked the emigrant.

"'Tough' is right," Jeff replied, looking at Hadsell for an answering grin to his own, which was not forthcoming.

"Then he is really a pretty good saddle-horse, eh?" the Kansan persisted.

"Bet your sweet life he's a good saddle horse," said Jeff, disgustedly, "an' I'll bet you two an' a half that YOU can't ride him or saddle him."

As the emigrant's covered wagon disappeared, trailing a lame saddle pony, Jeff was repeating in extenuation, "But, billyell! Frank, I never dreamed as you was tryin' to sell him that hellion! I thought you was paintin' the little pie-biter a gleamin' red, so's to make his fishy eyes bulge."

At the bunkhouse Frank told us the whole story just about as it is set forth here, while Jeff looked sheepish. Then he said, "Well boys, the drinks are on me AND Jeff. Let's go across the bridge."

For a long time thereafter, whenever Jeff put in an appearance, somebody would shout, "Hello, here he comes! The deal is off." But it would have been out of place for a stranger or a new acquaintance to have made the remark.

## A DANCE AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE

At my first dance at the Elk Mountain schoolhouse, the boys up at the "UL" prevailed on me to attend, dressed as a girl. I was only nineteen years old and my face was innocent of hair. Mrs. Jones at the store promised to lend me a white skirt trimmed with lace, a Dolly Varden hat (that tied under the chin with ribbons), with a fringe of hair sewed into it, and a nice turkey red Mother Hubbard dress, as the basques worn then would have been quite out of the question for a man devoid of hips. There were so few women about to liven things up that it seemed to me to be quite a brilliant idea. I was strong for it by the time we got things going.

Mrs. Jones entered into the spirit of the thing and brought out the largest pair of corsets to be found in the store and a fine pair of cotton stockings, all brightly striped. I wore my English riding breeches for "undies." The white skirt was a bit too small around the waist, so she tied a piece of string to the button-hole and looped it over the button. Trust an American woman for resourcefulness, even though her judgment in some things be a little shaky.

The Mother Hubbard dress was a gorgeous affair of Turkey red, a red that warmed up the whole atmosphere, and Mrs. Jones made a sash for it for my more or less dainty jump waist. I had, by good luck, a pair of English dancing pumps, and when the Dolly Varden hat was tied on with



ribbons beneath my chin and a frizzy fringe of hair covered my forehead, Mrs. Jones gave me a kiss, to the huge delight of the boys who stood around making remarks. She said that I looked too sweet for any use and that she expected me to prance around "like a heifer with the warbles" and she would chaperone me.

I had to ride side-saddle down to the schoolhouse, as was the custom with women then. The little snubhorn on my stock saddle was very comfortless on that wild ride, as we went lickety-split over the rocks and sagebrush. The modern woman has much to be thankful for, even if she has discarded much of her fascinating mystery for frank display.

I went in on the arm of Dexter Jones and was introduced to some people I did not know as Miss Ferguson from Scotland. I endeavored to be very gracious, not to say condescending, and really succeeded to taking in one or two people for a few minutes. It was a pity that the flouring of my nose had been forgotten, as it had peeled from exposure to the sun and wind and Dexter said it looked like a "grog-blossom." I strode along thoughtlessly with a cowboy's lurching stride, till Dex admonished me, "Step short, man! Step short and dainty, for crime sakes."

One young lady, the daughter of a large stock rancher, had just returned from an Eastern "Finishing School," where culture was dispensed; and, as Dexter said, she "put on more airs than a stud-horse" to show her aloofness. When I was presented she looked at me coldly but curiously and gave a stiff little salutation—not even a simper. I do not know if she was waiting for somebody that failed to show up, but she refused all offers of partners for the Lancers and, as it happened, she was seated just behind me after the announcer had shouted "EV'RYBODY GET YOUR PARDNERS!" "HONORS TO YOUR PARDNERS!" "FIRST COUPLE RIGHT AND LEFT!" The fiddle struck up the Arkansas Traveler—a dandy air for a square dance. That old fiddler of ours could make a cripple dance with his *Turkey in the straw*.

Just as we had finished the first figure of Lancers, that wretched piece of string that secured my white lace-trimmed underskirt broke and down the silly thing came in billowy folds around my feet. Now it is probable that if I had been a woman, such a thing might in those days, have been very embarrassing indeed—quite a catastrophe, but to me it meant nothing at all. I simply stepped out of the mess, rolled it up and deposited it on a vacant chair beside Miss X, the finished one.

She drew up her skirts in horror and disdain, moving her chair well away from the accursed thing. She gave me, in modern slang, "such a dirty look" that it made me realize that something must be the matter. My seven partners in the set kept on jollyng about it so, that after the dance was over, I left the room, reached my overalls and blue shirt from the back of the saddle and changed back to a man again.

On re-entering the room I was re-introduced to Miss X, who was not only most gracious to me, but actually thawed out and became human with the bunch. That eastern silver plating was very thin. She was born on a cattle ranch the very year that Wyoming became a territory and had been raised on horse back. Even an eastern "Young Ladies' Seminary" could not piffle that off.

At that dance I saw the most graceful couple of waltzers I have ever seen. The lady was Hadsell's very efficient cook and the man was foreman for the "Hashknife" outfit. I had seen him earlier at the hotel as he got down from his horse after a twenty-eight mile ride. He was covered with alkali dust, even to his eyelashes; his hair was grown below the collar of his shirt and turned up at the ends like a drake's tail. He wore a beard, at least a month old and that was all grey with dust.

When he said "Well, I've come over for the big dance," I could have laughed, as he untied his dunnage from the back of his saddle. His huge bearskin chaps nearly hid his toes and he walked like a bear, stiff and stradley, as every long distance rider does when he first dismounts, especially where the boot heels are four inches high and are set beneath the instep like a woman's.

But before he came to the dance, he had had a good bath, a hair-cut and a shave and was the only man on the floor wearing a linen collar and shirt (a biled shirt) and woolen clothes. The easy and dignified yet joyous movements of this couple fascinated me more than any I had watched on an English ballroom floor.

At these frontier "hops," square dances and waltzes were the favorites, though polkas, schottishes and gallops had a look in, and there was always one "country dance" (Sir Roger de Coverley, as known in England). Because of the scarcity of women many of the entire sets of square dances were composed of men and so called "Stag" sets, who tried to step as gracefully as if women were their partners. A clumsy man or one who made mistakes in the figures was unmercifully jeered. All the movements were loudly called in proper time and sequence, by a caller or announcer.

If any townsmen came out to these country dances, they had to behave with decorum as long as any women were present. Also, if any man absented himself many times from the floor, in order to "hit the jug," he somehow did not return to the floor. He had to take his liquor somewhere else. As soon as a man began to talk loud, indicating that he was getting lit up, a couple of husky cowboys would get him off by himself, and he disappeared so unostentatiously that the assembly often knew nothing about it, and the erring man had nothing to feel ashamed of or sore at afterwards.

The explanation of this decent code of manners is that most of the pioneer stock was purely American, largely from Missouri and the southern states, self-respecting men, who demanded that due deference be shown to their woman-kind—an unspoken demand but unmistakable.

The public town dances that were attended chiefly by women of easy virtue, were probably no better and no worse than they are today, and they did nothing to typify the genuine character of the new West. Owen Wister, in his book *The Virginian* is the one man who has written of Wyoming's cow country as the writer knew it in the '80's. He knew and appreciated his characters.

One thing is certain. No woman of that period in Wyoming, no matter what her age or condition, could have been violently abused or man-handled, as is so often shown now-a-days in the screen stories of the Wild West. And that is why, as Frank Hadsell said, Wyoming was the most law-abiding territory in the Union. It was an unhealthy climate for malefactors of any kind, yet its people were most tolerant—especially to the weaknesses and foibles of their fellows. This seems to have been characteristic generally of the pioneer stock who invaded the wilderness of the Far West.

Human nature never seems to vary much in its passions and its strong feelings, but I must offer the following incidents as typifying the desire to overcome hard feelings and to preserve harmony in a frontier community. In a new and sparsely settled district, if you are "at outs" with your neighbor, there is nobody to take his place. You are interdependent whether in trouble or in need of social intercourse. The children are reared on this custom of tacit respect for neighbors. A workable harmonious condition results.

Frank Hadsell came home one evening wearing a black eye and frown. Nobody said anything as he unsaddled and whacked his saddle up onto its peg with a slam and strode off in silence to the house. I guess we figured that



it would be wiser to let him give the wife an earful first and then he would feel better.

So when we went into supper, Frank and his wife were both smiling, which encouraged the foreman to ask, pleasantly, "Who gave you the shiner, Frank?"

At this question both he and his wife laughed. "Well," he said, "I went up to the 'T Bar' this afternoon to have it out with neighbor Tom, about that filing of Clara's that his man had jumped. 'Course he had a perfect right to do it, but I didn't like the sneakin' unneighborly way it was done and I told him so. The son-of-a-gun never said a word but he slammed me in the eye, as quick as a flash and we went to it.

"Finally he picked up a steel hand-bar and stood me off. And on top of that, his wife appeared at the door with a gun and darned if she didn't take a shot at me as I rode off."

The amazing part of the little incident is that the lady who had taken a shot at Frank in a heated moment, called on his wife about ten days later, just as though nothing had happened and asked to borrow her green riding habit for a pattern!

## BRANDS

I have spoken incidentally of the "Hashknife" brand and outfit. Johnny B., foreman of that ranch, gave me a little history of the origin of that brand.

"When old man H. first came here his brand was the 'Lazy H.' He was mighty proud of his brand and had it advertised in four counties.

"He always kept his ranch house pretty neat an' trim. The pictures as he cut o' the magazines to stick up on the wall was always pictures of women or 'homey' pictures with nice women in 'em. None o' yer leggy 'chippies' or half-naked dancers like you seen in the P'lice Gazette for him. He liked dutchesses and queens and mothers—all dignity and grace.

"Well, the time come when he figured as he ought to be gettin' him a wife. Maverick women bein' scarce in Wyoming, he went back to Iowa, where his folks lived an' pre-empted one. A school-marm an' a good manager she was an' a mighty good cook. The old man certainly picked a 'pippin.'

"You wouldn't think that a classy woman, comin' out from a respectable, church-goin' community in Iowa could ever buckle down to the raw conditions of a cattle ranch an' be satisfied. But she did. Kep' things nice, fed the men fine and played the piano evenings. She would even

go so far as to 'muck out' the bunkhouse once in awhile, which made us a bit more careful how we left it.

"She sure was a practical little body, but she was mighty sentimental too, and she got Hank to change his brand. She says, 'I would like our brand to be an anchor, because it is an emblem of Hope an' Faith.' She drewed out an anchor on paper for the blacksmith to make some irons from. Always one to go right to the bat when she wanted anything, she was. She wasn't a wisher—she was a go-getter!

"O' course, whatever she said went, but Hank, as he took the drawin' over to the blacksmith, said as he hated to let the old brand go—the old 'Lazy H,' but to have the anchor made as near like it as was possible.

"He done his best. In the 'Anchor' iron, as the blacksmith made it, the stock was twice too long; the shank was four times too short an' the arms was too straight an' without flukes. The next season's crop o' calves was branded with it, an' not knowin' the story or the name o' the brand everybody called it the 'Hashknife,' an' you can't make nothin' else out of it. They say the good lady was wild when the name fust come up, but shucks! it didn't take long afore she called it that herself, like the wise little 'guinea' she was."

So that was the romance of the "Hashknife." A beautiful sentiment gave it being and the cow puncher bestowed a workable, everyday name on it. Glory be!

"Then there was the 'Crooked X.' I heard as that was started by a young bride too. Don't it beat all how women folks always want to change things around?" Johnny continued, reflectively. He hated to let go when he had a good appreciative audience—even as you and I.

"What is there romantic about a 'Crooked X?'" I asked.

"Blamed if I know," he replied, "but she said as she wanted a 'Watchticker.' What do you know about that—a 'Watchticker!' She drewed it out an' it was a circle with a cross in the middle, something like this," and he made a figure in the dust somewhat resembling a swastika. "Well, o'course you couldn't make a brand like that, 'cause everything inside the circle with that cross in it would rot out an' leave nothin' but a lumpy scar. So the blacksmith made the nearest thing to it, except joinin' up the ends of the cross, an' the young woman had to be satisfied with that. But who could tell as the thing meant a 'Watchticker?' A 'Crooked X' it was and you can't make nothin' else out of it.

"But o' course," he added, "you always got to humor a woman, especially when she's first shakin' down in a

new country. Give 'em anything they want, long as they don't fly too high. Later on they gener'ly learn to be reasonable." A remark that showed that Johnny was wise in his generation, like most of his fellows.

"Then there's the 'Lazy Y' brand," he went on, glancing at me sideways. But I had already been had on that silly myth, so I shut him off.

## COWBOY PLAYTIME AND YARNS

It is perhaps a little difficult to realize today what life on a cattle ranch was in the '80's. We had no telephone, phonograph, radio or movie; no automobile, library or daily news, though the mail used to come in twice a week on horseback. Our old tin lanterns were hard to keep alight in a gale of wind and many used candles in them—tallow candles, which gave about enough light to make darkness visible. Our house lamps were smoky and dim, for kerosene was of poor quality.

Evenings, the boys would play cards—draw pedro, euchre, draw and stud poker, for chips at a nickel a score. Some played chequers, others the mouth-organ or harmonica, and sometimes we could get a singer to oblige. Some would cut up strips of rawhide and braid riatas, bridles, reins and hackamores with it or with horsehair; some would read papers or paper-covered novels or tell stories.

The man who could tell a good story was especially appreciated. Some of the boys with the help of a trained imagination contrived to deliver a story with quite a wealth of interesting sidelights—"corroborative details to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," as Pooh-Bah said.

The chief point was to get the listeners highly interested, and when the occasion was ripe to pin the silly climax on one particular person in the crowd, and make him look ridiculous. To lead up to a point where one selected man in the group should be made to ask a particular question required brains and tact.

To illustrate this, I must recount an especially fine incident which took place in a saloon bar. It was the more impressive because back in the '80's, when every man packed a gun, men were more tolerant and considerate toward their fellows than they are today. Wherein they showed wisdom.

At this particular period, the cattle men and the sheep men were at bloody war over range rights up in Johnson



County<sup>9</sup>—the cattle men claiming that the sheep fed the range so close that the buffalo grass and bunch grass was destroyed. What was not burnt out by the sun and wind in summer was frozen out in winter for lack of a protective growth. These grasses were the special fattening grasses of the cattlemen, who further claimed that the sheep were replacing them with trashy stuff, such as foxtail, squirrel-tail and bronco grass. And so hatred for the sheepmen grew and grew resulting in the conflicts that have become history.

But to proceed. There was a sheepherder in the saloon, who was just drunk enough to be nasty and to want to provoke a quarrel with somebody. He chose a husky but good natured cowhand, Fred H., as the object of his offensive remarks, which grew particularly low and objectionable.

One of the boys said, "Call his hand, Fred. He ain't so drunk, he don't know what he's sayin.'" He called you a liar!"

"I know he did," said Fred. "Ain't that bad enough without me askin' him to prove it? Tell you what he reminds me of—"

He removed a large 'chaw of tobacco from his mouth, threw it away and cleared his throat loudly—the well-known signs that a good one was coming. Fred was a wonder, an artist at pinning a label on an opponent by means of a yarn. He squared his shoulders, leaned back against the bar, and, sticking his fingers into the belt of his chaps, he began:

"You all know that draw that comes down through the snowshed, right east of here? Well, when the old U.P. road begun runnin' its first trains over the line, the wild things didn't like it a little bit. It disturbed 'em and made 'em nervous.

"Now, up that draw I was tellin' ye about, there was an old skunk had his pre-emption. He had filed on it afore the U.P. was built. He had married an' raised a fam'ly there. Had a fine view an' a hole in the rocks, all safe from coyotes an' bob-cats. He felt that the whole durned draw belonged to him, same as an old settler what's took up a water hole thinks as the whole township around belongs to him, 'thout his havin' to file on it.

"Well, little Billy Skunk thought as the railroad were a-crowdin' his range, pretty nigh like jumpin' his claim, an' nobody with the pluck of a louse is a-goin' to stand for

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<sup>9</sup>The conflict in Johnson County culminating in the Johnson County War in 1892 was essentially a struggle between large cattlemen and small cattlemen. There were some sheep in Johnson County in the '80's, but cattlemen and sheepmen do not appear to have been "at bloody war" at that time.

that. His old woman was always a-beefin' about the noise o' the trains too, an' nobody likes to hear his woman a-crabbin' all the time. In course o' time it got under the hide like it always does.

"He mulled his troubles over in his little skunk mind so much, that finally, one day when his wife was a-whinin' an' complainin' o' the usual headache, he got sore as a boil. After dancin' up an' down an' cussin' for quite awhile, mad as a fresh branded steer, he says to his wife, sezæ, 'I just cain't stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' to stop that ere train a-runnin' by here or bust a gut. You watch my smoke!'"

"'Now, don't you do nothin' desprit, Bill!' says his wife. 'You got to remember me an' the kids, mind.'

"But Bill never answered her. He flipped off out the front door an' trotted down the trail, sometimes a-lopin' an' then trottin' again, till he gets down to the metals. His little bushy tail was hooked over back'ards, an' he kept a-twitchin' it, like he had a hard time to hold his fire till the train come—he was that mad. He trotted up an' down, up an' down, his teeth a-chatterin' an' fairly frothin' at the jaws.

"At last the train hooted real loud, just before she went into the first bit o' the snow-shed, an' pretty soon she drewed in sight. The skunk hopped up, right spry, and straddled a rail." Here Fred looked 'round with a serio-comic look of apprehension and noted the quarrelsome man leaning across the end of the bar, with his mouth open, intensely interested and listening with all he had.

"Poor little Bill!" Fred continued. "As the train drewed nigh, he stood right east an' west, just a-darin' that train to come on, an'—WHIFF!—in a flash poor little Bill was just a grease spot.

"But, hold on, there! Poor little skunk! He wasn't near as important as what he thought he was. Nobody'd have even knowed he'd been there if he hadn't kicked up such a heck of a stink."

Then, pointing with his thumb at the quarrelsome one, he said casually, and almost with sadness in his tones, "Same with that feller, a-hangin' his tripe over the end o' the bar, there—only difference bein' as the skunk were a little gentleman," he added.

It was not till the whole crowd turned their eyes and their boisterous laughter on the shepherd, that he realized that he was the butt of the little story. Someone had thoughtfully removed his gun, but he rushed at Fred and collected what was coming to him. After which he was carried out to the bunkhouse and left in peace. Fred got

a sprained thumb out of the argument, so not very much damage was done.

It will be apparent from the above incident that there was sound philosophy to be learned on the frontier in pioneer days. They were not much on "book larnin'" perhaps, but they had highly developed faculties of natural observation and comparison. A good story was never interrupted, unless some "smart Aleck" from the east were present, and he never did it but once.

It seemed to me that story tellers of Fred's type took the place of the bards of olden days. They were comparatively few but they were appreciated. I never knew Fred caught in the toils of a yarn but once, and he was never allowed to forget that. It may be worth relating.

Fred came from Arkansas (always spoken of in the west as Arkansaw) and we had all heard him tell of the great drought sometime in the '70's, when cattle died by thousands, feed was burnt up, grasshoppers were rife and the river was so low that the steam ferry was laid up and people had to cross the river in row boats.

In the spring of '86 a man had been hired at the Fort Halleck ranch who hailed from Arkansas. When he came down to the Elk Mountain post office looking for mail, the boys found this out and they primed him. They told him about Fred and asked him to wait awhile as Fred would be along pretty soon for his mail. They told him what Fred's favorite story was and that he would be easy money to a man from his own home state.

The man from Arkansas felt complimented and said that he would do his best. And sure enough, Fred came jog-trotting up the trail almost before the man was primed. He rode up to the front of the post office and dropped his reins in front of his pony, when he was hailed into the saloon next door by one of the boys.

"Come on in here, Fred, and meet a countryman of yours. Just come out from Arkansaw an' he used to live in your old home town years ago, he says."

Fred hurried in and was introduced to the man from his home state, his eyes alight with anticipation.

"I sure am glad to meet up with a man from my old home state," said Fred, heartily. "Dexter," (to the bar-keeper) "find out what they'll have. This is my treat." Fred never drank anything stronger than coffee himself, but he never shirked his hospitality, contenting himself with a cigar.

The new man had a long heavy jowl, beetling brows, a Wellingtonian Roman nose and a huge moustache, which drooped at the ends. With his lack of any particular ex-



pression except wooden solemnity, he reminded one of an aged Hampshire Down ram.

"The boys b'en tellin' me that you hail from my old home town. B'en there long?" asked Fred of the new arrival.

"Well, not in late years I haven't," drawled the Arkansas traveler slowly. "But we moved in there a few years before the big drought, an' had to move out agen just a'ter that, 'count o' hard times. Then we moved—"

"Was you there the year o' the big drought?" Fred broke in excitedly. "The boys here won't believe as things was as bad as what I tell 'em."

"Couldn't be much wuss, I cal'late," ventured the new man, gloomily.

"What was your name, again?" said Fred. "I didn't quite ketch it."

When he had been enlightened, he said, "Well, I don't seem to remember your face nor your name an' I thought as I knowed everybody in that little berg in them days." (A pause.) "What was you doin' down there, the year o' the big drought?"

The ram-like one looked to see that we were all listening, and then he drawled sadly, "I was a-haulin' water so's to run the ferry boat when the river dropped." Just as easy.

Fred's face grew as red as fire. It was the first time he had ever been caught, and by a stranger too! When the big laugh at his expense had subsided sufficiently for him to make himself heard, he pointed at the man and then slapped him heartily on the shoulder, saying, "Sure! I remember you now, stranger. 'Cause I was a-haulin' steam to run the engynes on that same ferry boat." It was a noble effort to retrieve a reputation for alertness, hitherto unsullied. But he had to set 'em up again—which being interpreted, means that liquid refreshment was supplied to the assembly at his expense.

I liked Fred. He seemed to be typical of the great West in character, although he was from the South. During the war he had been in the "Kansas Irregular Horses" or some such name and he showed me a picture of himself at twenty years of age, in his "regimentals." Fred said it was like organizing a band of thieves (referring to his own regiment) because of their poor discipline and loose semi-attachment to the regular army. He told me that he believed all the members of his old company that had not been shot or hanged by the close of the war were in jail.

Here is a little glimpse of his home. He was 42 or 43 years old when I knew him. He had married his niece, a fine woman about ten years his junior. They had three children and once, when I was there to supper, the mother

spoke sharply to one of them and told it to come to her. The little one ran to Fred's shielding arms as he sat by the stove and he said, "Don't be too rough with her, mama. She's awful little." And he cuddled the tiny one to his great big breast, and grinned.

"See? That's just how he spoils 'em," she said to me, with her hands held out. "How can a mother train her children with a man like that around?"—and she bustled away with a motherly smile.

Fred looked across at me and winked, grinning happily. His ranch was right on the Medicine Bow River and he had a small band of cattle, but he made most of his living as a cow hand and ranch blacksmith.

One Sunday, it was in the depth of winter, he came to me in great distress, saying, "Kid, I wonder if you would come and stay a coupla days with me? I'm sorta in a bad fix an' I don't know who else to ask."

"Sure, I'll come!" I said and went to get my horse. The poor chap had been weeping, I could see, and the general store was no place to ask questions. The news was around that his baby had died.

As we rode down the river road together, he told me his story. The baby had had a rash on its neck or some sort of breaking out and the mother had sent Fred to the store for a bottle of arnica or liniment to cure it. However, after she had used it the child had died in convulsions, apparently from the effects of the arnica.

Anyway the mother was beside herself with grief and repeated over and over again to Fred that he was a murderer, that he was responsible for not getting the right stuff to put on; and he was afraid that she would "go nutty" if she didn't let up.

And so I went into that sad home and was met with a reiteration of the same raving story. Poor woman! and poor old Fred, whose children were the very apple of his eye. When she went into the kitchen, Fred said, "She's out of her head with grief, poor kid." And his own eyes were moist. "I'm goin' out to the barn, so's you can have a talk with her. She likes you. Let her tell it all out, son. I want you should stay with us and help me bury the poor mite if you will." And off he went to the barn.

When the poor girl came in, she told me the story all over again and I got hold of her hand. I told her of my admiration of the pioneer women and the courage they showed under all adversity, and I figured that she was as good as any of them; that she knew as well or better than we did, that Fred was a prince. How about her carrying her half of the load? That I had come down to stay with

them a couple of days if it was not an intrusion (I felt a bit of a prig, doing the preacher act).

"Intrusion! I should say not. You got to stop now and help us out. The ground's froze as hard as a bone. You must help Fred bury my baby." And she wept afresh.

"Well, all right then, Mary. I'll stay. But buck up for godsake and help old Fred out. He feels just as badly as you do."

She shook her head as she went out, but her husband had no more scenes to put up with while I was there, for she was not present when we laid away the little one. It took a couple of days and a lot of firewood to get a small hole in that frozen ground, but we erected quite a cairn of loose rock where that baby lies buried in a corner of the home pasture.

## WOMEN

I suppose that it is an accepted fact all over the world, civilized or savage, that women's attitudes in life determine the attitudes of men towards women and among themselves. If the lives of women in any community are lax, so are the men in that community; for the decent ones have to leave. If the lives of women are loose, their menkind are more or less vile. Women who are high-handed, critical and intolerant, are simply ignored or avoided by most men, though they may be useful in keeping weak sisters up to an appearance of "the mark." Let 'em live!

The woman who is unpretentious, gracious, cheerful and tolerant, keeps the whole moral atmosphere bright and clear. If she has taste and culture in addition, then you have a gem of the first water.

It was the pioneer woman of the '80's that taught a very verdant and unsophisticated young Englishman to know somewhat of the unadulterated American woman's character, with all her sterling qualities of courage, tolerance, hospitality, attention to duty and the making of a home, and, above all, a genuine sense of humor. I do not remember a single one in those far-off days that wasted any of her soul in self-pity. She would certainly have been out of luck in that sparsely settled wilderness. So I suppose that the weak ones died and they were certainly not missed.

Perhaps it was because I had never before been in a house where no servants were kept, that I was amazed at the prowess of the western frontier housewife. She did all the family washing and mending, as well as much of the making of shirts and children's clothes. She prepared the most wonderful meals three times a day, and if she



wanted to visit a neighbor or go to the store, thought nothing of saddling her own horse or hitching up to the buckboard, if there was no man around to ask. And yet she never appeared fussy or hurried. Generally she had the poise, dignity and self-control so often lacking in many a well-to-do and educated city woman.

The tremendous influence of women was imprinted the more forcibly on my mind every time I returned from a camp to where there were women about. Where there is a crowd of hardy young men, in the pink of condition, living a most active life, in a highly stimulating climate, and consuming quantities of beef, three times a day, there is bound to be a lot of rough horse play, much variegated profanity, ribald songs and highly seasoned stories. But, if any of those young men went into a house where there was a woman—young or old, married or single, in town or in the poorest log cabin—they were always decent and well-behaved, at least in my experience, though so many of the women were called by their given names.

A new ranch foreman on one of the ranches that I worked at had brought out a young wife with him from Iowa. She had with her on her arrival a baby of only a few months, but she certainly knew how to cook and set things on the table, without making that baby an excuse at any time for delay. The boys all took to her right away because of her brightness and kindliness, as well as for her cooking and her comeliness.

Her husband, Ed, was only the ranch foreman. He had nothing to do with the riders except under special orders. All he had to do was to milk a few cows and keep us in butter and cream, 'tend the poultry and hogs, kill a beef once in awhile and do fencing, repairing and errands. He was a decent enough fellow, but the boys all despised him for "close-herding" that womanly little wife of his, as though she and the boys were not to be trusted.

Therefore there was great joy to two of us when, one Sunday, Ed took a big fall in trying to show his young wife what he *could* do.

We had had about a dozen bulls brought in that were losing hair in large patches, like mange on a dog, and Ed was instructed by the range foreman to take what help he wanted and dress those bulls well with sheep-dip. So we drove them into the big square stock corral next to the round horse and branding corral. Ed took his wife out and perched her and the baby on the dirt roof of the log horse barn, so that she could see the fun. A certain rider named Tom and the writer were the only two men on the ranch to help, the other men being away gathering horses from the

range. So Ed was able to be "boss" of some men for once and he undertook to rope the first bull, which he did and headed it toward where his wife was, so that she could see and marvel at her hero. And then he purposely dropped the rope, so that his wife could see him retrieve it on the run. But, as he reached down for it his feet slipped and he tumbled right over in front of her, and Tom picked up the rope and snubbed the bull and headed it back again. As soon as the bull saw Ed afoot he made for him with a dash and Ed went up that eight foot pole corral and on to the roof beside his wife, like a fireman, leaving Tom to be the hero—the life saver.

Tom was grinning "all over his face and half-way down his back," as the saying is. "That's what comes of showing off before the girls," he said, gaily. "A fall goeth before a climb." Tom was a wag. Ed looked sheepish and his wife laughed.

About a week later, Ed came to me and said, "Say kid, I got to take Hilda home today." Hilda was a strapping big Swedish girl who had been helping Ed's wife do some sewing. She lived about ten miles down on the Bow.

"What time are you going?" I asked.

"Well—" he shuffled, "I s'pose I ought to take her back this morning."

I was the only man on the ranch that Sunday and I was a bit nettled. If he wanted me to go, why didn't he come out and ask me like a man.

"Fine girl, Hilda," I remarked.

"Sure," he said perfunctorily, "she's all right."

I resumed my reading.

"I kinda didn't want to go today, but Hilda said that she promised her mother for today," he went on.

No rise.

"So I promised my wife I'd see what I could do. She wants I should help her in the house today," he almost pleaded.

"Well, go and catch up the team then and I'll take her down," I said, none too graciously, for that meant that I would have to brush up and change my clothes for Hilda's mother would insist upon my staying for a meal.

So I drove Hilda home. Hilda, with her two thick braids of tow colored hair over each shoulder. Hilda with her polka-dot print dress and pink sun bonnet, her strong capable hands clasped over a bulky bandana handkerchief bundle. The imperturbable Hilda with her large mouth and blue eyes, beaming a perennial smile of good nature.

I was glad I went, but I wonder what spirit of mischief possessed me. Perhaps it was that I was aggrieved at

being deprived of my quiet Sunday reading, or it may have been to see if the girl was eradicably smooth tempered. Anyway, I said, "I am not going round the road, Hilda. I shall strike across the mesa."

"Vot you like," she said, pleasantly.

Nothing but a mountain buckboard with two-inch rim wheels, one and a half inch axles and a mountain tread would have kept upright on that ride, or even remained whole. The mountain buckboard's bed rested immediately on the solid axle, only the seat being supported on the long elliptical springs.

Away we went over the rocks and sagebrush, that big team of greys never breaking a trot, but such a gallant trot. Down ravines and washes we went, across rocky ledges and boulder strewn water courses but not a peep of dismay or caution could I get out of Hilda.

So my heroic stunt fell a bit flat when Hilda got down at her mother's door and said I must come in and meet the family and stay to dinner. And I must rest and feed the team too. She said that she thought it was very kind of me to bring her home and she had never enjoyed a ride so much. And all the time she had that level, kindly smile, absolutely free from guile, or I should have thought she was reproving me in this way for a rough inconsiderate cavalier. Come to think of it, maybe she was stringing me a bit. In any event, I hope she found a good husband and raised a family, for she was of good stock—an' I learned about women from 'er!

The range foreman of the "UL," Ed McB., and I, had three carloads of Hereford bulls, newly imported to take out and string on the range. At noon the first day out we arrived at a ranch and decided to stop there for dinner. So we turned our bulls into the paddock, took our horses to the barn for feed and water and then went to the ranch house, as we saw nobody about and nobody had come out to greet us.

What was our surprise, when we stumped up onto the porch to find a very attractive young woman open the door and give us greeting! For the owner was a bachelor and we hadn't dreamed of meeting a woman at his place.

So Ed said, "Is Al anywheres around, marm?"

"Why, no," she replied, "he went to Carbon this morning. But I am expecting him back any minute," she added, rather nervously, I thought.

"Well," said Ed, "we are from the 'UL' and we just called to see if we could get a bite to eat. We expected to find Al here."



"Surely, I'll get you some dinner right away," she said. "Sit down and make yourselves at home," and off she hustled.

Ed sized up our hostess right away. "Now I wonder who she is?" he said. "Maybe his sister. Anyway, she's an easterner, not very long out and I'd say she was a schoolmarm. Wonder if Al snuck off on the quiet an' got married? The old son-of-a-gun!"

"See how scared she seemed when she said she expected Al back any minute? I'll bet she took us for a coupla bandits or something, like they have back East."

That young woman set forth a wonderful meal for us, such as our range cook had never attained to, especially the coffee, so different from our ranch decoctions. And it had real cream in it. We never saw anything but Ar<sup>10</sup> at 18 cents a pound. As for her hot biscuits,—Ah!

We took our time over the meal and then went out and sat on the porch for ten minutes with cigarettes. The young woman kept out of sight in the back of the house except when she was serving us the grub. When it was time to be moving on, Ed rapped on the door and when the hostess appeared, to my horror he asked her, "How much do we owe you, madam?"

"Well," she said, "I don't know; I am new to this country. Al and I have only been married a week. I'm from Iowa. Whatever the customary charge is will be all right with me."

Now neither of us had a red cent. We did not need it—no place to spend it where we were going. So Ed said, "Well, Madam, it isn't the custom to charge a visitor anything in this country. When any of your boys are over our way we put 'em up—an so on."

"Oh, well!" she said, getting very pink, but smiling in spite of it, "in that case, of course, I shan't charge you anything. I am new to the country and want to learn the customs as soon as possible. Come in any time—both of you. Al will be sorry to have missed you, Mr.—?"

"Name of McB., foreman of the 'UL,'" said Ed, "and this is John Fox."

"Pleased to have met you, gentlemen—call again," she said graciously. And we departed.

As we went to the barn to get our horses, I was feeling very uncomfortable and mad, and I said, "Well, Ed, ain't you the pinhead! What did you want to ask her what we owed her for?"

"She was a stranger, an' a feller's got to be polite," he answered.

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<sup>10</sup>Arbuckle coffee was in general use.

"But you knew that neither of us had any money. Al would have told her it was all right. See how you made her blush—you silly ass!"

"I never thought of that," he replied and then laughed so loud that I had to punch him in the ribs and say, "Shut up you idiot! She'll hear you and guess what we are talking about."

So Ed subsided, but sniggered from time to time for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Jones, whose husband<sup>11</sup> kept the store, hotel, saloon and post office at Elk Mountain, (he was also Notary Public, Justice of the Peace and Deputy Sheriff)—Mrs. Jones was a right good sport and lady of the frontier. She was in her early forties and was the only woman I knew who used rouge and powder. There was no mistake at all about her coloring, for she fairly plastered it on and joked about it. She was a good cook, a good wife and mother and a good hostess; also she certainly knew and loved horses. What more do you want? And she was always "on the ball" without fuss or ostentation if anyone was sick or in trouble. As one of the boys said of her "She's all wool and a yard wide," even if she wasn't much to look at.

One Sunday morning I went over to the store and she said to me, "Just the boy I want. Tom, (a brother-in-law) is going to take the new school-marm for a ride up to the Johnson's this afternoon. I have to go along as chaperone, as she is staying with me. How'd you like to go along as my escort, so as to give 'em a chance?"

"Fine and dandy!" I replied. "What time do we start?"

"Right after dinner," said Mrs. Jones. "Put my saddle on 'Lady.' Dexter said I could have her."

Now "Lady" was a fiery little nag that Dex Jones used in cowpony races. She was gentle but waxed quite excitable if any horse near her went faster than a lope. However, after the mid-day meal—called "dinner" in those days, I saddled "Lady" up with Mrs. Jones' side saddle; the schoolmarm had a very gentle lady's pony, for she was newly out from the East, hence the demand for a chaperone, and I had my own trustworthy mount.

But Tom wanted to show off a bit, as is the way of young men before fair maids. And so he had no more sense than to saddle up a bronco that he had only ridden once, and that was not even bridle wise. We helped the ladies up and then I mounted. Tom had his colt all ready, with his eyes covered with a blind. He hopped up and raised

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<sup>11</sup>This was apparently J. S. Jones. He was also member of the House for Carbon County in the Territorial Legislature of 1882.

the blind. Instantly, the cayuse started to buck frantically. He dashed past Mrs. Jones, whose mare became excited and lit out.

So the pretty schoolmarm and I loped along at a gentle amble and we had quite a nice time together, for she was only "sweet seventeen or eighteen" and I barely twenty, with a natural delight in pretty maidens. Tom's bronco would balk and then come up to us again; then balk till Tom jammed him roughly with the spurs and then off he would fly again, in any direction—for he was being ridden with a hackamore (headstall and noseband) only; no bit. But we were not particularly interested in his capers except to laugh at them. Mrs. Jones was a mere speck in the distance, still going strong.

After a very pleasant ride, during which Tom had only appeared a few times, we arrived at the Johnson's and found Mrs. Jones there. Her nicely frizzed bangs or forehead fringe was all out of curl and plastered down. The rouge and the facepowder were furrowed and blotchy with her own dewy moisture and her natural skin was as red as a beet. She was grinning broadly and shook her finger archly at the schoolmarm and me when we entered, and pretty soon Tom came in, dusty and sweaty and cross. Why he should be glaring at me I could not imagine, but I finally had the sense to get up and let him sit beside his pretty schoolmarm.

Now, Tom was a first rate horseman and a good bronco buster and had always a pretty ready wit among men in bunkhouse or barroom banter. But when ladies were around he was rather tongue tied and shy. So he sat up the whole time we were in the Johnson's parlor, as crimson as a sunset and wearing a sickly strained smile, while the two married women jollied him.

Hilda (Mrs. Johnson) said, "Vell, Tom! I haff my opinion of a man vot lets a English boy take away his bestest girl, right under his nose."

And Belle (Mrs. Jones), turning to me, said, "And I have my opinion of an escort who deliberately leaves me in the lurch and goes off with another woman. I might have been killed for all he cared. I'll never ask him to take me out again."

"I only took up the duty that you ran away from, Belle," I replied. "How could I leave that helpless young lady unattended?"

"That's right, too," said Mrs. Jones, "Tom was playing around all over the prairie, like a spaniel nosing for rabbits. You did quite right to stay with Rose."



"Vouldn't you like to take a bat', Tom?" said Hilda. "I vill lend you vun off my husband's shirts an' a clean towel. You look so varm and svetty."

Warm! Tom's face was as fiery as ever and his shirt was wringing with perspiration. Our buxom young hostess was warming up to the game of man baiting. "You sure worked your vay up here," she laughed.

"Tom's a good rider," added Belle. "Now that he's shown Rose what he **can** do, maybe next time he takes her out for a Sunday call, he'll use a 'made' horse."

"Sure!" said Hilda, promptly. "Dat iss, if dere **iss** a next time. Maybe Rose looses heart alretty vit such careless beau. Maybe she's int'rested in de English boy. Young people vorks fast dese days."

With true Norwegian hospitality, Hilda trotted out some coffee, cheese, cakes, flaky biscuits and butter—a charming little feast, I thought it, and Tom tried to bravely choke down some of it, though I knew he felt like anything but dainty fingering of trifles.

When we got out on the porch, preparing to leave, Tom grabbed me aside and said in a hoarse whisper, "Kid! You got to ride that 'dingaty-ding' colt home and let me have your horse. You see how it is, can't you, old man?"

"Nothing doing, Tom, absolutely nothing doing!"

"Well, but—see here, kid—I asked Rose to come with me and—"

"Belle asked me to escort her, to chaperone Rose, Tom. How can I escort a lady on a raw cayuse?"

"Escort," he angrily shouted. "How did you escort her coming? She was here ten or fifteen minutes ahead of you, and by jiminy—"

Then Belle came out of the house and shouted to me, "Now then, kid, you and I will have to change saddles, and you stay right with me. I'm not going to ride 'Lady' back. Too much like hard work."

So that settled it.

Tom's beautiful but rather uninteresting schoolmarm was in direct contrast to a native daughter living near us, Mattie N. This girl was only about seventeen and she lived with her folks along the foothills. Her father was a horse raiser in a very modest way and her brother was a puncher, working out for wages.

One day I was at the ranch alone and I saw a small figure come riding up from the lower pasture at a smart pace. It looked like a boy from the distance but the head-gear was peculiar—just a white bunch. As the rider drew near, I could see that it was a girl riding astride on a man's saddle—the second time I had ever seen a girl riding this



**Mrs. Frank Hadsell**

way. When I could see underneath the big sunbonnet, lo, it was Mattie, in blue denim overalls and cowboy boots.

She dismounted in a very matter of fact way and said "How do, Jack."

"How do, Mattie. Come in and sit down and let me give your horse a feed," I said.

"Now, what on earth has she come up here for?" I thought. I soon found out, there was no beating about the bush, for when I returned to the kitchen she came right to the point at once.

"I've come up to c'lect that fifteen dollars that you owe Dunk (her brother) on the saddle you bought off him. He traded the debt to me as part payment on a colt I sold him. What's the chances?"

"Well, Mattie," I boggled, feeling a bit embarrassed, "I haven't a cent now but as soon as the foreman returns, I'll strike him for a check and leave it at the store for you. Will that be all right?"

"Sure thing," she said.

"You'll stop and have a bite, won't you? It's nearly noon," I said hoping that she would refuse, for I hated cooking, especially for a girl.

"Sure, I will," she replied. "No point in going away hungry."

"Well, I guess I'll have to make a batch of biscuits then," I said; for I only had a couple left—hoping that she would offer to do it for me.

"Go to it!" said the girl. "B'lieve I'll take a wash." And out she went, on to the porch, to wash her hands and face.

That was all right, but when she came back and sat on the edge of the table watching me mix the dough, build a fire and prepare potatoes and steak, I wished her in Halifax. Finally I said, "Can't you set the table, Mattie?"

"Sure!" she responded, with a smile. "You only got to ask. I'd made the biscuits for you if you'd wanted. What d'ye take me for—a mind reader?" and she laughed. That cleared the air for me.

"Are you going straight home, Mattie?" I asked, "or down to the Bow?"

"Home," she said, shortly. "Just on my way back from Saratoga."

And then she told that her brother, Duncan—"the dirty bum"—had been home while she was away; and had taken one of her colts that she had just broken for herself—"and broke gentle and kind, too, if I do say it as shouldn't"—and that he had left one of his jaded horses in its place.



She found out he had gone to Saratoga, on the Platte River and had promptly followed him, much to her mother's dismay. She had found he was in the saloon she expected him to be in, playing poker. She had not disturbed him, but went to the livery corral and got her own colt, leaving Duncan's cayuse in its place and was then on her way home, after a sixty mile ride. She had started the day before and had slept out in the Pass on her way home.

This is only intended for a slight character sketch of a girl of the period—a really nice girl with an unusual directness of manner and speech. The sunbonnet she wore was to protect her face from sunburn and she wore gloves for the same reason. Ranch girls of the '80's liked to preserve a white skin, yet they did not at all approve of pigments or cosmetics. The men would not have countenanced it and the work would not permit it. Belle Jones was an exception. Only women of the underworld painted.

These slight sketches may serve to shed some light on the life of a pioneer woman in the cow country, so as to correct a growing impression that she was a colorless, unhappy creature, who was always trailing along in a covered wagon, accompanied by rather dirty and unkempt men, who wore fuzzy beards like some of the emigrants that passed through and of whom mention has been made in these notes. There is always a hero in those old myths, who is shown alternately galloping up and down the line of wagons on an exceedingly well-appointed and well-groomed and conditioned horse, eternally beckoning to the rear wagons and pointing ahead, or making love to a very plainly dressed and rather unresponsive heroine.

It is true that the old pioneer stock of both sexes were of heroic makeup, though they would have been surprised to hear it. But they were anything but melodramatic. God bless 'em!

## THE ROUNDUP

At this period the spring (or calf) roundup was the most important thing in Wyoming Territory. The whole country was laid off into districts and the chief owners in each district cooperated in the formation of a district calf roundup.

As most of the land was owned by the United States Government and was unfenced, everybody's cattle ranged at large, just as the buffalo had done only a very few years previously. The only way in which an owner could identify his animals was by the brand on them. So every spring

each large owner contributed a four horse cook wagon, a four horse bed wagon, a cook and horse wrangler and a dozen cowboys under a foreman. Smaller stockmen would run a wagon between them, each bearing his own relative expenses. The whole camp was put under the management of a capable stock and business man, who directed the operations and kept accounts of brandings, etc. He was the captain of the roundup. Each day he directed the itinerary of each bunch of men to ride on the "circle"—foremen and all—and determined the site of the next camp where all were to meet with the cattle they gathered, for his knowledge of the range was wide and intimate and he knew about what every part of it was likely to carry, in the way of stock at different periods of the year.

In gathering cattle from the range, the men extended by groups, covering a wide line. They would range along the hill tops and draws, and the cattle, wild as deer, would run together at the first "Whoopee!" and then gathering recruits as they went, they were simply headed in the direction of the next camp. Riding the circle might be likened to a pack of hounds, drawing a covert.

By ten o'clock in the morning, bunches of cattle would begin stringing into camp and before noon, most of the riders would be in with their contributions. The big bunch of cattle thus assembled was called a "cavvy."

After dinner two good "cut-out" men from each outfit, on well trained, alert, well-bitted horses entered the herd and, working in pairs, the cattle were cut out into separate groups according to brands.

After the big herd was so divided into half-a-dozen distinct bunches, each outfit built its own fires and branded its own calves—a long, tiring job, wrestling calves. It seemed rough on the poor brutes, for a male calf was not only branded and altered, but bits were cut from its ears, for distinguishing earmarks and some owners also cut one, two or three strips of skin on the dewlap so that they hung down and became tassels or tags and the animal could be identified a long way off.

After all the calves were branded, the entire bunch of cattle was turned loose in the direction from which we had come and a new strip of terrain was "drawn" the next day. After the whole district had been thoroughly covered, the calves were all supposed to have been branded. Yet many, perhaps hundreds of them, would naturally drift in behind us and be missed.

So the following year, having left the mother who was usually nursing a new calf, the unbranded animal was nobody's property, a yearling without a brand. Such an

animal was called a maverick and was supposed to be sold by the roundup captain to the highest bidder, the money going to the Stock Association, I was told.

Nevertheless, many a nice herd of cattle was said to have been started by cowboys who, finding such an animal would rope it and brand it and then turn it loose. It did not take long to rope and hog-tie a small "critter," make a little fire of sagebrush and stick a brand on.

## HORSES

The characters of horses are perhaps as variable as those of mankind, and in many ways very similar. They are all great bluffers—no other word expresses this quality so well. For instance, when almost any horse sees a saddle or harness being brought to him, he will throw back his ears, raise his nostrils and sidle over threateningly. Yet at the word of command, "Stand over there!" he quickly comes to attention, though he cannot help biting his crib or the fence rail or snapping his teeth as the cinch is tightened.

Unlike horned stock, the horse prefers to stick to his own locality, and nothing but shortness of feed will lure him away from his own range. Cattle will keep on drifting and drifting, especially in a storm, and are not so keen on coming back. For this reason it was not so difficult to find and round up the saddle horses for the spring work, after their three or four months of idleness in the winter on the government range. When they were first brought in and corraled, the boys would sit on top of the corral fence and look at them by the hour—each man probably setting his heart on which ones he should like for his string. Each rider in the spring roundup was allotted a string of from seven to ten horses by the foreman. He could ride these and no others, riding two a day so that each animal could get three or four days rest.

The cut-out men and expert ropers were given the first pick. Bronco-busters had any outlaws or spoiled horses and were paid extra, and the horse wranglers took what they could get.

The horse wrangler's duties were to drive his outfit's herd of spare horses from camp to camp and take care of them all day, to find the best feed to be had for them, to help butcher a beef when it was his outfit's turn to kill, and to rustle wood and water for the cook. He also looked after unharnessing the cook's team at the new camp. A



beef was butchered nearly every day, the cooks using what they wanted and the coyotes had the rest.

The night herder (always called Nighthawk, with his brand in front for a distinguishing sign) took over the wrangler's herd of horses after supper and herded them til four o'clock A. M. He drove the bedwagon to the next camp and was then free to rest or do what he liked till the evening.

There were six such herds of horses in the roundup I wrangled for, as there were also two wagons and a cook to each of the six outfits. As soon as the captain had designated the location of our next camp, each horse-wrangler, after the boys had caught their mounts, would get his herd on the move as soon as possible, for the first wrangler in the new camp could get the pick of the feed for his horses. His standing with his fellows was somewhat governed by his ability and push in the matter of doing his horses well.

Each herd had to be kept separate, of course, and it was quite exciting to have two bunches abreast—each wrangler trying to get the lead on the trail. Once there, there was no passing.

One thing that struck me as peculiar was that all of the horses on the roundup were geldings. The foreman explained this by saying, "That's easy! Wherever there's females, there's sure to be trouble. And we don't want no more trouble in a cow camp than what the Lord sends us."

The man who spends from twelve to fourteen hours a day with a bunch of a hundred horses is bound to learn something of their peculiarities. A large number of them have one particular friend that the wrangler gets to recognize. Every day when the boys unsaddle to change horses, as the used animal trots towards the herd whinnying, his friend will trot out to meet him with a like greeting and off they go together quite contented. If they are not together at any time, you may be perfectly sure that the absent one is on duty.

There were always several old horses in the herd. It always seemed to annoy them whenever a couple or three youngsters got to romping, rearing, pretending to bite or kick, or racing about and nearly bumping. Then these old chaps would put back their ears, bare their teeth and rush at the youngsters with outstretched necks. I used to think of them as peevish old men, who could not brook the boisterous capers and the exuberant spirits of youth.

A horse with a Roman nose, bulging narrow brow, a ewe neck, a goose rump and small flat eyes could be classed as a "crook," usually a very poor specimen. He had a mean untrustworthy disposition, generally no ambition to please

in his work so he never worried; therefore he lasted too long. A good many of these ill-bred cayuses came from eastern Oregon, the result of interbreeding for many generations in a wild state.

But there were plenty of good home bred cow ponies that were positively amazing in their cow work and their quickness to know what was wanted of them—like well-trained polo ponies. The good points of a cow pony were: A well-ribbed barrel with plenty of depth at the girth (behind the shoulder), denoting roomy lungs and the works to supply them. He should be high at the withers, lean of shoulder, short in the back with muscular loins and not be too short in the neck. His legs should have plenty of bone, flattish and of good quality and they must be well set under him; a cow-hocked horse could not handle himself on the short turns, yet one with too straight hock would not last. The one would be liable to develop a "curb" and the other a "spavin." There is no work so hard on a horse as strenuous cow work, quite apart from the roping and handling of steers, which is not often necessary.

The cow pony's feet must be small and the hoof dense and preferably of dark color, because, as the ponies generally went barefoot, soft white horn cracks or wears down too quickly and the animal becomes tender-footed. He should have a fine tapering muzzle and large nostrils—that is, nostrils that will open up wide under stress of work. Good, full eyes, with plenty of width between them—the forehead slightly dished. A large jaw and small ears that are alert and move quickly and a thin mane and tail.

A horseman reading this description will think, "Why, this is meant for a weight carrying hunter." It is far more than that. These horses only averaged about 900 to 1000 pounds in weight and they had to carry a man of one hundred and sixty pounds, plus forty or more pounds of saddle and equipment, for four or five hours a day. And I must admit that very few horses had all the wonderful points that I have enumerated.

Such a horse, when broken by a real stockman, is a perpetual treasure and pleasure to his owner. Broken with a hackamore (i.e., with a noseband halter only) and later bitted carefully, he stops or turns at the least pressure of the rein, and takes as much pains to please his rider in cow work, as a sheep dog does for his shepherd master.

If cattle run out from the herd and have to be headed back, a good cow horse turns short the instant that the cow does, whether the rein touches his neck or not. Which has often occasioned unpleasant surprise to a new hand,

unused to such work. It is a humiliation to be unseated in such a manner.

A cowboy may at times use his spurs more than he should, under excitement, but he never, never strikes his pony over the head. And so a ridden cow pony never dodges the whirled rope, the uplifted quirt or the black-snake, because he knows that it is not intended for his head. Ponies broken by the Indians were generally of small value, being spiritless and dull. This was said to be due to their being handled too young and then alternately starved and run hard, till all spirit and all ambition died in them. It seemed to be a reasonable explanation.

The bays and browns were favorite colors for horses. Next came dark sorrel, buckskin and blue roan. White horses with black skins were liked, but white horses with white skins were disliked. These latter had also pink noses and "glass" eyes, (blue eyes, showing the whites all round—generally with inflamed lids). Light sorrels, strawberry roans, light chestnuts, were supposed to be of delicate constitution and so were not favored. A good pinto or paint horse, either skewbald or piebald, was always favored.

If I have become tiresome and prosy over this horse talk, be it remembered that it was a daily subject on the range and one of never-ending interest. If in the present day, automobile owners love to talk car, which is only of incidental importance in their lives, how much more should the stockman talk of horses, when they were his most important adjunct for ten or more hours a day? Without a horse, he was helpless—useless. With a poor horse his best efforts were fettered. With a good horse, he was always vying with his fellows for supremacy in the daily work.

## THE MEETING OF THE OUTFITS

This somewhat discursive description of a western cattle roundup must find its excuse in the reminiscent narrative form. It is intended to constitute a record of that period of far western history, just before the settlers came in, in large numbers and fenced up those vast public ranges. But it is necessary to include possibly trivial incidents in order to give life to the story. Without these incidents it would be incomplete and uninteresting.

If the writer has idealized his characters, either the men or the women of the period, it has been done unintentionally. The impressions of them, gained by daily intercourse, when he was a very young man, were true enough



to influence his whole life and to make him a better citizen than he might have been otherwise.

The personnel of the spring roundup was not up to that of the permanent cow hands. Extra men had to be hired from the towns, drifters, tin-horn gamblers, saloon bums and such, as well as new settlers, who wanted to earn some money with which to develop their new holdings.

In '85 all the six outfits of No. 27 were to meet at Breden's corral, near Rawlins City, some sixty miles from our ranch. Two or three of the outfits were already there when we arrived. And here occurred the first unpleasantness I had met with.

A man from one of the ranches, a stranger recently hired, had gone into a saloon and had drunk enough "red-eye" to become a nuisance. With his gun unlimbered, he was making the bar keeper set up free drinks to everybody that came into the bar room. Word was sent to the sheriff and his assistance asked. When he came in, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and his star thrust well forward he marched straight up to the drunk and said, "Now, then, Monty! You better get back to Seven Mile. You've had enough. Come on, now!"

But the voice of authority did not carry far enough. Monty trained his Colt on the sheriff and, with many expletives, ran him out of the place. Thereupon, everybody drifted quietly out, leaving only Monty and the bar keeper, tete-a-tete. The sheriff went to his office and returned shortly armed with a short old fashioned carbine of half-inch caliber. He kicked open the swinging doors and entered. Monty was leaning over the bar talking to the bar keeper, his back to the door.

"Now 'en, Monty! Back to Seven Mile!" rasped the sheriff, peremptorily. The bar keeper fell on his knees below the line of fire while Monty was foolish enough to reach for his gun.

At the inquest on Monty that same afternoon, it did not take more than twenty minutes to bring in a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide," and I heard that the jury added a rider, commending the sheriff for the prompt and efficient manner he had shown in carrying out his official business. Justice was swift and sure on this wonderful frontier. Piffling technicalities were ruled out where a man was caught red-handed. That is why it seems that the criminal lawyers of today—as a body—are a far greater menace to the nation than the criminals themselves.

Rawlins was quite a little town—said to claim 1000 inhabitants. It had one main street with the railroad running through it and some small streets on each side, as I

remember it; also some dug-outs and log cabins on the outskirts.

A freight train was pulling out as I rode into town with the foreman. As it was gathering speed, I saw a man run from under the water tank and apparently hurl himself beneath the wheels. I was horror struck and grabbing Ed's arm, I shouted, "Look! Look, Ed! There's a man committed suicide over there! I saw him throw himself under the train."

How Ed laughed. I did not hear the last of that for many a day. It was simply a hobo stealing a ride on the brake beams, the commonest way of traveling for tramps and dead-beats.

How interesting the life of a horse wrangler seemed to me then. Thirty dollars a month and board seemed to be a very handsome recompense for such work. There was so much to see and learn.

A good wrangler will spare himself no trouble to see that his animals find the best feed attainable, even if he has to go a mile or so from camp to get it. For the horses must be kept in good condition at any cost. While he is roaming around amongst his charges or sitting on the hill-side doing nothing, he sees everything and has time to watch it. Every eagle, hawk or buzzard that enlivens the air is on some quest and you wonder what he has marked down. Antelope were ubiquitous—they could be seen daily, as one sees jack rabbits today. Prairie dog villages were very entertaining to watch, though we avoided them. To work cattle near a prairie dog colony was a nuisance, as the horses are looking at their work and prairie dog holes have broken many a leg.

Perhaps no one but a person whose duties keep him so busily idle, like a horse wrangler or a sheep herder for instance, has the opportunity to take in the vastness, the fullness and the beauty of the plains. I have never been lonesome there, not even when camped alone. The clearness of the mountain air is still amazing to me. The details of mountains thirty or forty miles distant are often so clear that they seem to be not more than ten or twelve miles away. At night the whole firmament seems to be doubled in size and brilliancy, the stars seem to be so large, pure and scintillating, against the soft blue background of the skies. Distant sounds come over clear and distinct, without reverberations, except in mountain valleys, where they excel in reproduction of sound. I loved to hear the singing of the coyotes at night—the blending voices on the long rising call, each ending with sharp fox-like barks. Two or three coyotes can sound like a pack in continuous song.

They sounded to me as the jolliest wags of animals I ever heard.

When driving, I liked to see the golden haze made by the sun on the cloud of fine dust that enveloped my horses, and to see other distant clouds of dust that told me of the movement of my brother wranglers' herds. It is not at all surprising that the Indians have always been so awed and impressed by the Great Spirit, for the whole visible universe, by day or by night, is alive and instinct with life in these high mountains and plateaus.

At those altitudes, 6000 to 7000 feet of elevation, the climate is stimulating and our calling was stimulating, as was the food. How tired one gets of beef three times a day. We had youth and health, no carking cares or responsibilities that were not equally shared by others. We slept in the open, without even a tent, rain or shine. If any man nursed a grouch, he had to cork it up or get out of camp. A perennial crab was not tolerated.

Which reminds me of a cook we once had for six weeks. Our own jolly roundup cook was taken ill and had to be sent to town and an old German was hired. He was about fifty years old and had never been on trail before, but we had to take him because it was no easy matter to get roundup cooks. A man that caters for twelve or fourteen men three times a day in the open earns his money. All the cooking, including bread, had to be done in Dutch ovens, which need hot coals beneath and hot coals on the covers.

On looking back, it is not surprising to me now, that "Dutch" was nervous and irritable, though youth makes no excuses for those evils. Who does? In the first place, there was the driving of the cook wagon from camp to camp each day. Dutch had never driven four horses before, and mountain trails are not always easy to negotiate. So he used to tie the wheelers' lines to the gate-stake at his feet and just drive the leaders. Going down steep grades he had to grab for the wheelers' lines, and he would jam on the foot brakes for all he was worth. I never saw such a man for wearing out brake blocks. All he had to do, so far as the team was concerned, was to drive his wagon from one camp to another, for his team was harnessed and hitched for him and the wrangler took care of the unhitching, and the care of his brakes. But Dutch was no horseman and that daily drive doubtless haunted him.

Then, he had to turn out soon after three o'clock in the morning to make hot pone, hash and steaks ready to eat by four or soon after. To do this with poor fuel, even in good weather, is a task.



After breakfast he had to wash up the tin plates, cups and "sich," stow his paraphernalia, climb onto his seat and light out. Arrived at the new camp, he had to go right to work again, make bread, boil potatoes and have roast beef ready by the time that the boys showed up—by ten thirty, when the first men might arrive with cattle. Then he had to keep the stuff warm till the last of the men would trail in—maybe at noon or after, when he generally had to face a few joshing remarks about the stuff being burnt up or cold.

Sometimes he would make three or four pies in the afternoon, using dried apples for the filling, or evaporated blackberries. These two fruits, stewed, were the only dessert (except the pies) obtainable on the roundup. They kept us in good condition, notwithstanding the purely beef diet. We had no fresh vegetables at all except potatoes. Dried pink beans (called Arizona strawberries) were always appreciated, but we rarely had them because they took such an eternity to cook at that altitude.

The poor cook never had any milk or butter to use on the roundup. It was as unobtainable as caviar. On the other hand he had no sponge to lay for light bread. The nights were too cold for that, so all the bread was made with baking powder or saleratus. Dutch could get a couple of hours rest in the afternoon and he always turned in at seven, after the supper dishes were washed up. This completes a summary of his life from day to day, so now to get on with the story.

Dutch complained about something from the very day he started. We had been over on the Big Muddy, in the alkali country, and good firewood had been very hard to obtain. Some days I had dug greasewood and brush roots, but had to supplement them with buffalo chips or dried cow dung. The latter smouldered and smouldered, making lots of smoke but little heat in spite of his continual fanning. Good hot glowing coals are needed to cook with in Dutch ovens and, though brush roots provided such coals and buffalo chips do not, I could not dig enough of them. It was hard to keep Dutch supplied with good fuel. Small firewood is soon burnt to ashes and yields no coals.

So after two or three days of constant complaints we reached the Platte river, where there is always plenty of cottonwood, willow and aspen. After securing a nice grassy bottom for my herd, I noticed a good dry log that had drifted on to the bank and was lying there. So I dismounted and put the loop of my "skin line" over the end of it and snaked it up to camp.

"There you are, cook," I said. "You've been shouting for wood for a week (which was stretching it a little)—

now let's see you whet your teeth on that," and I turned to go.

Dutch looked at that log and then glared at me "Py Gott! I wouldn't cut it up! Vat you t'ink?" he bellowed. "I vant vood now—right away—you hear? I got no time to cut locks!"

"Please yourself, Dutch," I said, glad to get back at him at last. "There's the wood and there's the axe. I have to 'tend my horses."

Just then, Johnny W.—captain of the roundup came riding by. Dutch shrieked out, "Looky here, Cap! Jes' look vot dat dog-gone wrangler toted in for me to get dinner mit," and he pointed indignantly at the log, "Ain't it his job to cut vood for de cook?"

Johnny looked at me and grinned. He sized up the situation, no doubt. He said, "The man's right, kid. I guess you're elected. It's your job to put the wood in shape for him to use if he demands it," and he rode on.

Well! One does not question an order from the chief or the referee, and this seemed to settle it. So I dismounted, took the axe and went to work on that log. And the joke was certainly on me. All the time I was chopping it into firewood, that wretched old cook was sneering. "H—Hm! You *would* bring me big locks to get dinner mit—Hein! Monkey bizness don't vork mit me, I tell you. Who's boss o' diss kitchen anyway? De cook or de wood cutter, answer me dat? My! Vot a great—big—hard—lock! Glad I wouldn't haf' to cut id," and so on *ad nauseam*.

There wasn't anything to say, so I said nothing. No use bandying words with an old woman. But I noticed that he had set out four pies on the tail of his wagon—cooked the previous afternoon. They were tough and leathery but they were pies. So, as soon as I had cut enough wood for him to get dinner—and no more—I mounted my horse, rode up to the tail of the wagon and lifted a pie.

It was really a marvel that he was not seized with apoplexy. He looked murderous. Of course at dinner time he dispensed the pies himself with the aid of a large butcher knife and would not let me have any. He could not help telling the boys all about it, in loud indignant tones. They had been robbed by that greedy wrangler, etc. But their reception of his story was not calculated to mollify his indignation.

At the end of about six weeks he had to be fired, as the boys were tired of his eternal sighings and beratings. In even a small community, one man cannot oppose himself to all the other members and expect to continue to live with them. In western idiom, "It don't pay to buck the

crowd"—except on a matter of principle and then only if occasion demands it.

Our next cook was rather dirty and casual and he gave us no pies. However he was always "there" with a good natured repartee and the grub was well cooked and plentiful. His smile would have covered a multitude of shortcomings. Moreover he was a good horseman and teamster so never had to ask for help to cross a bad ford or get over rough places with his team. It was a pleasure to rustle wood and water for him. He always had something to say.

In sparsely settled communities every man must contribute to the gaiety, if only to applaud. Harmony is most certainly the strength and support of such a society in far greater measure than in a large community, because there is no alternative to be sought.

Even today in modern business it is evident that a trouble-maker, a man who cannot get along with his fellows, is not wanted. He is discharged and becomes an I.W.W. or a Communist, who imagines he has a grievance—that he has been badly used and the world is going to the dogs, and "what's the use of anythin'?" If it were suggested that he was a shirker, incompetent, lazy or bad tempered, he would feel grossly insulted, no matter how true it were. So, usually, a man with a grievance is a poor man to hire.

### SOME OF THE BOYS

It was only when I was out with a man alone, that I could get him to talk about himself. Each man thought his own experience very common-place and matter of fact; but to me many of these little life stories were thrilling romances. But sometimes peculiar developments took place during the couple of hours we squatted around the fire of an evening before turning in.

One evening, in the course of talk regarding General Miles' campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo, I happened to revert to the Napoleonic wars and, finding that I had some interested listeners, I bucked up and entered into my subject with zest—superficial and meagre as my knowledge of the subject was.

Alas! "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Every audience may contain one man who knows more about the subject than the speaker. And such was the case with me. In the midst of my story I made a statement regarding the lineage of Napoleon wherein I was a bit mixed. A voice from the other side of the fire said, "You're wrong there,



kid. When you're running off a pedigree, whether of a man or a horse you got to get it right."

"All right. You tell it then, Cliff," I said, a bit nettled. "Maybe you know more about it than I do."

"Maybe I do," he replied, "that's my meat. I majored in history at the University."

We sat up till nine o'clock that night, and Cliff rolled off the genealogies of the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Dukes of Brandenburg and the German and English Royal houses—what they did and what it led to, in a quick succession of lightning sketches.

I was not humiliated after the first fall—not even when Cliff looked over at me with a quizzical smile and said, "Now, Professor."

"You win, Cliff," I said, with an answering grin.

"You have a fair smattering, kid," he said, "but only a smattering. Stick to your English."

This was not done in a patronizing way. It was a simple statement of fact. We remained sitting over the fire for some time after the boys were rolled in their blankets. Cliff told me that after he left college, he mixed with a rather wild bunch of fellows and became too fond of whiskey—the old, old story of the wastrel; that he simply drifted out west to get away from old and lost associations. He was only about thirty-five then, but there was not a vestige of the professor in his features, his voice, or his language, which was always well-peppered with unedifying adjectives. His walk was the inevitable cowboy lurch, but 'round the fire that night his sketches had been clear and in well-ordered sequence. He was a good cow hand and I never saw him depressed in spirits, though he must have been, after each recurring bout of drinking.

A cow camp is no place for vain introspection or fatuous regrets and self-pity. At the end of each season, Cliff went to town, bought himself new clothes or any new gear that he needed, and then handed the balance of his pay-check to the saloon keeper asking him to "tell me when it is all gone."

When he had run the gamut, he would return to the range and be a good boy until he had accumulated another stake and work was slack. He never got drunk on the roundup. The old saloon keeper would never let him have any of his money to play cards with when he was drunk, nor let anyone best him,—a pretty wise old banker for such a character.

I liked that old saloon man. He was kindly and human but would not tolerate a sot. No drunk or derelict was allowed to hang around his 'joint,' for the saloon was the

only club the West had, and he kept his as decent as he could.

One day, when nobody else was in there, as I drifted in from the restaurant, which was in a back room, he said to me, "Come over here while I show you a few tricks."

Then he took three walnut shells and a pea and nimbly demonstrated how the thimblorig was manipulated. Then he showed me three-card monte, throwing down the cards so slowly and altering their positions so deliberately, that I was quite sure that I could spot the right card. But, of course, I could not.

Next he brought out a small ivory top and said, "Now, let's bet." He twirled the little top, which had ten facets on the sides, marked from one to ten. "You can bet what you like before I spin the top," he said, "from one to five or from six to ten."

So I bet a dime that the face showing up would be five or under. It turned up six. After I had lost three times on the low call, I changed my betting and lost all my money.

"It's all off, Johnny, I'm broke," I announced.

He grinned and pushed my small cash back saying, "Take it, kid, I don't want to beat you."

"Nothing doing," I said indignantly, pushing the sixty cents back again. "You won it fairly. What d'ye take me for? I'm not a child nor an object of charity."

"No, but I didn't win it fairly, kid," he said. "That top's a cheat. I push the little peg over slightly through the top—so little that you can't notice it—and the face that turns up is five or under. If you bet five or under, I pull it back again with a slight pressure and the face number will be six or over."

I took the money in silence and waited.

"Now," continued Johnny, "I have showed you some of the cheating devices that you may meet with some place. They are never permitted in my place of business. Also a crooked faro dealer can't operate here, and it don't take me very long to get on to the phoney ones. I used to be a gambler myself—before I became respectable," he added.

"But now you know as there's lots of games of chance, that ain't games of chance at all. I've showed you on'y some of 'em. An' so for your own good, I say, 'never have anything to do with any of 'em.' Don't 'Buck the Tiger' (as betting on Faro or Keno was called), nor risk one nickel on the turn of a card outside yer own bunkhouse or with fellers you know well. The professional gambler plays a 'skin' game, first, last an' all the time. The lecture bein' now over, you are entitled to a drink on the house—what shall it be?"

"The best you've got is none too good," I returned promptly, and forthwith drank to his health with the friendliest thoughts.

Though a saloon keeper, Johnny was honest, kindly, hospitable and altogether human. His business was legitimate and well managed as a frontier place of entertainment could possibly be. He conducted a restaurant as well as a bar, with meals at stated times.

If, as sometimes happened, a mellowed cowboy felt moved to shoot a few necks from the bottles behind the bar, Johnny depended on others to gradually steer the wayward one away and simply sent in the bill of damages to the erring puncher's foreman or 'boss.'

The foreman would say, "I have a bill from Johnny against you for ten dollars, for bottles he says you smashed behind his bar last Tuesday. How about it? All right for me to pay the bill?"

The puncher would probably reply, "I guess it's all right, Bill. Whatever Johnny says goes with me. He wouldn't charge me with no more damage than what I done." And the bill would be paid.

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One evening, on the Fourth of July, I sauntered into the back room of the saloon (the card room) and Johnny called me aside, saying, "Kid! Old Pingree's in the bar. He sold a big bunch of beaver pelts lately and has been lushin' up for two days and I want him away. He's gettin' the 'jim-jams.' Wonder if you could steer him off for me, bein' a fellow countryman of his?"

So I went into the saloon. Pingree was in a very nervous state, jammed right up in a corner by himself. He sat up with a start when I tapped him on the shoulder, and began to babble away about nothing. So I said, "Come on, Ping. Let's go to bed! I'm tired."

"All right, kid. But you got to stay with me!" he gasped, peeping about.

"Sure thing, partner—right in the old bunkhouse. Come on, I'll shake down your blankets for you."

So I grabbed his arm and we went out to the bunkhouse. I lit a candle—a tallow dip, that was stuck in a bottle, and grabbed the first bundle of blankets I came to, untied it and spread the covers on the floor. Then I pulled off his long boots and took off his jacket.

That poor, dismal candle created shadows which became almost black at the end of the long log bunkhouse, with its double row of bunks ranged on each side—one above the



other. Pingree grabbed me fearfully by the shoulder and began pointing at the darkened corners. "A—ha!" he shouted, with a catch in his throat. "I see you sneakin' away there. Don't you go makin' mouths at me, you devils. Look at that one, kid. Lookut him. Look! Look! Look!"—with a sobbing laugh that made my hair fairly move on its scalp. He was pointing at all the dark corners and under the bunks, till I could pretty nearly see things myself.

"Don't you take any notice of 'em, Ping!" I said, giving him a rough shake. "What do you care? Let's go to sleep."

"I can't lie down. I can't! I can't!" he bawled. "My head's afire. Can't you see the flames?"

So I rubbed my hands vigorously over his scalp and told him it was all out, and kept on smoothing and rubbing his head when he lay down, till finally he dropped off to sleep. If he moved or grabbed, I rubbed him some more. Not a soul showed up till early morning. Everybody was celebrating the glorious Fourth. It was a most dismal night, but Johnny gave the old boy an eye-opener the next day and told him to get back to camp, which he did.

Poor old Pingree. He had married a Paiute squaw and lived in an Indian tent, the year 'round, moving from place to place. He made his living as a trapper, and beaver were plentiful, as well as martens. Between seasons he trapped coyotes, and other "varmint" or did a bit of hunting for the market. Some months after the "jim-jam" episode, I passed near his camp, where he and his squaw were busy. I shouted out "Howdy, Ping!" and was going on, when he bawled out, "Hey, there! Kid, come on over here while I give ye a tobacker sack."

So I rode over to his tepee, where his squaw was scraping, stretching and drying peltries, and he handed me a good sized doeskin tobacco bag, beautifully trimmed with beads and wampum, daintily fringed at the bottom, and closed with a fine-pleated, split deer sinew string. The deer skin was as soft as velvet. His squaw must have chewed it for hours to get it so soft.

"There," he said, "I want you should have this. My squaw made it for me, but shucks!—I hain't got no use for gewgaws like that."

I looked at the squaw, who gave the ghost of an enigmatic smile and then looked wooden and expressionless again.

"Go on, take it," he said. I hesitated. "She don't care. She'll make me another one if I want it."

So I took the bag and went away, wondering what constituted the daily intercourse of such a pair, beyond following the trap lines. For old Pingree, a Scotchman,

was quite a reader of magazines. His squaw could not read, but she understood the handling and value of furs. Moreover, she was not more than half his age.

### THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

The American "little red school house" was a marvelous institution. Next to the home it was the foundation upon which American character was built up. In conjunction with the home, it formulated and made concrete the high but unwritten code of ethics, whereby America became a great nation. It was the cradle of splendid Americanism of which foreigners and casual visitors can know little.

I do not pretend to know what the children learned of mere facts in the country school, but their demeanor towards their parents and in other people's houses was particularly noticeable to a fellow who had never attended a "mixed" school, or lived in any but a strictly conservative and class-ridden Victorian atmosphere. The children all had little chores to do on their return home and most of them went to and from school on horseback, sometimes two or even three on a horse.

This alone gave them an air of confidence and responsibility, both in the care and management of an intelligent animal and, for older children, the care of their younger brothers and sisters, a tacit authority which never seemed to be questioned, splendid training for future responsibility. The parents would see that such leadership never developed into tyranny.

The little home chores led to regular habits of living and doubtless created in the child a feeling that he was an important member of the household, for mutual service breeds self respect. It was this child's job to stack in stovewood for his mother, that child's job to get in the cow and perhaps milk it, another's to feed the poultry or hogs, or help the mother in the kitchen or bring water from the spring. There was plenty of time for them to play, but the assistance rendered was a great aid to the parents and of great benefit to the children. It was important training.

All the little meetings, whether religious, social or political were held at the little red schoolhouse. The "school-marm" might not be very learned but she was usually wise and capable with young people or she would not be there for long. She boarded at one of the ranch houses and was regarded with deference, a kindly intimate sort of deference by young and old, if her personality demanded

it. It generally did, for she was a daughter of the same class of people as her hosts and therefore tolerant and circumspect. It was this close association between the school and the home in these small communities that was chiefly instrumental in giving this pioneer stock its sterling value.

The children of yesteryear were not much different from those of today, but their training was different, at least in Wyoming.

## SHEEPHERDERS

The life of a sheepherder was the most lonely it was possible to conceive. No wonder such a large proportion of them became insane, sooner or later. They had just their camp wagon, a team and saddle horse, three or four dogs, and were left to themselves in a way that a modern herder, with his regular tender, would not stand.

They made rough corrals of brush for bedding down their flocks at night, and the dogs watched them. If a bear, lion or coyote came too close, the dogs gave notice and the herder had to come out with his rifle. They had to cook all their own meals, which must have been always flavored with the sheep smell. The monotony of that smell and sheep sounds, day and night without change, without companionship, and in the sordid filth of a fly-infested, barren, itinerant sheep camp is appalling to think of. One can stand almost anything if there is a sharer of the discomfort, but to be alone for weeks, and even months, must have been desolating.

Think of it! No mail, no newspapers, constant moving, nothing to do but the daily round of feeding horses and dogs, cooking meals (including bread), occasional washing of clothes, cutting a little firewood and bedding the sheep. All this work had to be done regularly, hopelessly, with but one thing to look forward to, the appearance of the owner or camp tender with a new supply of bacon, coffee, flour, potatoes, lard, chewing tobacco, and magazines. No wonder they used to grow "queer" and lose the faculty of flowing human intercourse.

I was riding over the Laramie plains once, from Rock Creek ford to Lookout, jogging along at that slow dog-trot that is tiring to neither horse nor rider, but which eats up the miles, when I saw a man tearing across the plains, evidently to intercept me for he was waving his hat. Thinking that it was somebody who wanted a letter mailed or a message carried, I slowed down and waited for him to come up.



It was a sheepherder. He pulled up and nodded, "How do, sir."

"How do, sir," I replied, and waited.

He blew a chew of tobacco from his mouth, coughed and then said, "You goin' to Lookout?"

"I am," I replied. "Is your herd over the rise?"

His gaze wandered over the plain in the direction I indicated, and he nodded.

After a pause, I asked. "Are you wanting me to bring you anything or mail a letter?"

"No," he replied, absently. "Just rode over here, that's all. So long!" And he turned and trotted slowly away without meeting my eyes again.

Poor devil! He just wanted to come over and talk to somebody and then found that he had nothing to say. Probably only his dogs kept the spark of whatever it is alive in his brain.

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On another occasion, I was camped for the night on Rock Creek, where it emerges from the mountains and comes out onto the plains. I had tethered my saddle horse and hobbled my pack animal and, having finished supper, was lying against a tree trunk, enjoying the post-prandial pipe, when I heard somebody coming through the brush behind me.

As it was a man afoot that I heard, I thought that it might be Bill Williams, an old Government Scout, who lived near the ford. But I heard him heel his dog, and I knew it must be a sheepherder, which it was, a fuzzy-wuzzy sheepherder, a man about forty, with a bushy tangled beard and taggy hair reaching to his shoulders. I greeted him without getting up and he squatted contentedly down by the remains of my fire and eyed my gear.

"I seen you ride in here," he said, "an' I thought I'd stop over an' get in a little visit. It gets mighty lonesome in a sheep camp."

"Doesn't your tender show up every week or two?" I asked.

"Ought to, but he don't," he replied. "They haven't be'n anigh my camp for goin' on six weeks and I'm might' nigh out o' everything, 'cept flour an' a little lard, no pig-meat, no canned stuff nor nothin', not even coffee."

"Well, you don't need to go hungry. You always have plenty of mutton handy," I suggested.

"Mutton, Mister, mutton!" he burst out, disgustedly, "I couldn't eat mutton, not if I was starvin'. An' more, you

couldn't ef you had the smell o' sheep in yer nose all day an' all night. I'm a-goin' to quit, soon as the boss shows up, that's what I'm a-goin' to do. It ain't a square deal, leavin' a man this-a-way," and he kept on eyeing my skillet.

"Had your supper yet?" I inquired.

"No, I hain't," he answered, I thought, a trifle hopefully.

"Could you do with a ham steak and some cold biscuit, then? I'm just through."

"*Could I!* Why, I smelled you half a mile away."

So I cut off a good thick ham steak that filled my skillet, stirred the hot embers of my fire and set the coffee pot on again. It was enough ham for two good hungry men, but he polished the lot and then ran his biscuit round and round the pan till not a vestige of fat was left in it. He finished all my bread and emptied the coffee pot, then sat back and sighed and smiled. His face shone with contentment and ham fat.

"I hain't had sich a meal as that in many a long day an' I thank you kindly, stranger. This yer camp, comp'ny an' all, is sure like livin' again," and he pulled out a little black stubby pipe and began gently knockin it's bowl in his palm.

"Want some of my 'baccy?"—offering him my sack.

He grabbed it, his eyes aglow, "Well now, stranger, that's mighty kind of you. I been out o' tobacker for a week, an' what do them wasters care? I been smokin' wormwood leaves for a hull week an' this yer 'Bull' sure looks good to me," and he settled himself down for a good laze.

"How about the sheep?" I asked.

"I bedded them a bit early tonight," he said, "when I seen you cross the ford. The dogs'll take care of 'em till I get back. Don't get a chance o' good comp'ny like this very often."

And so we sat talking till 'way into the night. It must have been nearly ten o'clock before he tore himself away, with half a sack of tobacco in his pocket and a light heart.

He told me all about himself, how he had a few sheep and his wife was taking care of them over in the Big Horn Basin. He was working out, so as to have some ready cash to go on improving the new holding. Yes. His wife was a good sheepman and could take care of things while he was away for the summer. He ought to have a letter and some reading matter from her, when that unfragrant, hybrid and otherwise highly qualified camp tender showed up. And when that happened he was determined to "speak his piece and not be mealy-mouthed about it either."

After having unbosomed himself of his wrongs and warmed up on the subject of his wife, his new home and ambitions for the future, he blossomed out into a few humorous anecdotes and started back to his camp, whistling.

If that shepherd's camp tender had arrived on his return, there is no doubt that he would have slapped him on the back, given him a good welcome and busied himself starting a fire for the entertainment of the delinquent. Such is the result of a good well-relished meal and a sympathetic listener.

I found on the frontier, that a hasty word spoken *BEFORE* a meal, was ignored as being a physical weakness only. But if a man was grouchy *AFTER* a good dinner, then he is either sick, worried or ornery. If the latter, one has a right to ask, "What's eatin' you?" or to admonish with "Get it off your chest."

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These recollections of the Far West in the '80's seem to be degenerating into what Tay Pay would call "Anecdotalage." Yet the personal incidents that have been related are chiefly for the purpose of expounding the qualities of the characters presented, and to some extent, their mode of living. When these events occurred Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, the McCandless gang and the James boys were still being talked about; the Custer massacre, an almost local happening, was only nine years history; Colonel Nelson A. Miles was still cleaning up Apaches in Arizona, Geronimo's Apaches; barbed wire was beginning to replace "buck" fences, but most of the new settlers still built "buck" fences because they could get the poles for nothing and barbed wire cost money; cut nails were used for nailing the "bucks" and rails, but they had to be put in a fire first to anneal them, otherwise they would break if once bent and you tried to straighten them; most of the ranch houses and barns of the settlers were built of logs and roofed with poles, hay and sods or gravel over the clay.

Wagons and buckboards had a wide tread, five feet two inches, with beds resting on the solid axle, but springs, long elliptical springs, supported the seats. Everybody had buffalo robes or bear robes for driving in the winter.

Stetson hats were almost universally worn by the best punchers. They had stiff wide brims (like a present day American cavalryman's hat), the two-gallon hat of the present day being unknown. It seems to be a sort of hybrid importation from Mexico or the border. A soft wide brim



would have covered a man's eyes half the time in the strong winds that prevailed in the mountains. As it was, a leather string under the chin and another under the poll was necessary to secure one's headgear on a windy day.

The chaps, or leather pants of the cowboys, were either trimmed at the sides with a leather fringe or simply laced, except such as were bearskin or goatskin sides. Nobody wore cloth pants on the roundup except in the winter, only blue overalls.

Every puncher wore a neckerchief and carried a toothbrush in his breast pocket. The latter was used after each meal, a very good custom, perhaps taken from the Indians who used a frayed stick for the same purpose.

Many men used "taps" or long stirrup covers made of leather, a foot or more long, to protect the toes of their light boots from injury when riding through heavy brush, an unnecessary addition to an already heavy equipment. A yellow oilskin pommel-slicker kept off the rain in wet weather.

How we all hated the wet weather when we were on the roundup. In the first place our beds were always muddy and wet when we rolled them up to throw into the wagon, in spite of the canvas sheet used to wrap them in. And then they became sticky and smelly when our bodies warmed them up the next night.

When it rained the ground became very slippery, especially in alkali sections, and there were many sprawling falls of men and horses while working the cattle under these conditions. Then, when we came into meals, we had to squat on our heels to eat, when the ground was muddy and the rain dripped from the rims of our hats into the food. Not so good!

But as soon as the weather cleared, all blankets were put out over the bushes to air and sweeten up. Growled curses changed to singing and foolery, for creature comforts count high in a primitive community, especially among the young animals that constitute a cow camp. After all, nobody but a saint disdains them, and we have our doubts even about the saintly ones. It seemed natural to reach for the choice cuts when they passed our way. The frontiersman who is not a good forager soon finds that he is out of luck. On the other hand, if he is a greedy person, it is quickly noticed and the matter is clearly and unmistakably pointed out to him. He has to mend his ways or pass on to other pastures.

It seems to me that democracy, in its social sense, was practiced in its best and purest form at this time and place. It was not a cult; it was a natural condition, a mode of life

that had grown up among generations of Americans of the country districts—more or less God-fearing men whose daily intercourse was based on the golden rule, self-control and self-respect, by example.

All seemed willing to help one another, though that help was rarely sought except when absolutely necessary, and never, if it was only to save the seeker the trouble of doing a thing himself. Even the wealthy owners of the big ranches unstrapped and laid out their own blankets and saddled their own horses on the rare occasions of their appearance on the beef roundup. They were also addressed by their given names by the old hands.

Discipline was good as there was no necessity to enforce it. No man's self-respect was wounded unless he needed a lesson, and even then it was not rubbed in. The foreman's orders would be something like this:

"'Rooster!' They seem to be a bit short-handed over at the 'Goose-egg.' You and 'Soapy' better go over there right away, I guess. Better take along two horses apiece and your blankets and stay as long as Bud wants you. Want any cash or tobacco or anything?"

"Ye-ah. Give me a plug o' eatin' tobacker an' maybe five dollars'll be all I'll want," might be the reply. An arbitrary, masterful manner was never used among the cowmen, so far as I saw. The best "hands" would not have stood it.

One of their stories was apropos of this, and it never failed to win applause. There was an Englishman named Sartoris who had a large ranch over toward the Freeze Out Mountains, probably the first dude ranch in the west. Some titled Britisher was going out there one day on a horse that he had hired from a livery stable in town, and he met one of the cowboys on the road. He pulled up as they met and said:

"Is this the way to Mr. Sartoris' ranch?"

"Yes, sir. Keep right on this road and you can't miss it."

"Do you work for Mr. Sartoris?"

"Yes, sir. I'm his foreman."

"Oh!" said the Englishman, "You see I'm just dropping in unexpectedly. Is your master at home?"

"No, sir!" said the puncher, with a piercing glare at his questioner, "the son-of-Belial ain't born yet." And he rode on, leaving his visitor speechless and mystified.

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I learnt my little lesson in a small incident that occurred just after the calf roundup started. I had come to the tail of the wagon for my dinner, had poured out a cup

of coffee and heaped my tin plate with beef and potatoes, when a line-rider from an adjoining roundup rode up with a string of horses.

"Hello, Mike!" someone shouted. "Ain't you off your beat? Just in time for 'chuck.' Get off."

"I been detailed to your outfit," said Mike. "Where's the horse-wrangler?"

"Here he is," I said, without getting up. "What can I do for you?"

"Take my string up to the herd, kid," he said, and dismounted.

"Well, say!" I broke in, "I'm just eating dinner. Can't you take them up? The herd's only a little way up the creek. I'll take your packhorse up after I'm through."

He paused and looked at me quizzically until I felt uncomfortable. Then he said pleasantly:

"Yes, kid. I'll do that little thing. You're new to the game, aren't you? Sure. I'll take 'em up." And he remounted and rode off with his horses.

The foreman looked around at the bunch and said, "Well, I'll be dog-goned. What do you know about that? Here's a stranger as has rode thirty miles, comes to our camp all tired and hungry, an' then you tell him to wait on hisself. Is that yer English idea o' hospitality?" turning to me.

"Well," I said, nettled at the reference to English hospitality, "I'd have done as much fer him or any of you under the same circumstances and you know it."

"That ain't the point," Ed replied. "You was thinkin' o' your own convenience an' not his. An' anyway—ain't there plenty more meat in the kettle if yours is spoiled? Tend to a guest first an' then settle down to yer own comfort afterward—same as what you'd do in yer own house."

"This is certainly a lesson in manners," I said, weakened with vexation.

"Yer manners is all right. Everybody has a right to their own manners, long as they don't interfere with other people. It's *customs* a man gets to learn in a new country."

"Shut up, Ed, gol-darn it! Nuff said," put in one of the boys; and the lecture turned into some good-natured banter before Mike returned. Then I thanked him, unpacked his gear and unsaddled for him, saddling up the fresh horse that he had brought back and took the used animals back to the herd.

And so it behooved me to watch carefully and see how everything was done, without asking too many fool questions. Then, if I made mistakes, there was only good-



natured banter about it, followed by friendly explanations as to how to go about it.

I took turns cooking one winter for a few weeks in a cabin in Rattlesnake Pass. There were four of us. I could cook meat and potatoes, but had not yet learned to make bread, though I had watched the biscuit making closely.

So when my turn came to cook saleratus biscuits, I thought that if half-a-teaspoonful of soda made them light, more would make them lighter. So I doubled the amount of soda and slopped in twice the amount of lard.

When I heard the boys at the barn, I put the biscuits in the oven. In fifteen minutes, all was ready and I hailed them to supper. I proudly dumped my pan of tall golden rolls onto the table, and they were seized and broken open but they could not be eaten. They tasted like soap with all that soda and fat, and though golden without, they had a greenish tinge inside.

Of course there was much laughter and jeering, but one of the boys had some "bullwhacker" pone ready in another fifteen minutes. Later on I had lessons in the preparation of "salt-rising," "sour-dough," and saleratus bread, also baking-powder biscuits.

No pan was used in mixing the dough. A depression was made in the flour right in the mouth of the sack, water poured in, and the dough taken out after it had been thoroughly mixed by hand. It took about an hour to boil potatoes at that altitude (6000 feet) and more if they were large ones. Beans could not be cooked at all, without the addition of some soda, and then they took a long time.

Speaking of cooking beans, I was told of a certain Englishman, who was also new to the culinary art, who undertook to put up a mess of beans in the absence of a cook on one of the ranches. He had been told about the soda. As all his pots were dirty or in use, and as he did not want to wash up, he put the beans in a large tea-kettle, about two-thirds full, which he then filled with water and placed on the stove. Ten minutes later, he came back and found the lid raised by the swelling beans, so he squashed it down and put a thick block of stovewood between the lid and the kettle handle, in order to keep it down.

Inside of five minutes, the poor little beans began coming out of the spout, one by one, so he placed a pot beneath it to catch them. When he was found by one of the boys, he was said to have drawn his chair close up to the stove and was watching with pop-eyed interest as the beans continued their solemn procession and dropped from the spout. According to Buck, there must have been half a bushel of them. And, after all the water was gone, there

was a wad of burnt beans on the bottom of the kettle. This King Alfred was said to be an Oxford graduate. Not so good.

It takes brains, attention, forethought and savoir faire to prepare a meal that is to put everyone in a good humor. God bless our cooks! Anybody can open a tin.

Men of the outposts will respond to this "toast."

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The use of a sobriquet instead of a man's own proper name seems to be a sort of primitive custom such as prevailed formerly at public schools. Long ago, I spotted an old schoolfellow on the platform at Paddington station in London, and when I went over to meet him, I could not, for the life of me, think of any other name than "Bunny," his sobriquet at school. He seemed to be delighted at the old tag, though he had grown to be a Harley Street physician, and was dressed for the part.

Very often the nickname was attached to a fellow because he had a long, hard name to remember, because of a physical oddity or mannerism or even for a deformity. As examples in Wyoming:

"Jerky Bill" was subject to periodic contractions or spasms of the neck muscles, when he would shoot out his jaw and jerk his head sharply to the left. I once saw him being shaved at Medicine Bow, and in the midst of the operation he said to the barber, "Hold on a second, I'm goin' to have a jerk." The barber paused, with poised razor; the jerk was satisfactorily disposed of and Bill said, "Go ahead."

"Tapes" was a name that I could not fathom and so I was obliged to inquire of one of the boys.

"Why, that's the short for 'Tapeworm'," he explained. "Hain' you never seen him eat? Ravenous ain't the word fer it. He can stow away more grub at a settin' than any two men in the outfit, little an' skinny as he is, an' then get hungry fer more while he's a pickin' of his teeth."

"Chalk-eye" had a white square mark in the brown iris of one eye, which looked like a chalk mark.

"Rattlesnake Dick" earned his name from his love of rattlesnake rattles. He had a whole band of them sewn around his hat and some more stitched onto the browband of his bridle. He was an inoffensive, quiet sort of chap, belying the terror of his name.

"Whiskey Cliff," "Long John," "Missouri John," "Red Jake," "Shorty," are all self-explanatory. Two Mexican brothers were called "Big and Little Tamales," and their father, a grizzled old man of forty-five, was called "Old

Doby" from adobe. The old boy proudly told me that his name was Vallanzuela. But what good was a name like that in a cow camp?

"Bloody Bill" was a Yorkshireman, who earned his sobriquet by using this sanguinary adjective to qualify everything in his whole monotonous conversation. He was very bitter against the country of his birth and very rough with his horses, from which I judged that he had earned whatever penalty had begotten his bitterness. An unpleasant character who could never hold a permanent job. He knocked down his pony with a club one day because it had nipped him a little, while he was cinching his saddle. Our cook immediately jumped him and gave him a thorough good whipping—this cook was a real horseman and a good fellow. So Bloody Bill was fired by the foreman for deliberate injury to the company's property. He had to "hoof it" ten miles to the nearest town, with his saddle and blankets on his head, and nobody said "Good-bye" to him.

The name "Pan" did not mean a sylvan god. He came from the Panhandle of Texas. "Bucktooth" had an underhung prognathous jaw and prominent incisors. "Humpy" was a powerful dwarf with an enlarged shoulder and a very short neck. "Ruby" was a Mexican, whose name was Rubio.

"Mormon Joe" was a Mormon, of course, and incidentally a peddler of the most salacious and disgusting stories I ever had to listen to. He was suspected of being a Danite or "Destroying Angel" as they were called then. I happened to mention the Danites to him one day and he was furious, declaring that there had never been any such body of men and that it was a foul calumny that had been raised against his religion. I had thought, from his loose talk, that he was a renegade and that he might tell me something, but I profited nothing. Anyway, he looked the part of a man that would stick at nothing, and he had no friends.

Then there was "Jimmy, the Dude," or simply, "The Dude," a youth who spent all his earnings on as fine apparel and gear as the calling allowed. He was slow and not a very valuable man, despite his airs of self-confidence. As "Buck" Taylor said, "He's got wonderful high action, but it don't get him anywheres. Showy to look at, but no speed."

Another temporary man called "Boots" (an ex-cavalryman) was evidently a bit of a shirker on the circle, for Buck said, "He's one o' them old soljers as on'y remembers how to mark time. I never seen him so much as put a



stick o' wood on the fire. He's a good waiter, on the other feller, as you may say." A pretty good summing-up of character in a few words.

## SHOOTING

Many fanciful stories have been written about the wonderful prowess of Westerners with the rifle and revolver. It is not remarkable that they excelled with arms at which they had so much practice, and it is true that many good rifle shots existed, especially at point blank range.

But I personally knew only one man who could use two revolvers, one in either hand, and keep a tin can rolling with successive alternate shots. He could shoot the head off a bluebird at fifteen yards, but he was said to spend nearly all his wages on shells and revolvers. Just as soon as the rifling showed wear enough to make his shooting inaccurate, he bought a new Colt, always a .45 caliber. It was no wonder that he was an expert. Though he was only a little man, with a southern soft drawl in his speech, he was a highly respected member of the community.

He was a bronco-buster for Frank Hadsell and I camped with him for a short time in Rattlesnake Pass. He had five bunches of mares there, and every day we went out to give the five stallions a feed of grain. It was necessary to keep the bunches well apart, out of sight of each other to obviate horse fights, so they had to be driven back to their respective ranges if they drifted too close.

One day we had visited our respective herds. I had been to two and was on my way back to camp, when I spied Jimmy in the distance, not far from the narrow belt of timber that outlined the course of Pass Creek. I saw him dismount and crouch on the ground. Before I heard his shot, I noticed an animal that I thought was a cow, rear up on its hind legs. It was a bear and Jimmy's horse promptly ran off and left him.

I waited, expecting to hear another shot, for the bear seemed to be coming toward Jimmy, but none was forthcoming. I rode over as fast as I could and caught Jim's horse and took it to him.

"What's the matter? Why didn't you give him another shot, Jimmy?" I asked. "Where did he go?"

"Rifle jammed and I was trying to get the shell out with my knife. That's the worst o' worn rims," he said. He had not tried to run when he found his rifle jammed,

neither do I think he was perturbed, for if the animal had continued coming, Jim would doubtless have plugged him with his Colt.

"I hit him," said Jim, "and hurt him bad. I don't believe he's gone far. He was afraid to leave the timber. Bears is always scary if you ketch 'em out in the open. Le's go an' find him."

So we rode over to the timber, a good two hundred yards away, and the bloody trail led into thick underbrush of wild raspberries, dog-roses, willow scrub and buckbrush. I wasn't strong for crawling in there, but Jim went in and found the bear dead in a pool of blood beside the creek, shot well up in the lungs. This incident showed me the confidence a man has in himself when he is dead sure of his shooting. Jim was nothing special with a rifle—just average. It was the revolver shooting at which he was expert.

Now, old "Bald Charlie" who lived only five miles from Jim's temporary camp, was a real rifle shot. He killed game for market, the year round, though he used to do some trapping too, chiefly of 'varmint' such as coyotes, mountain-lions, lynxes, and occasionally bears.

The first time that I saw him I had been out hunting antelope—unsuccessfully, for though there were plenty to be seen, I had not been able to get within half a mile of them. The old man was driving a team attached to a light wagon. He stopped as I approached and passed the time of day.

After an exchange of introductions, saying who we were and why we were there and various little personal things, in the course of casual remarks, I told him that we were out of meat and that I was on my way to the sheep camp to get some mutton, as there were four hungry men depending on my prowess.

"Aw, shucks!" he said. "Don't eat that stuff. I got an elk in the back o' the wagon an' you're welcome to a quarter. I'll take it up to camp for ye." Which he did, and would not take anything for it, either flour, bacon, coffee, or anything else, saying, "You got to be neighborly. You'd do the same for me." That chunk of elk must have weighed close to two hundred pounds.

Thereafter I always called on Charlie whenever I was near his place, and occasionally took him a bottle of whiskey, which pleased him greatly. He was a confirmed old bachelor and he lived in a one-room log cabin with a small log barn adjacent. His cat and his dogs were his only companions, besides the pony team and he was always talking to them.

He had built a dam across the little stream that ran past his place, which was full of trout. These he fed regularly with chopped meat.

"Come and see my pet fish," he said, the first time I was there. Taking a little plate of food, he went to the edge of the pond and, reaching down, he tapped the water gently with his fingers and the little fish swarmed towards him. Old Charlie beamed with pleasure, looking at me for signs of approval.

The old man—he was old to me, though still in his fifties—regaled me with many hunting and Indian stories. Some of his tales were rather tall, but I did not weigh or scrutinize them too closely. He told me of one man in Laramie, who had commissioned him to obtain an unscathed lion skin for mounting. This he had promised to do, thinking that he would have to set out a poison bait, to which he strongly objected. A trapped animal would show scars of the trap, while a bullet or two would show in the smoothness of the skin.

"Well, one mornin'," he said, "I was poundin' the trail up round that spur you see yonder, with a forty pound bear trap on my shoulder and just afore I came to the point, there was a big 'painter,' right square in the middle o' the trail, 'bout a hundred yards away. I dropped the trap and drawed down on him an' he opened his mouth just as I fired. When I got up to him, there wasn't a sign of a bullet wound on him, not even a cracked tooth. An' the ball had gone clean through his heart. Now, that were not on'y a streak o' luck, it were darned profitable shootin'. I drawed down twenty dollars for that 'ere pelt an' skull."

I asked him if he ever went out with any eastern sportsmen, who were interested in big game hunting.

"I do not," he said, with decision. "An' what's more, I don't want to see any of 'em around my territory. I hear as they come 'round and shoot maybe three or four bull elk or even antelope an' mountain sheep, just so's to carry off the heads to nail up, an' then leave most o' the meat for the varmint. Why, that's as bad as the Indians as kill cow elk just so's to take the calves out of 'em for a tidbit, tho' it ain't offen as they kills to waste. Not the Paiutes don't."

At this time the Medicine Bow range of mountains was simply alive with game elk, deer (black tail and mule), bear, panther, lynx, and on one mountain, mountain sheep. The buffalo had gone, though their bones and skulls still lay everywhere on the ground, but the plains were plentifully supplied with antelope. Yet, old Charlie did not like to see one useful animal killed wantonly. Coyotes, timber wolves, the "cats" and other "varmint" certainly, when-



ever opportunity offered, but not even a sage-hen or grouse should be killed unless it were wanted for food.

Charlie got the weekly newspaper and occasional magazines, but the only books he had in his cabin were the *Bible*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Plutarch's *Lives*. The last book seemed to fascinate him, as it was history. I wonder what he got out of it.

This little sketch may give impressions of a professional hunter of his period, the only excuse for presenting it. After all, it is the people who are of lasting interest, as shown by Charlie's choice of literature. Events may be dramatic, but apparently our interest lies in their lasting effects on mankind.

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Perhaps most men who live an active life, close to nature, especially where conditions are somewhat primitive, prefer history to any other reading, provided it records events of personal prowess under conditions that they can understand. In this they resemble matured minds who, having sickened of fiction, turn to history and biography.

Once, when I was journeying from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, we took on a rather surly pilot at the mouth of the Mississippi, who was to take charge of us up to the Crescent City, some twelve miles up the river.

I gave him a cigar and the good word. When I thought the time was auspicious, I asked him if he had read Mark Twain's *Mississippi Pilot*.

"Naw!" he replied, disgustedly. "All as he wrote was lies. What's the use o' readin' lies, or fiction as they do call it?"

"But you must have been a contemporary of Mark's. Didn't you know him?" I asked.

The second mate, who was present, answered for him. "No, sir. This is the most distinguished pilot on the Father of Waters. He has been a pilot for forty years and is the only one on the river who did not either teach Mark Twain his business or learn it under him."

"Why should a man read lies, when there's honest-to-god history to read, about real men and women? Give me the truth every time," said the pilot. "I never seen Clemens 'cause he was a up-river pilot an' I on'y operate twixt N'Orleans an' the Gulf, so we got nothin' to get chummy over. I like the Bible, 'cause it's God's own truth an' 'fects us all."

I found that the cowboys like history, though they were not narrow like the old pilot. They would listen, time after time, to the same accounts of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, to the story of Brigham Young's great

migration and settlement in Utah, and even to the retelling of the Custer massacre, which had taken place only a decade in the past. But it was living history. History and biographical sketches of virile men were devoured. They could follow the wanderings and vicissitudes of the Hudson Bay Company's hunters and trappers and the difficulties encountered by Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, and the Pony Express riders, because they knew the life of the frontier. The War of Independence was a grand epic. Incidents of the Civil War were constantly spoken of, though it was twenty years in the past.

It was amazing to find cowmen who liked to read even ancient histories. At one ranch, the only bound book I saw (except paper covered novels) was the *Works of Josephus*. I never saw an encyclopedia in the West, as I suppose that nobody could afford one. But how it would have been thumbed on a cattle ranch.

Bill Nye was read regularly. They liked his broad humor, some of which appeared each week in the paper. Artemus Ward was still read with as much gusto as when he was living. The humorous things were often read aloud to the bunch and such readings were highly appreciated. They held the boys' attention as long as a good reader would oblige. It seemed to be the correct thing, after a successful reading, for the reader to close the book with a bang and slam it down on the table, with the expression, "Aw, shucks!" or something like that; as much as to say, "All this is very puerile, but you fellows seem to like it."

Sea stories went down well and so did good virile poetry. But the precious meaningless vaporings of a pasty poetaster were anathema and the reader would be told to "tie it outside." Yet they could be stirred with the most blatant melodrama, provided it contained no glaring anachronisms within their ken. They could be moved to sniffing by what I considered the most maudlin songs about home and mother or tripe on the *Mistletoe Bough* order.

Music was highly appreciated and a great many of the boys carried a mouth organ or harmonica in their pockets. A harmonium or an old square piano was looked upon as a treasure in a ranch house, but such instruments were rare.

It is strange how easily men living an arduous, primitive life can be rendered silent, contemplative and even tender, by sentimental songs as find a ready response in their hearts and, directly afterwards, burst into peals of raucous laughter at some atrocious, ribald ditty. But so it was, as I witnessed time and again.

A great many of the sentimental songs were written in the minor, and they seemed to be in harmony with the life and surroundings. But when it came to music, waltzes, reels, hornpipes, strathspeys, and vigorous marches were favorites.

The air of the *Dying Cowboy's Lament* was very beautiful, though the song as a whole is not for polite ears. It recounts the man's downfall, owing to gambling and indulgence in the coarse pleasures of the town. The chorus as we all sang it was:

Then roll the drums merrily and play the fifes lively,  
And carry me out with a dance and a song  
Upon the lone prairie and bury me deeply;  
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.  
Every man was silent during the singing of this song.

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*Twinkling Stars* was a favorite, though only few men had the hardihood to sing it.

Round the camp-fire, almost any song with a good chorus to it was pleasing. It seemed to me to have response in the clear bright air, as though the wood nymphs and the spirits of the mountains were rejoicing too. The old *Turkey in the Straw* was a universal favorite as dramatic art could be introduced by the singer. It went—

O!— a possum he jump' in a racoon's nes'  
An' de racoon got up an' bit um on de bres'—  
He twe-e-e-ested his tail round a hickorye stump;  
An' he rar'd an' he pitched but he couldn't make  
a jump!

This presents the picture of an animal, with his tail made fast, trying to leap and break in futile rage.

Chorus:

Turkey in the straw! Ye-e-e-e-s! Turkey in the  
straw:  
Twe-e-e-s' about an' turn about, a high turkey paw;  
An' a shake 'em up a toon called 'Turkey in the  
straw.

A bullfrog jump' in de bottom o' de spring;  
But de water was so cold dat he could not swim—  
A m-on-key was settin' in a pile o' straw,  
A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.

Though the words are darky nonsense, the air is stirring and lively, and the chorus invariably met with generous support.



## IDLE CHAT AND A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

"I'd a heap ruther have a genuine crook around me than a lazy man," Buck T. remarked to me once. "You're always onto a crook and know as he ain't to be depended on in a deal. But, with a lazy man, you don't know where you're at—to say nothin' o' the aggravation o' havin' him putterin' around. An' they most gen'rally talk big too, as if they was always right up and a'comin'. There 'tis! They have to blow off their gaff, to try to make up for what they don't do—dod rot 'em.

"Take old 'Belly-go-fust,'" he continued (alluding to a saloon-keeper's fat brother-in-law, who was a sort of parasite—a doer of small chores). "He always was a chesty kind, from a boy, an' he never amounted to a row o' pins. I knowed him back in Missoura. Eats as much as any two men, he does, an' then sets aroun'. No wonder he got a paunch on him like a cow. He has to throw his shoulders back in order to pack it aroun'. A wonder he don't have to chew a cud! Looks important, don't he?" said Buck, grinning.

"Well, anyway he's honest, Buck," I suggested.

"Honest? Sure, prob'ly is, fur as I know," said Buck. "He never put anything over on me, if that's what you mean. He hain't got anythin' to be dishonest about. An' if he had, 't would be too much trouble to use what he calls his brains. If he was my brother-in-law an' wanted to board on me, he'd have to cut a cord o' stove wood a day an' stack it in, or go hungry."

In a new country, where any duties shirked by one man must be carried out by another, it may be realized how such a parasite would be despised by the whole community. Fortunately they were very few and they did not count as folks, any more than a cat at the fireside. Which simile is perhaps unjust to the cat, for she does earn her keep and does not intrude in men's talk.

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It was interesting to see the emigrants that passed through Elk Mountain on their way to Washington Territory, as it was then. As has been remarked, Elk Mountain post office was just across the old toll-bridge over the Medicine Bow River. Johnny Jones, the postmaster, collected the tolls on all wagons and prairie schooners crossing the bridge and the emigrants were always poor people with very little cash. Sometimes a train of three or four wagons was held up for hours, while the emigrants were trying to wriggle out of paying toll.

Many would take a saddle horse and go down the river prospecting for a ford, but they had to come back and dig up some cash or else produce something of value that Johnny was willing to take in trade. Johnny would squat on that bridge with his rifle across his knees—sometimes with a man or two to support him if it were a very large train—and his deputy sheriff's badge well in evidence. He would talk pleasantly to the emigrants, but always collected his dues. He almost always had a cigar in his mouth, which he never lit but always chewed and chewed until the whole was chewed up.

These emigrants, with their canvas-covered wagons, looked very much like the ones seen in the cinema today, except that one never saw them thrashing or ill-treating their live stock, or traveling faster than about two miles an hour. Also, saddle horses were generally tied at the tail of the wagon unless they were needed for some special errand.

Almost all the children of the emigrants that we saw were barefoot and barelegged—even the girls of seventeen or eighteen, with their long hair hanging in plaits and their heads covered with the inevitable sunbonnet. Some of these girls and women chewed tobacco and liked to trade their long, green, homegrown stuff for a plug of manufactured.

They all seemed to be quite happy, except some of the men upon whom responsibility rested. The wagons contained an assortment of poor household goods and farm tools. It was easy to keep the caravan in meat, for game was plentiful and there was no closed season on anything—no game laws to check them from filling the larder. They carried tubs of home-rendered lard with them and lots of beans, so their expenses were few—a little coffee, flour and sugar being the chief purchases. The women with babies were the only ones I felt sorry for, though the growing children were good in helping. But how these young mothers must have longed for a cabin and four walls, and a place other than the creek to wash in—a chance for a little privacy.

We used to hear wonderful stories of Washington Territory—of the richness of the soil, of the lush timothy and clover pastures, the denseness of the timber and the immensity of the rivers and water courses, the large productive wheatfields and the plentiful supplies of fish and game and—last but not least—a climate free from blizzards, tornados or intense cold.

To these emigrants, both men and women, it was doubtless the constant contemplation of this land of promise,

that rendered them oblivious to the discomforts of weary months on the Overland Trail. It must have been faith, hope and ambition that tided them over many a dreary mile. These emigrants laid a course for themselves and steered for it steadfastly. There were few drifters, to be carried hither and yon by every changing breeze and cross-current. No matter what their disappointments and vicissitudes, at the end of the trail, their wanderings have been valuable and constructive. Their enterprise, stamina, and fortitude constitute the character foundation of the go-ahead people they have left behind them.

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It is wonderful what foolish questions a green youth will ask, in strange surroundings, when the answers to them are self-evident.

One day in riding up through the timber toward the headwaters of the Medicine Bow River, before coming to the tie-camp, we passed through a clearing among the pines, and I looked with surprise to see that the stumps in this clearing were about twelve feet high from the ground. So I asked my companion how they managed to cut them off so high up and what was the reason for it.

"Why, kid," he said, looking at me in some surprise, "don't you know as they always cuts trees for ties in the winter time when the snow is on the ground? Them stumps mark just how deep the snow was when the ties was cut. Then they haul their stuff over to the river bank on the snow and hew 'em into ties with a broad-axe. Then they're all ready to dump into the river when the snow melts, and the water is strong enough to carry 'em down to the boom at the railroad."

"Who does the 'drivin' of the ties on the river?" was the next question.

"Why, them as cuts the ties, o'course," said Buck. "Them men is driving on the river four or five weeks, an' the men are never dry from the time the drive starts, till the last tie reaches the boom."

"That is a man's life," I remarked.

"It's a dog's life," said Buck. "An' what's more, them tie-punchers is a dirty outfit. They're most allus 'crumby.' If you ever have 'casion to stop over in their camp, you take my tip and bed down out in the woods. Don't trust yer blankets on their bunks or you'll be et up. That's one reason why cow-punchers and woodsmen don't mix. We may be a bit rough at times, but goldarn it, we're clean. I've heard said that they think as we put on dog, 'cause we're mounted and they're afoot. But it ain't so."



"That's a pretty sweeping statement for a whole body of men, Buck."

"Well, maybe 'tis," he said. "maybe 'tis. I know some mighty able men up here as earns good money an' lives decent. But most o' the decent ones has their own shacks. There's old Bill M. for instance. He's the best an' neatest tree-faller on the river, an' they say as he can hew the two sides of a log as smooth as if 'twas sawed. Why, he can sharpen a pencil with his broadaxe, an' I wouldn't be surprised as he could shave with it!"

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One of the men interested in the Swan Land and Cattle Company was a fine young Scotchman named Charlie Anderson. I believe the name of the company was later changed to the Anderson Land and Cattle Company, though everybody called it the Swan outfit.

Everybody liked Charlie. Though he was a good mixer with the crowd, nobody ever "got too darned familiar"—as he would have put it. He was no Chesterfield, but he acted on the maxim, "Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar." And so Charlie stood ace-high. It was through him that I was first employed at the "UL," for he heard of a new Britisher down at the Bow and rode down to see me, when I promptly signed on.

The first time I met him and in the course of "getting my number" so to speak, he asked me if I had ever met a man named Roosevelt, who had a ranch up in South Dakota. I replied that I had never met nor heard of the man.

"Well," said Charlie, "if you ever do go up there, call and see him. If you get an invitation to stay—which you will—be sure and take it. He is a good sportsman, an excellent host and utterly reliable—democratic in the best sense, and the finest American I have ever met."

I never had the opportunity to even see Theodore Roosevelt, but he did develop, as all the world knows, into the greatest American and the greatest all-around MAN of his generation. R.I.P. Perhaps, some day I shall get a chance to meet him in the Happy Hunting Grounds. It will be interesting to see what sort of activity he has applied himself to, in what we know as "The Great Beyond." Whatever it is, it will be well worth while.

A man was truly in a parlous state who became seriously ill on the roundup, for there was no shelter, no rest from the flies and dust, no food for invalids, continuous moving and no quiet.

Poor Charlie developed a heavy cold, when he had been on the road only three day. But he kept on though for a day or two more, till he looked corpse like and had to admit that he was sick. So he took Tom H. with him to bring back his saddle horse and rode off into town. Tom said that he never spoke a word all the way and that he stopped in the middle of the main street in Rawlins and, dismounting, left without a word, just waving him off.

As it happened, Doctor R. of whom I have spoken earlier, was to be in Rawlins that day and, the two being great friends, he went over to speak to him and see what was the matter, for it was quite clear that something was wrong.

Charlie did not know him—he was already delirious. Doc took him down to Carbon in the first caboose that came along. But in three days he was dead from typhoid pneumonia. I think that he was only about twenty-five years old, but a capable man of the best type.

How he hated a drunken man.—“I will not have them around,” he said to me once,—“There is no necessity for it. Any decent man knows when he has had enough.” And yet the old boy could get away with a pint of Scotch in an evening, without any apparent effect,—which was enough to have bowled me out, as I told him.

“Yes, but every man knows his own capacity. You’ve got to be decent,” he replied.

He was the only man on the range who wore English-cut riding breeches, (excepting myself) and the only one who wore English hunting boots. As he was a sort of manager and had an interest in the Company, he could get away with this without comment.

Charlie spoke very deliberately, as all Scotchmen must, in order to give that sonorous value to their R’s that custom demands. But his cultured voice and well-chosen words were pleasing to my ears in that land so far removed from musical diction.

He also disliked remittance men,<sup>13</sup> that is, young Englishmen who were ‘rotters’ and had no ambition; men who

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<sup>13</sup>A remittance man was one who lived chiefly on remittances from home. Prof. Denis L. Fox writes about his father’s use of the term: “I feel quite certain that my father did not employ the term in its frequent British connotation, namely men who were in the manner of being characteristic idlers or ne’er-do-wells, and who were therefore paid remittances by the parents to keep them going, but away from home. Certainly he could not, I think, have considered either Mr. Brackenbury, who was remarkably successful out there, or the admirable chap who wore the mask, as remittance men in the common sense of the word, although it is more than probable that they received support at first.”

had been sent abroad to get them out of the way, with a monthly or quarterly cheque from home to pay for their subsistence. There were not so many of them in the United States as in Canada, but we had a sprinkling. Wherever they went, they did not add to English prestige.

### REMITTANCE MEN

There was one remittance man who was taken on as a cowhand at the Horse Creek Ranch. He could ride, certainly, but he had no heart in the hard work of handling stock. He would get tired and then slack off. On the circle he would ask the foreman to let him go on with the first bunch of cattle gathered, so as to be able to lie down and smoke and take it easy. No American would ever ask such a personal privilege. So the foreman always took him to the very outside and he was always the last to drift into camp.

Once he complained and the foreman, who had got very tired of him said, "So! You roll your blankets and get back to the ranch. You're more trouble than you're worth, ye lazy hound. You can call for your cheque when I send in a report," and the foreman turned his back and walked away, without waiting for any reply.

This was, of course, a summary dismissal. S. rolled his blankets and went merrily off, apparently not in the least ashamed.

More than two months later, when the Horse Creek outfit returned to headquarters, there was S. sitting out on the stoop, perfectly happy and unruffled.

The foreman asked him shortly what he was doing there.

"Why," he replied, brightly, "you sent me back to the ranch and here I am."

He had been there all the time, doing nothing except riding into town when the spirit moved him, to get reading matter and whiskey, and getting three square meals a day without doing a lick of work.

In the face of the foreman's amazement and his short order to the shamless beggar to "Beat it pronto, and don't come back," he pleaded poverty and begged to be allowed to stay on, until finally the foreman let him do it. He had to do chores, such as sweeping out the bunkhouse, mucking out the stables, preparing wood and vegetables for the cook and attending the milk cows and hogs. But he did not last long even at this work, as his monthly remittance was co-incidental with a monthly debauch.



I met a very fine ex-remittance man later in California, who had snapped out of it and become a very useful and respected member of our circle. We sat up late one night comparing notes. He had come down from British Columbia, where he had been one of a number of remittance men. Some of the fellows were of quite good stock, he said, and triflers only because of their poor training at home. Hearing about them is sometimes funny, but living with them or being in frequent contact with them would be unbearable.

Thank heaven that the day of English remittance men has gone forever. Fathers have more sense nowadays than to subsidize erring sons in order to evade annoyance and responsibility by getting them out of the way.

D. and I talked the matter over several times. We agreed at that time, that something was lacking in an English boy's education (of that period) to fit him for independent action and an ability to cope with life's problems, excepting the Army, the Navy, the Church or the Civil Service. The English boy was good to obey orders when placed under authority, but all initiative had been denied him, and such as he might have been born with was atrophied for lack of development or a life governed by too many petty rules, yet served by too many menials.

Think of a boy coming from a well-ordered English home, where every possible personal service was to be obtained by ringing the bell, where pocket money or allowances were gratuitously provided by the parents, and a semi-public or good private school education was the medium of preparation for the battle of life, where tradespeople or small merchants as we call them here, were really regarded as very inferior persons indeed, and as for the day-laborers—well, they should be willing to put themselves to any inconvenience or abasement for a little condescension. Such really appeared to be the mental attitude of many of the remittance men.

But, to go on, the father of such a son, finding that his boy not only lacks ambition to do anything at all, but strongly objects to it (why should he, when all his life he has been taught that anything he wants is his without effort?) and finding that he is, in reality, a loafer, a parasite and a loose person, then that father pitchforks his worthless son into a half-civilized country and expects him, in some mysterious way, to make his fortune.

Is it any wonder that so many of them fell down? They had no training in character to fit them for such a fight. They were helpless in attending even to their own persons and personal attire, some of them getting indescribably filthy. What! Wash their own shirts and underclothes?

I should say not! Therefore it was no wonder that so many of the poor beggars degenerated into squaw-men and saloon bums. No wonder that, in some localities in Canada, when men were needed for the harvest, many farmers said, "No Englishmen wanted."

I have met, in the West, men from Clifton, Marlboro, Chatham, Blundell, Harrow, Stoneyhurst and Reading. Few of them have done as well as the average American of the same class, who has had a far less costly schooling but a far more efficient training. Oh, well! The superior and often snobbish respectability of the Victorian era seems to have followed the top-hat and the frock coat into limbo—thank heaven! D. and I agreed that the above explanation covered the case of the remittance men, to show that they were not altogether to blame for dwindling into rotters.

Well-trained English, Scotch and Irishmen are now looked upon with favor by American business houses. It is not only because they are well-trained, but because they can be relied upon to play the game. That's it. They are reliable. Of course, an equally well-trained American is given first choice. Everything considered that is natural. Besides, it is easier to check up on his credentials.

There was a young fellow on Sand Creek, a Dick B.<sup>14</sup> whom I used to meet, though I was at his ranch only twice. He had a comparatively small ranch and raised horses, range-herding them. His father, I believe, was commander of an important British fortress, and his brother had just attained his majority in an Indian Cavalry Regiment. He himself had failed at Sandhurst and did not relish getting a commission through the militia; did not care for the army at all, really, and had only tackled it to "please the Guv'nor."

He had come to the United States, feeling rather a failure, I gathered, to which feeling the disappointed Colonel had doubtless contributed. He went to a British colony in Tennessee first, found it being exploited by a "superior" dictator, who won recruits (with a handsome emolument with each) on the strength of his family connections, and, Dick being disgusted, had come on out to where I found him. He had a little money from home still, but was trying to make a success of things and stand on his own feet.

Dick had a sort of partner, a little bald-headed, red bearded carpenter from Wiltshire, who did the cooking

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<sup>14</sup>Dick B. refers to Richard Brackenbury according to Denis L. Fox, who writes that Brackenbury is now 84, lives at La Jolla, California, and has authorized the use of his name. E. N. Wentworth in his *American Sheep Trails* has several references to Brackenbury, and describes him, P. 608, as the leading sheep commission agent at the Denver market for many years.

and any mechanical work necessary. The little man seemed to be very proud of being hooked up with a fellow of Dick's caliber. He merits no further mention here.

But staying with them was a young man who, Dick said, was given a handsome allowance. It was the saddest case I had ever seen. We will call him 'Nemo.' I never saw his face. He had left England (and a most charming home, Dick said) at his own express wish, just to be able to get into the wilderness. He was an old school chum of Dick's, so he was probably not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years old. But a terrible lupus had destroyed one side of his face and his nose, and so he always wore a complete black silk mask.

Dick had already told me about him, but still, when he came into the room to meet me, it was a distinct shock. A beautiful head of wavy brown hair, then the black, silk mask, with only one sparkling brown eye to be seen. But he had a strong able body, for he sawed and chopped wood and rode daily in order to keep fit and happy.

But when he spoke and laughed it was, I thought, the most beautiful voice I had ever heard, and at some joke of Dick's, he broke into a musical laugh. It sounded such a happy laugh, too, that I could scarcely realize that its maker was hiding a horror behind that black silk.

Good old British pluck! I could imagine this fellow as a most lovable companion, son and brother. Yet he had doubtless laid out a course for himself in order to make the best of things. To relieve his own family from the depression and embarrassment of his constant presence, to enjoy what he could and not be a wet blanket to others, and to escape so far as possible, from being regarded with pity.

And so, out there on Sand Creek, he used to laugh and sing to the banjo, and enjoy taking part in conversations when possible, though he used to take his meals in his own room. Modern surgery could have prevented such a tragedy as his. That seems the pity of it.

Here were two remittance men who were far and away above type. Both of them made me feel that I should have some climbing to do before I could reach their high levels.

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Richard Sherlock, father of Peter Sherlock of South Pass City, built one of the first public bath houses in Wyoming in 1868. The tubs were built of 21-inch planks. There were two water tanks, also made of wood. One tank, with an iron bottom, could be heated from a fire underneath. The charge was \$1.00 per bath.



# *Kiskadden-Slade*

## Some Historical Incidents Recalled

By **PERRY W. JENKINS\***

Carlyle is the county seat of Clinton County, in the "Egypt" section of Illinois. The Slade family was one of the best in town. To this family about 1829 was born a son, Joseph Alfred, who from early boyhood was to be known as "Jack." As a boy Jack was a bright and likable lad, making many friends and holding the respect of all his neighbors.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, in 1846, Jack volunteered in the company of Captain Killman. By his bravery and keen observation he soon gained the confidence of his commanding officer and was selected, one of twelve, for important scout duty.

He served with honor and distinction throughout the war but there contracted a habit that made a wreck of his later career. When sober he was a mild mannered friend of all, but when intoxicated, flew into a violent rage and knew no restraint to his demoniacal conduct. Returning to Carlyle at the close of hostilities, he found employment in various capacities until, at the age of twenty-six, in a violent quarrel, he killed a man and was compelled to flee from home and take refuge from the sheriff's posse in Texas. Here he met and married Virginia Marie, a beautiful and attractive young lady.

In 1859 they were living in Missouri where he was employed in guiding emigrant parties and conducting wagon trains. His enterprise and efficiency attracted the attention of Ben Holladay, the "stage coach king." Along the moun-

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\*Perry Wilson Jenkins was born at Mount Carmel, Indiana, April 5, 1872, and was educated in the public schools of Ohio. He received his A. B. and A. M. degrees from Miami University, Ohio and later an A. M. degree at Columbia University. He taught mathematics and astronomy at several Universities and was a fellow and research student at the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. In 1906 his health broke and he came to Wyoming where he settled at Cora. He began ranching and served in the state legislature from 1919 to 1929 as a member of both houses. Mr. Jenkins is Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Beta Kappa Associate (the only Wyoming member), a member of the American Engineering Society, National Geographic Society, the Methodist Church, and a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason. At present he resides in Salt Lake City and is president of the Colorado River Water Users Association.

tain divisions of the stage line continual losses were sustained through Indian depredations, outlaws and dishonest employees.

Slade was made superintendent of this division by Holladay and with his wife, Virginia, located near the site of the present town of Glendo, Wyoming. Here he built a comfortable home, suitable and well protected quarters for the stage equipment. This was commonly known as the Horseshoe Creek Station, and from here Jack worked east and west along the route, overseeing the movement of the stages and the shipment and storage of supplies. Those who knew him at this time state that he was strictly honest, attentive and faithful to his employer. True he had to be watchful, bold and quick in action, but "with gentlemen, he was a gentleman," as recorded by Mark Twain in his *Roughing It*.

One of the stage stations was on the Platte River at the headquarters of Jules Reni (now called Julesburg). Jules, a violent French Canadian, was known to be dishonest with the stage company and was jealous of the authority of Slade. Trouble arose between them and Jules shot and dangerously wounded the Superintendent. Jules was hanged for his cowardly attack but before life was extinct was cut down by some of his friends.

After Slade's recovery and return to his division, Jules made further threats against his life. He was warned by the commandant of Fort Laramie to take no chances with the Frenchman. Jules was located at one of the stations and while tied to a post was shot and killed by Slade in a drunken rage. Circumstances connected with the killing brought censure from the public.

In 1862, Denver had become an important town of the Rocky Mountain region. The stage line was detoured to accommodate this increasing traffic. In order to have a more direct and less dangerous route, the contract with the government for carrying the mail was changed from the South Pass Road, to one leading over Bridger's Pass, known as the Overland Trail. This led across the Laramie Plains, by the foot of Elk Mountain and down Bitter Creek to Green River. Slade was made agent for the division between Denver and Green River.

A beautiful site was chosen for the home station on the low pass over the Laramie Range and was called Virginia Dale from the agent's charming wife. Although Slade kept the stages running regularly his drunken sprees became more frequent and violent. Within a year Holladay was compelled to discharge him.

After losing his job the Slades went east to Carlyle but only for a short time. The Alder Gulch gold discovery was causing thousands to seek a quick fortune in the new Eldorado. Soon after reaching the gold field, Slade secured a ranch in Meadow Creek Canyon, where he built a stone house resembling a castle more than a home. Twelve miles distance was a mushroom town, at first called Varina from the wife of Jefferson Davis, but later changed to Virginia City, it is said, in honor of the beautiful Mrs. Slade.

Jack's conduct now became more flagrant. He gambled, insulted and bullied without respect of person. His name caused law-abiding men to fear his presence and avoid his company. The Vigilantes, of which he was at first a member, were called to try to check his lurid career. He held up Judge Davis with a gun and tore up a warrant for his arrest.

Slade was seized by the Vigilantes on March 10, 1864, and told to prepare for his execution. He broke down and begged to see his wife, whom he dearly loved, but the leaders knowing her temper and fearing her presence might lead to more deaths, hastily prepared to carry out the sentence. After giving him time for prayer, he was mounted on a large store-box under the bar over a gateway. The noose was then fitted and the rope secured to the bar. At the order "Do your duty men," the box was jerked from under him and he was launched off into eternity.

When Slade was seized one of his friends rode out to the ranch and informed Virginia of what was taking place. She mounted her horse and rode into town as fast as possible but was too late to see her husband alive. As soon as Slade was pronounced dead his body was taken down and laid out in an inn. After a paroxysm of grief, Virginia had the body taken to the ranch. An elegant casket was made lined with tin. After placing Jack's body therein, it was filled with alcohol and hermetically sealed. When the spring had freed the mountains of snow and the roads were again passable, the casket was loaded into a vehicle and conveyed four hundred miles to Salt Lake City. There on July 20, 1864, Slade's body was interred and there it lies today. The city has crept up the hill and now surrounds the beautiful City Cemetery. The sexton's book for 1847-1864 records the following entry:

"No. 67, from Bannack, Montana mines, J. A. Slade, buried July 20, 1864 on lot B, single, Killed by the Vigilantes Committee, To be removed to Illinois in the fall."

But the body was never disinterred. Virginia, the southern beauty, had met a man of charming appearance and fine manners, well dressed and altogether attractive.



To this man, James Harry Kiskadden, she was married on March 22, 1865, and lived with him only six months, when she left her Salt Lake City home for St. Louis, never to return to her husband. Jim Kiskadden appeared in the court of Salt Lake County and asked for a divorce. On October 29, 1868, a decree of separation was granted and thereafter Virginia Marie is lost to history.

At the age of sixteen, in 1865, Asenath (Annie) Adams, the daughter of Barnabas Adams, a prosperous Mormon business man, was making a name as an actress in the old Salt Lake Theatre. She became enamored by the personable James Kiskadden. The father objected to their contemplated marriage on account of both her age and Kiskadden being a Gentile. To delay an early union Annie was sent on a visit to her grandparents in Clark County, Missouri. This exactly fitted into the young girl's plans. Kiskadden, who was then thirty-three years of age, followed her there and there they were married, August 15, 1869.

The couple soon returned to Salt Lake City, Kiskadden being interested in mining in Utah. Ethel Paul tells the story of her father's ride of twenty-five miles to the Alta mines at the head of Cottonwood Creek, to inform Jim Kiskadden that he was needed at home. He hurried down to the city to usher in the coming of his baby girl on November 11, 1872. The little miss received the name, Maude Kiskadden, but during her stage career she used her mother's maiden name of Adams. Maude first appeared on the stage at the early age of eight months.

The family moved to San Francisco, but as soon as Maude was old enough to go to school she was enrolled in the old Salt Lake Collegiate Institute, now Westminster College. James Kiskadden died in the Golden Gate City and his body was sent to Salt Lake for interment. The Sexton's record for Mt. Olivet Cemetery states that he "died of pneumonia in San Francisco and was buried in section A, Lot 17." The daughter, Maude, had one of the granite slabs, left in Little Cottonwood Canyon by the builders of the great Mormon Temple, prepared and placed over his grave bearing the inscription James H. Kiskadden, Born May 24, 1836—Died September 19, 1883. The wife and mother, Asenath (Annie) Adams Kiskadden, born November 9, 1848 and died March 17, 1916, lies buried by the side of her husband.

James Kiskadden had a brother William, who seems to have had excellent business connections, as we find in the *Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce*: "In July 1868, John W. Kerr, Governor Durkee and Bill Kiskadden, uncle of Maude Adams, the actress, took a contract to furnish

100,000 ties to the Union Pacific to be delivered at Hilliard, Wyoming. They had the ties cut on the headwaters of Bear River. I think they got 80 cents apiece for them."

The Vigilantes ceased to function after 1865 and with the advent of a transcontinental railroad lawlessness in the west was well under control by state and territorial governments.

Concerning Maude (Adams) Kiskadden we need say but little. She has her name in *Who's Who in America* and her place in the hearts of the American people. She has never forgotten her natal city of Salt Lake. In the state capitol are three life-sized portraits of the state's most famous actress presented by her to the people of the state. Now at the age of seventy-five she is still teaching in Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri. The fame she won in *The Little Minister*, *Joan of Arc* and *Peter Pan* will ever endear her to those who have seen those marvelous performances and for her, have won the honorary LL.D degree from the great University of Wisconsin.

Authorities consulted:

*Vigilante Days and Ways* by Langsford; *Vigilantes* by Dimsdale; *Forty years on the Frontier* by Stuart; *Ben Holladay* by Frederick; *The City of the Saints* by Burton; *Roughing It* by Mark Twain; *Research Notes* by Roderick Korns; Sexton's records of the City and Mt. Olivet cemeteries of Salt Lake City; grave markers; marriage records of Virginia City, Montana; records of Salt Lake County, Utah, and Clark County, Missouri; divorce records of Salt Lake County, Utah.

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John Stratton, a carpenter, who worked at Gold Hill in the Medicine Bow Range during the excitement in the 1890's, used to borrow expensive tobacco from a neighborly prospector. Later Stratton drifted to Cripple Creek where he made the strike that developed into the Independence Mine. Ultimately he was worth \$25,000,000. Each Christmas for many years he sent a \$100 bill to his Wyoming prospector friend.

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The dry work in the court of Col. Luke Murrin, first mayor and justice of the peace in Cheyenne after the city's incorporation by the Dakota Legislature, was relieved by the judge's habit of exacting 25 cents extra from each person fined, for the purchase of liquid refreshments for the court. It was the judge's custom to inflict a fine of \$10 on any person shooting at another within the city limits "whether he hit anyone or not."

# *The Dedication of Texas Trail Monuments in Wyoming*

By LOUISE LOVE\*

Wyoming's early cattle men and the drivers of the old Texas Trail were honored at three impressive ceremonies in southeastern Wyoming, August 1. On that day old-time cowboys who remember the swirling dust and bawling cattle of the trail drives of the '70's and '80's gathered with members of the American Pioneer Trails Association and residents of the three communities to dedicate monuments in memory of the far-seeing cowmen who created a great cattle empire on the vast, empty plains of the West and of those dogged, valiant cowpunchers who trailed the cattle up the long way from Texas to the Indian infested range lands of Wyoming and Montana.

The three monuments mark the route of the old Texas Trail through Wyoming, along which the Trails Association, led by its president Dr. Howard R. Driggs of New York, made a commemorative trek. Two were newly dedicated, one at Pine Bluffs, where the Lincoln Highway intersects the route of the old trail, and one at the mouth of Rawhide Creek between Torrington and Lingle at a point where the path of the oft stampeding cattle crossed the present location of U. S. Highway 26. The third monument, which marks the route of the old trail as it traversed the site of modern LaGrange, had been dedicated seven years previously and was rededicated and formally presented to the state August 1.

The erection of the monument at Pine Bluffs was sponsored by the local Lions Club, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the families of D. H. and J. W. Snyder and the citizens of the city. One surface of the marker portrays a scene on the trail, with cowboys pointing the Texas long horns across a gulch, while Indian smoke signals rise in

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\*Louise O'Leary Love was born in New York but as a young child came to Cheyenne, where she attended the public schools. She graduated with honors from the University of Colorado receiving an A. B. degree. In 1929 she married Captain Ralph F. Love, U.S.A. and spent a number of years in the Philippines and Hawaii. After the death of Colonel Love in the Pacific Theater in World War II she and her son, Thomas Wilfred, returned to Cheyenne. She is a reporter and feature writer for the Wyoming Eagle at present.





**Dedication of Texas Trail Monument, Pine Bluffs, August 1, 1948. Henry Swan, Dr. M. L. Morris, Dr. H. O. Brayer, Mrs. E. A. Dahlquist, E. A. Dahlquist, Col. E. N. Wentworth, Governor L. C. Hunt, Russell Thorp, Dr. Howard R. Driggs, A. A. Smith, W. D. Gordon, Mary A. McGrath, Clarence Jackson, Major Proctor.**

the background, and in the lower right hand corner is a map tracing the route of the trail through Wyoming. On the reverse side is pictured a longhorn steer carrying the LF Connected brand, which was on the first herds to be grazed in Wyoming in 1867. This was the Snyder brand and was used here in partnership with John Iliff. Surrounding the likeness of the LF animal is a collection of other Texas Trail brands.

In dedicating the monument Mr. Russell Thorp, Secretary of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, made the following address:

"It is entirely fitting and proper that a memorial be placed on this spot, as Pine Bluffs in the early days was the largest live stock shipping point on the Union Pacific railroad; not only thousands of Wyoming cattle trailed to Pine Bluffs to load for market, but many thousands were trailed from southern Montana and northern Wyoming through Kessler's Gap to the northwest to this station.

"Wyoming has always been a cattleman's country, and the state will continue to be a cowman's stronghold.

"The story of the cattle business in Wyoming is one of glamour and romance, of tragedy and heartbreak, of hard work and splendid accomplishments. It is a story of years of affluence, prosperity and boom days almost beyond the realm of imagination; a story of unbelievable blizzards, drought and erosion, business 'panics' and depression, and great financial losses. It is also a story of cattle rustlers, sheep and cattle wars, struggles against so-called bureaucratic encroachment. It is a story of a satisfactory way of living, gained through a continual struggle to preserve the right to enjoy the freedom so cherished by every rugged individualist.

"The days of great herds of Texas longhorns grazing on unlimited acres that lay uninhabited and unclaimed until the cowman built his small ranch buildings and corral, have given way to an era of fenced-in pastures, limited ranges, modern ranch buildings and purebred herds. But despite the great continually changing background of Indians, rustlers, stock detectives, land sharks, and extremes of weather, the cattleman has survived because Wyoming offers the natural habitat and surroundings for his calling. He has created Wyoming's greatest industry.

"By 1868 the great migration of men and cattle from the south was well under way. Three hundred thousand cattle each year left Texas for the northern ranges with more than eight hundred thousand at the peak in 1884. From that time on, the numbers declined to the one last through herd in 1897, although about nine years prior to

that time the rail connections had been completed to Orin Junction.

"In reviewing the news items from the early files of the *Lusk Herald*, I find in 1887:

'A Hash Knife outfit from Texas is driving a herd of 2,300 cattle through the country.'

"And again in later issues:

'Two herds of Matadore cattle, numbering 4,500 head V brand, passed through Lusk last Monday on the way to Montana.'

'Two herds, numbering 4,300, passed through Lusk last week. They belonged to Lee and Scott and were being driven to Montana.'

'A Hash Knife herd of 2,000 head passed through Lusk on the way to ranges near Stoneville, Montana.'

"August 18, 1892, the *Herald* recorded:

'Probably the last trail herd of the season passed through here Sunday from the south bound for the northern ranges. It was the OX outfit consisting of 2,000 head.'

"The last record we find is dated June 24, 1896:

'Another XIT trail herd struck this town the first of the week on its way to Montana ranges.'

"Author J. Evetts Haley, eminent historian, records:

'In 1897 only one syndicate (XIT) herd, and its last, made the long trek. The coming of the nester, his control of waterings and his network of barbed wire fences brought to an end the greatest and most spectacular pastoral movement of all time.'

"I have in my records a log of the Texas Trail as kept by Ealy Moore, trail boss, in which he recorded his day by day movements from Texas to Montana. For example:

June 14, 1892. Camped fifteen miles of Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

June 15, 1892. Passed by Pine Bluffs. Rained that evening.

June 16, 1892. Camped twenty mile from Pine Bluffs.

June 17, 1892. Got to Horse Creek.

June 18, 1892. Got to Hawk Springs on Horse Creek.

June 19, 1892. Camped three miles north of Horse Creek.

And here is the interesting part:

June 20, 1892. Camped 3 miles of North Platte River. Helped a N—N herd and Chris across today.

June 21, 1892. Assisted Jim Vaughn to cross his herd in the forenoon, and tried to cross mine in the afternoon, but failed.

June 22, 1892. Assisted Jack Horn to cross.

June 23, 1892. Helped to cross Mil's, my own and Dan's herds. Camped one mile from the river.



June 24, 1892. Camped 8 miles up Raw Hide from the river.

June 25, 1892. Made a cut off of about 4 miles and camped just below Coffee's ranch.

June 26, 1892. Camped 10 miles of Lusk.

June 27, 1892. Passed through Lusk, Wyo., and camped 6 miles beyond.

"Thus we find it required four days to swim seven herds of cattle, aggregating fifteen thousand head, across the Platte River at the mouth of Rawhide.

"I desire to commend and pay tribute to the Lions Club, Dr. Morris, and citizens of eastern Laramie County and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, in erecting this beautiful, substantial monument to preserve for posterity a memorial to the Texas Trail drivers, and to mark permanently the Texas Trail over which passed that great procession of Texas longhorns that laid the foundation for the future of Wyoming and the great northwest. It is significant that the State of Wyoming gives appropriate recognition to this historic event."

Mr. Thorp quoted from a letter written by the late Senator John B. Kendrick, who first came to Wyoming as a Texas Trail driver and later became Governor, United States Senator and one of the leading cattle men:

"Another interesting thing I might mention is that I do not remember coming in contact with or seeing a wire fence between Fort Worth, Texas and the head of the Running Water in Wyoming," Senator Kendrick wrote. "The most hardened and unobservant cowboy could not help but be impressed with the beautiful and ever varying scenery on the way. The element of danger that was a part of almost every day's experience did not detract from the fascination of the trip, you may be sure—the danger from Indians and the holding of a large herd of cattle in a night so dark that no ray or glimmer of light was to be seen, and when the most insignificant incident or the slightest accident—a stumbling horse, a flash of lightning, the smell of a wild animal, might cause a stampede that would last for hours. After such a night of hardship and terror the men would be exhausted and utterly discouraged with their lot, but a good night's rest would cause them to look upon life in the same cheerful way again.

"What at one time was the great highway traversed by great herds of cattle in charge of capable men and accompanied by thousands of horses, has been abandoned and lives now, if at all, only as a part of the history and development of the great West."



**Reverse side of Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs, Wyoming**

As a first hand description of life in Wyoming when the livestock industry was in its infancy, Mr. Thorp read a most interesting letter from the late Col. C. F. Coffee, who also trailed into Wyoming with the longhorns and remained to help establish ranching in the state.

The colonel related how he had hired out to D. H. and J. W. Snyder to drive a herd of cattle from Texas to Wyoming Territory in 1871.

"They were driving ten herds with about 1,500 head to the herd. In those days driving thru was a hardship, as we had to break the trail, fight Indians, and scare buffaloes out of the way to keep them from stampeding our cattle. There were thousands of them after striking Kansas and Nebraska. . . . Well, we got thru to Cheyenne along in August, after three months on the trail."

Following the dedication at Pine Bluffs the party moved on to LaGrange where the monument of the Texas Trail was rededicated and deeded to the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission. This marker was originally dedicated on July 4, 1941 and was erected by the citizens of the community and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

The monument at the mouth of Rawhide Creek is similar to the one at Pine Bluffs except that the reverse side bears sketches of four longhorns with the following brands: OW (Kendrick), OIO Bar (Coffee), JK (Warren Live Stock Co.), and HILL (Hill family). The Lions Clubs of Torrington and Lingle, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the Warren Live Stock Company and the families of Sen. John B. Kendrick, Col. C. F. Coffee and Mr. Hill sponsored the erection of this memorial.

Among the speakers at this dedication was Dr. Driggs who pleaded to have the story of the real cowboy given to the young people of the country. He believes that there is as much, or more heroism and romance in the true history of the West as there is in the radio and movie versions which are presented to the boys and girls today. He stressed the worth of real history in preserving America's traditions and ideals, and declared: "There is only one sure cure for Communism, and that's Americanism."

It is fitting that the long neglected story of the early cattlemen be placed before this and future generations. The organizations and individuals who have participated in the erection and dedication of these monuments deserve our heartfelt congratulations and cooperation.

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The first postmaster at Banner lived on Prairie Dog Creek at the foot of Massacre Hill on the Bozeman Trail. His outfit had a flag as a brand, hence the name Banner.



**ERRATA**

The caption beneath cover illustration in the ANNALS OF WYOMING, Volume 20, No. 2, July 1948, is in error. The Yellowstone Park chronology for 1890 indicates that "the first steamboat, the *Zillah*, was hauled by horses from Cinnabar to the Lake. The boat was built in Dubuque, was in service on Lake Minnetonka, then taken to the Park by Captain Waters." The steamship began operations in July 1891 between Lake Hotel and West Thumb, making the round trip and stopping enroute at Dot Island where a zoo was maintained which included Big Horn sheep, bison, wapiti and antelope.

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D. Harvey Attfield of Walford, England, who made a special trip to the United States in 1891, with the intention of purchasing soda lakes in Sweetwater County, arrived in Rawlins in February. After traveling from Rawlins to the lakes in a buckboard, a distance of sixty miles or more, over rough roads and through the severe cold, he decided to return to England without making the purchase.

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An Indian maiden and her lover, following an eagle feather that had been blown from her hair by a gust of wind, discovered the giant Hot Springs at Thermopolis, according to an ancient Indian legend. Another legend has it that any feather dropped at the head of Wind River Canyon will float on the ever prevailing wind down to the Hot Springs at Thermopolis.

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The first sheep sheared by the steam shearing method in this country was sheared by Mrs. J. B. Okie in 1894 at the Okie ranch at Lost Cabin. J. B. Okie operated the first steam sheep shearing plant in the United States. Before a large group of shearers, sheep owners, wool buyers and Casper citizens, Mrs. Okie sheared her sheep in less than five minutes.

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Beaver Dick Lake in Grand Teton National Park was named for Richard Leigh, a well known hunter, trapper and guide of the area. Leigh received his nickname, "Beaver Dick," not because of his expertness at trapping beaver, but because of his striking resemblance to the rodent given him by two abnormally large upper front teeth.

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The first bicycle tour of Yellowstone National Park was made by W. W. Owens in 1883 on an old time high wheel bicycle.

**ACCESSIONS**

to the

**Wyoming Historical Department****May 15, 1948 to November 6, 1948**

- Torrey, Mrs. Sarah and Hodge, Wallace B., West Plains, Missouri: Gold and ivory gavel presented to Col. J. L. Torrey as speaker of the House of Representatives in 1895. May 19, 1948.
- Brown, Mary A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Picture of Edith K. O. Clark, Mrs. John B. Kendrick; certificate of election of Edith K. O. Clark. June 1, 1948.
- Christian, Mrs. Elsie, Lusk, Wyoming: Large oil painting of Hat Creek Stage Station with which Mrs. Christian won 1st prize at the 1947 State Fair. June 5, 1948.
- American and British Commonwealth Association through Archie Allison of Cheyenne, Wyoming: Fragment of British House of Commons bombed in 1941. June 1948.
- Peilman, Gerald, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Rocks and artifacts. June 5, 1948.
- Plummer, Roy O., San Diego, California: Six Pliocene fossils. June 18, 1948.
- Hawkins, Ralph C., Casper, Wyoming: One piece of Indian pottery. June 29, 1948.
- Ft. Laramie National Monument, Ft. Laramie, Wyoming: Piece of siding from "Old Bedlam" removed during restoration process. July 13, 1948.
- Newton, A. A., Chicago, Illinois: Map showing passes in Continental Divide in Wyoming. July 13, 1948.
- Kendall, Jane, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large map of Laramie County, 1916. July 13, 1948.
- Wolf, Mrs. Frank, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Indian drum band, pipe, moccasins, scraper, beads, mano and metate. August 1, 1948.
- Peters, Orin, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Old fashioned sterling silver dressing table accessories. August 5, 1948.
- Richardson, Laura and Valeria, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Nine strings of beads. August 6, 1948.
- Meyers, E. D., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Five books with early imprints; fossil fish. August 10, 1948.
- Murphy, Edward, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Complete private's uniform from World War I. August 5, 1948.
- Legler, Jerry, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Japanese gas mask, World War II. August 5, 1948.
- Van Valin, Mrs. J. F., Powell, Wyoming: Picture of Bald Mountain City. August 20, 1948.

- Morris, Jess, Dalhart, Texas: *Song Ridin' ol' Paint an' leadin' ol' Ball* together with letters regarding the song. August 20, 1948.
- Department of the Army, Washington, D. C.: Gas mask, flame thrower, apparatus decontaminating, portable chemical cylinder. August 23, 1948.
- McCulley, Wayne, Casper, Wyoming: Cannon ball, bayonet, trowle bayonet found near old Ft. Brown. August 20, 1948.
- Ekdall, A. B., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Piece of ribbon barbed wire used to fence in the '70's. September 15, 1948.
- Cooper, James F., Denver, Colorado: Picture of settlers in Wyoming between 1860-1870 and those between 1870-1890 taken at State Fair in 1914. Sept. 15, 1948.
- Carlisle, Bill, Laramie, Wyoming: *Laramie Boomerang*, Jan. 26, 1891; large piece of petrified wood from Medicine Bow. October 1, 1948.
- Mashek, Mrs. Grace, Lusk, Wyoming: Picture of first couple married at Lusk in 1896 and picture of Congregational Church at Lusk. Sept. 25, 1948.
- Robinson, Mrs. Lance, Rock River, Wyoming: Pair of high laced ladies' shoes and old style black silk gloves. October 10, 1948.
- Hendreschke, John, Farson, Wyoming: Old padlock found at Big Sandy Crossing on Oregon Trail. October 10, 1948.
- Rietz, Mrs. Minnie A.: Photograph of 1897 country school class. October 4, 1948.

### Books—Purchased

- Mirsky, Jeannette, *The westward crossing*. Knopf, New York, 1946. Price \$2.67.
- Pikes Peak Guide*, 1859, (Map reprint). Parker & Huyett, 1859. Price \$3.00
- Pikes Peak Guide*, 1859, (Reprint.) Parker & Huyett, 1859. Price \$5.00.
- Swartwout, A. F., *Missie, historical biography of Annie Oakley*. Brown, Blanchester, Ohio, 1947. Price \$3.15.
- Wentworth, E. N., *America's sheep trails*. Iowa State College, Ames, 1948. Price \$5.60.
- Nye, Nelson C., *Outstanding modern quarter horse sires*. Morrow, New York, 1948. Price \$3.35.
- White, John, *Sketches from America*. Sampson Low, London, 1870. Price \$7.50.
- Hafen, LeRoy, *Overland routes to the gold fields*. Clark, Glendale, 1942. Price \$7.50.
- Thwaites, R. G., *Early Western Travels*, Vol. 21. Clark, Glendale, 1905. Price \$10.00.



- Spring, Agnes W., ed., *William Chapin Deming*, vols. 3 and 4. Clark, Glendale, 1947. Price \$12.50.
- Rollinson, J. K., *Wyoming cattle trails*. Caxton, Caldwell, 1948. Price \$3.45.
- Mills, Harlow B., *Bugs, birds and blizzards*. Collegiate press, Ames, Ia., 1937. Price \$.44.
- Cook, James H., *Longhorn cowboy*. Putnam, New York, 1942. Price \$1.34.
- Westerners Brand book, Los Angeles*. Westerners, Los Angeles, 1948. Price \$6.00.
- Westerners Brand book, Chicago*. Westerners, Chicago, 1948. Price \$5.00.
- Paul, Elliott, *A ghost town on the Yellowstone*. Random House, New York, 1948. Price \$2.34.
- Vestal, Stanley, *Warpath and council fire*. Random House, New York, 1948. Price \$2.34.
- Salisbury, Albert, *Here rolled the covered wagons*. Superior, Seattle, 1948. Price \$4.00.

#### Books—Gifts

- Union Pacific Railroad intermountain industrial properties*. UPRR, n.d. Donated by Ray Emery, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- Cheyenne City Directory, 1945*. Polk, Salt Lake City, 1945. Donated by Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce.
- Williams, Ralph B., and Matteson, Clyde P., Jr., *Wyoming hawks*. Wyoming Game and Fish Dept., Cheyenne, 1948. Donated by the department.
- Holy Bible*. 6 vols. London, 1810. Donated by Bruce Jones, Cheyenne, Wyoming, from the estate of Arthur Colley Jones, Laramie, Wyoming, 1882-1947.

#### Miscellaneous Purchases

- Framed photograph of Wyoming Bar Association, Feb. 9, 1915. Purchased from J. E. Stimson, July 10, 1948. Cost \$11.50.



# *Annals of Wyoming*

1. 21

July-October, 1949

Nos. 2-3

**AN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**



*1849-1949*

Published Bi-Annually by  
**THE WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT**  
Cheyenne, Wyoming





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## *Contents*

	Page
THE MORMON FERRY ON THE NORTH PLATTE; The Journal of William A. Empey, May 7-August 4, 1847.....	111
Transcribed and edited by Dale L. Morgan.	
FORT LARAMIE, a poem.....	168
By Mae Urbanek.	
HISTORIC FORT LARAMIE, THE HUB OF EARLY WESTERN HISTORY, 1834-1849.....	170
By Hazel Noble Boyack.	
HISTORY OF ALBANY COUNTY WYOMING TO 1880.....	181
By Lola Homsher.	
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BISON, a poem.....	214
By Jens K. Grondahl.	
QUOTE AND UNQUOTE; the contributions of Russell Thorp to the Wyoming cattle industry.....	216
DEDICATION OF MONUMENT HONORING RACHEL E. PATTISON.....	223
BOOK REVIEW: THE CHEYENNE AND BLACK HILLS STAGE AND EXPRESS ROUTES, by Agnes Wright Spring. Reviewed by Lola Homsher.....	225
WYOMING'S COW-BELLES.....	228
"MERCI" TRAIN.....	236
ACCESSIONS to the Wyoming State Historical Department.....	238

## **ILLUSTRATIONS**

William A. Empey.....	110
Road Sign: Fort Laramie National Monument. (Photo by Col. A. R. Boyack.).....	Cover
Agnes Wright Spring.....	224

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The support of all the citizens of the State is needed in this important work. The Department solicits the presentation of not only museum items, but also of letters, diaries, family histories, and manuscripts of Wyoming citizens. It welcomes the writings and observations of those familiar with important and significant events pertaining to Wyoming history.

All communications concerning the ANNALS should be addressed to Miss Ellen Crowley, Wyoming State Historical Department, Supreme Court and State Library Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HAZEL NOBLE BOYACK was born in northern Arizona and obtained her early schooling there. Her parents and grandparents trekked over the Oregon Trail to the West in 1847-1862 and throughout their lives did extensive colonization work in the intermountain region. Mrs. Boyack attended the Brigham Young University from which she was graduated, the University of Utah, the University of Southern California and the University of Iowa. Since her marriage to Colonel A. R. Boyack in 1923, she has lived in Wyoming where she has done considerable research in Wyoming history and has been a leader in various civic activities. She is the mother of three children, Elnora, member of the B. Y. U. faculty; Virginia, graduate nurse; and Robert, Marine veteran and university student. Mrs. Boyack's article utilizes materials which she is collecting for a Master's Degree thesis in Western history. She has written other articles on the same subject which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines.

JENS K. GRONDAHL was editor of the RED WING DAILY REPUBLICAN in Red Wing, Minnesota from 1913 to 1938. He wrote numerous poems, sketches and songs, including "Fighting for Cuba," and the anthem, "America, My Country," which was selected for national community singing, and adopted for schools by educational departments of several states. He was prominent in state journalistic and political affairs and served three terms in the Minnesota State Legislature.

LOLA HOMESHER, Archivist, University of Wyoming, received her B. A. degree from Colorado State College of A. & M. in 1936, and her M. A. degree from the University of Wyoming in August 1949. From 1941 to 1943 she was Assistant Historian in the Wyoming State Historical Department. As a contributor to the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* in September 1946, she wrote concerning the Archives of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

DALE L. MORGAN. The introduction and notes to the diary of William A. Empey illustrate, to some degree, Mr. Morgan's dual historical interests: Mormonism and the Far West. Research and writing in the historical field have occupied Mr. Morgan ever since his graduation from the University of Utah in 1937, when he became historical editor for the WPA Historical Records Survey. He was appointed director of the Writers' Project in 1940.

Born in Salt Lake City in 1914, this native Westerner has published two books of his own on western history, *The Humboldt: Highroad of the West* (1943) in the Rivers of America series, and *The Great Salt Lake* (1947) in the American Lakes series. He has contributed to three other books and numerous magazines and historical and literary reviews, and has edited various publications for the Historical Records Survey and the Writers' Program.

Mr. Morgan is currently working on the final chapters of the first volume of the history of the Mormons for which he began research in 1947, with the aid of a fellowship granted by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He carried on extensive research for this history in Washington, D. C., where he served from 1942 through 1946 on the staff of the Department of Information of

the OPA. After leaving Washington, he sought further information for his book in libraries from Massachusetts to California, and finally returned to Salt Lake City in April 1948. Serving now as acting editor of the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, and carrying on several other projects relating to the history of the Mormons and the West, Mr. Morgan plans to complete the first book of his Mormon history this fall. Two other books will complete the history, all of which is to be published by Rinehart and Company.

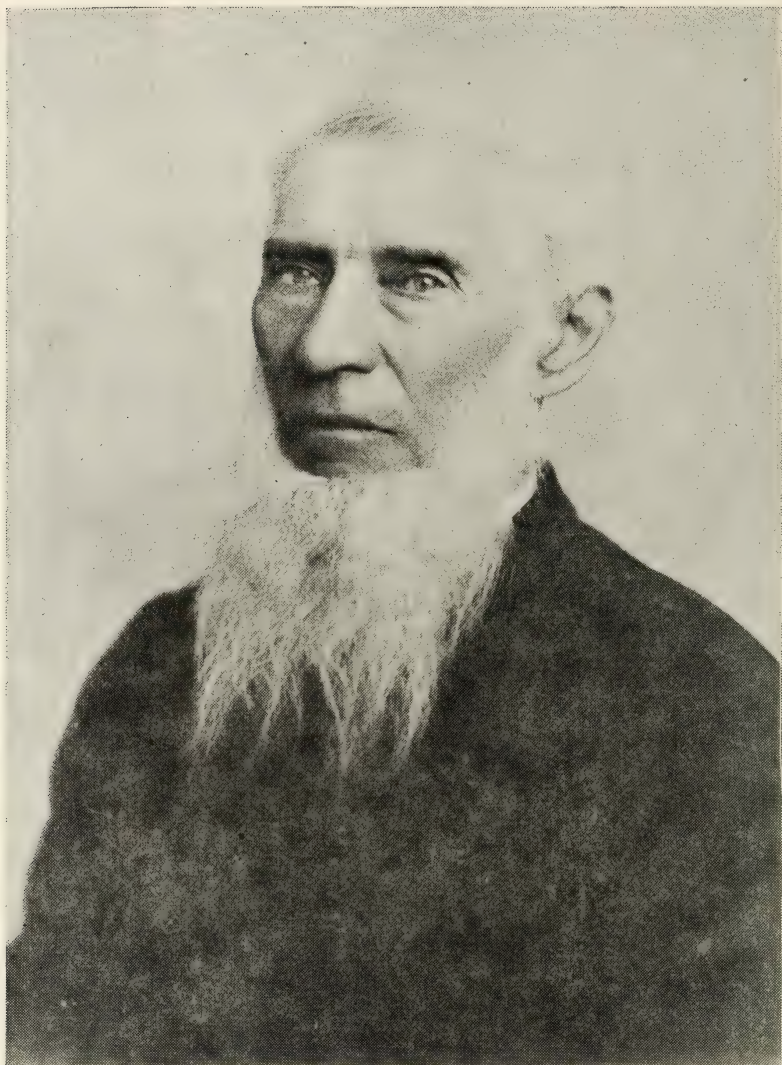
AGNES WRIGHT SPRING, for biography see *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 13, p. 237.

MAE URBANEK, a resident of Niobrara County since 1931, was accorded nation-wide recognition this year when six of her poems were published in a collection entitled, *Important American Poets and Songwriters*. Her poem, "Fort Laramie," in this issue of the *Annals*, was written by special request for the centennial of Old Fort Laramie which was celebrated August 9, 1949. Her husband, Mr. Jerry Urbanek, recited the poem to open the pageant at Fort Laramie.

A graduate of Northwestern School of Journalism, Mrs. Urbanek has been active with such organizations as the Niobrara Homemakers' Council, *The Wyoming Clubwoman*, the Lusk Woman's Club, and the 4H Clubs.

She has been writing poetry for her own pleasure since childhood, and her work has appeared in the *Lusk Herald*, and *The Wyoming Clubwoman*. A collection of Mrs. Urbanek's poetry, *Niobrara Breezes*, was published in 1946, the proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet going to the Lusk Community Building Fund.





**WILLIAM A. EMPEY**  
(Courtesy of Mrs. Ida Terry Empey)

The original photograph from which this print was made is inscribed by William A. Empey, August 10, 1890, just nine days before his death.

# *The Mormon Ferry on the North Platte*

The Journal of William A. Empey

May 7—August 4, 1847



## DALE L. MORGAN

The nine men Brigham Young detailed in 1847 from his Pioneer party to remain at the Upper Crossing of the North Platte and operate a ferry for the benefit of the Saints and the convenience of the Oregon and California immigration established a famous institution in the history of the Overland Trail. There had been ferries to serve overland travelers before this time, across the Missouri and the Kaw, but the Mormon ferry at the Upper Crossing of the Platte marked the beginning of commercial ferry operations in the Rocky Mountains, foreshadowed similar ferries across the Green and Bear rivers, and for six years played a prominent role in the westward movement.

During 1847 and 1848 the Mormons had a monopoly in the operation of ferries at the North Platte, though immigrants sometimes stayed on at the river for a time to pick up an extra dollar or two by ferry work. The gold rush to California broke up the Mormon monopoly, such as it was, rival companies finding it to their advantage to come out from the States to compete for the business. The ever-growing stream of overland travel finally rendered the ferries obsolete, by underwriting the investment required to bridge the river.

The journal of William A. Empey, as here published with supplemental extracts from the journal of Appleton M. Harmon, presents an almost complete picture of the operations of the Mormon ferry during its first year. No such records exist for the following years, but a general picture of the ferry can be gained in 1849 and 1850, and at least one reference is to be found to the Mormon ferry as late as 1852, the last year before John Richard's bridge permanently swept the ferries from the river.

The nine men selected to run the Mormon ferry as first established were Thomas Grover, John S. Higbee, William A. Empey, Appleton M. Harmon, Edmund Ellsworth, Luke Johnson, Francis M. Pomeroy, James Davenport, and Benjamin F. Stewart.<sup>1</sup> After the greater part of the Oregon and California immigration had passed, Grover,

Ellsworth, Pomeroy, and Stewart turned east to meet their families, who were coming along with the great migration following in the track of the Mormon Pioneers. Of those who waited at the ferry, three were to be disappointed in any expectations they may have had that their own families would be along, and these three, Empey, Harmon, and Johnson, after the Mormon immigration passed by, rode on down the Platte to wait at Fort Laramie for the Pioneers returning from the Great Salt Lake. Harmon found employment at the fort as a blacksmith, and stayed there until March, but Johnson and Empey journeyed on back to the States. All three men appear to have migrated to Utah with the immigration of 1848, and of the three only Harmon had any further connection with the Platte ferry.

Although little is known about their experiences or identity, a company of Saints journeyed to the Platte in the spring of 1848 for the dual purpose of operating the ferry and of taking East teams for the year's Mormon immigration. It is probably these of whom Eliza R. Snow writes in her diary on May 18, "Hancock, Ellsworth & others start with teams to meet the immigrants." And again on May 23, "Another com[pany] start with 35 wagons to meet the immigrants." In August, she and others having gone on an excursion up into the mountains above Salt Lake Valley, she noted that they returned in company with, "Ellsworth & Hancock who came up with us on Mon[day] from the Platte, & arriv'd in the valley on Fr[iday] the 18th."<sup>2</sup> From these notations, it would seem that Edmund Ellsworth and Levi Hancock were among those who served the ferry in 1848. The identity of the others is not easily established.

It was a forceful precedent that the ferrymen this year came from the West rather than from the East. After 1848, each year till the Platte Bridge was built, a company set out from Great Salt Lake City to reach the river in advance of the year's immigration. The overland journals of 1848 are few in number, and only one daily diary of an Oregon or California immigrant is known. Riley Root, headed for Oregon, arrived at the ferry on June 15 to find a group of Saints already there. "The Mormons from Salt Lake," he commented, "had arrived a few days previous, and prepared a raft for crossing." He crossed the river next day, though whether ferried by the Saints he neglects to say.<sup>3</sup>

Six weeks later, when the Mormon immigration reached the Upper Crossing, their brethren were awaiting them. Hosea Stout wrote in his journal on August 4, "several from the Valley . . . had come to meet us & had been also



ferrying the Oregon Emigrants over the Platte.”<sup>4</sup> Their presence was welcome, not so much in crossing the river, which by August could usually be forded, as in the fresh teams they had ready to take up the burden from the failing oxen of the immigration.

Rather more is known about ferry operations in 1849. Appleton Harmon was one of a company of nine who traveled to the ferry, and in his autobiography he gives a condensed account of their experiences. They arrived, he says, on the 27th of May, “and commenced ferrying the 28 a very heavy emigration were passing to California and in July 2 battalions of U. S. troops crossed at our ferry on their way to Oregon<sup>5</sup> and one Company of our own emigrants going to the Valley. a bout the last of July and after the river became fordable we having earned and divided \$646.50 cts to each of us. we bought each of us a waggon and oxen to draw it and Started to the valley.”<sup>6</sup>

Besides Harmon, the ferrymen this year were Charles Shumway, Madison B. Hableton, James Allred, John Greene, Andrew Lytle, one Potter, and two others whose names do not appear. Shumway was evidently in charge, for a letter from him in the archives of the Church, written apparently at the end of May from the “Upper Platte Ferry,” advises that his company “arrived there on the 27th, raised their boats, and found them in good order. . . . On the 29th the first company of emigrants for the California gold mines reached the ferry, who stated that the road thence to the Missouri river was lined with emigrant wagons for the same destination.”<sup>7</sup>

Numerous overland journals of 1849 make mention of the Mormon ferry. Among the earliest was William G. Johnston, who noted in his journal on June 3, “Contrary to expectation, based upon the common reputation of these Latter-Day Saints, we found those in charge of the ferry men of respectable appearance, well informed, polite, and in every way agreeable. They showed us specimens of California gold, the first we had seen, and their accounts as to the Eldorado were as extravagant as any we have had.”<sup>8</sup> William Kelly, who came along a day later, adds that the ferrymen were “strongly entrenched in a heavy timber palisading, for their own protection and the security of their animals,” the Crows just then being troublesome in the extreme. As Kelly describes the ferryboat, it was similar in all respects to that of 1847; it was perhaps the same craft, even, consisting of a large platform constructed on two dug-out canoes. “This structure they worked with three large oars, one at each side, and one as a rudder,

getting over smoothly enough, but at a terrible slant, which gave them hard labour in again working up against the stream, even with the assistance of two yoke of oxen pulling on the bank as on a canal."<sup>9</sup>

William Johnston's cordial opinion of the Saints at the ferry was echoed by a Dr. Caldwell, who came along on June 27. "Entered our names to cross," his diary says, "when our turn comes. This is 5 miles below the old crossing, of Fremont & others. They have but one boat here, which is a good one, & very careful hands. The Mormons appear honest so far as dealing with them. They conduct matters very well here, & have a smithery with 2 forges, but charge high. They are numerous at this place. Swim the cattle, & charge \$3.00 per wagon for ferrying."<sup>10</sup>

But the Mormon ferrymen did not fare so well in every passerby's opinion. Israel F. Hale remarked on June 24 that the Saints apparently had "removed the ferry a few miles lower down that the emigrants may cross and leave the grass unmolested for their Mormon friends"<sup>11</sup> to arrive later in the summer. More violently stirred was J. Goldsborough Bruff, on July 16, who found the Saints so importunate in drumming up trade for their ferry that he threatened to blow a hole through one of the brethren.<sup>12</sup>

This struggle for business is more understandable when it is realized that rival ferries were operating all the way from the Mormon ferry site to Deer Creek. Amos Batchelder, who crossed on July 17 by the ferry just above Deer Creek, noted that it was maintained by a small company made up of men, women, and children, with three wagons and several cows, butter from which was an unexpected luxury.<sup>13</sup> Captain Howard Stansbury on July 25 crossed by this same ferry, paying \$2 per wagon, which he thought by no means extortionate, considering that "the ferryman had been for months encamped here in a little tent, exposed to the assaults of hordes of wandering savages, for the sole purpose of affording this accommodation to travelers." He was informed that 28 men had been drowned trying to ford the river this year, though he received the information with all due skepticism.<sup>14</sup> Stansbury was near the tail end of the immigration, and the river was about to become fordable, hence it is quite possible that the Mormon ferry was abandoned by the time he passed its site.

In 1850 Appleton Harmon was destined for England as a missionary, rather than for the North Platte as a ferryman, but his journal is nevertheless once more a useful source on the ferry. The company of missionaries of which he was a member left Salt Lake Valley on April 20, and soon over-

took "Captain Andrew Lytles Company who ware goin to establish a ferry on the platte river." This year the California immigration had got the jump on the ferrymen, being met by the eastbound Saints as early as May 15, and as far west as the Dry Sandy.

Under date of May 25 Harmon writes: "we camped on the Platte bottom the river being verry high and our oxen being some what fatienged, we thought to Stop a few days and recruit. Capt. Lytles Co. ware here one day before us and had commenced a flat boat. we took hold and helped them and sused in launching one on the 28 Tuesday and with that commenced operations in ferring this boat was maned with a crew. while the remainder of us went to work and Built a larger one. they went to the mountain for the gunwhales, and brought them down to the river and sawed plank out of the Cotton wood and put it together with wooden pins. Calked and pitched it."

Finally, on June 3, "we launched this big boat and commenced ferrying with it. it worked nice and the emigrants were anchously waiting to give us \$4 a waggon to take them over the Platte was about 10 feet deep and one hundred and fifty yards wide. during this delay we had exchanged our oxen and waggons for four horses harness and wagon. . . . Capt Lytle gave us \$125 for what we had done on the Boats. this we divided equally between us and we Crossed the River with our new team on the new Boat, took leave of Capt Lytle and Company and Started."<sup>15</sup>

Jesse W. Crosby, who also was enroute to the English mission, and who also had helped in the boat building, says there were 16 in the party left at the ferry, and adds that the boats "were managed by means of large ropes stretched across the stream, then with pully blocks working on the before named rope, then Guy ropes attached to each end of the boat, and to the two blocks with pulleys, then drop one end of the boat so that the force of the current pressing against it will push the boat across, then reverse the process and the boat will recross and make in about five minutes."<sup>16</sup>

Evidence of continued stiff competition for business is preserved in the year's overland diaries. Lorenzo Sawyer, arriving June 3, found "four boats running, one of which belonged to the Mormons."<sup>17</sup> Madison Berryman Moorman, on June 29, clarifies this somewhat by explaining that there were "four boats belonging to two parties:—one called the 'Missouri Ferry' & the other the 'Mormon Ferry.' The latter had but one boat & and the former three—all Buoy-boats. They are decidedly the best boats I ever saw—much



better than steam on as rapid a stream as this foaming Platte. . . . The Mo. Ferry, as I was told by the ferryman—averages about three hundred wagons a day at five dollars each, besides multiplied hundreds of oxen—horses & mules at from fifty cents to one dollar a piece.”<sup>18</sup> Sawyer had found the fees slightly more moderate than Moorman, \$4 per wagon and 25 cents per head for animals. These prices marked a stiff advance over those which prevailed in the first year of the ferry, and are evidence of the pressure upon the ferry facilities. This year, as in 1849, it seems to have been necessary for immigrants to register and wait their turn at the ferry.<sup>19</sup>

For the last two years the Mormon ferry presumably was maintained, little information seems to have survived. Although I have not searched the overland journals exhaustively, I have not seen a Mormon ferry mentioned in 1851, and only by the Clark-Brown party in 1852. John Hawkins Clark wrote on June 22, 1852, that his company paid \$32 for the passage of the river, adding plaintively, “these plainmen do not forget to charge. All have to ferry their wagons, but most of the immigrants swim their stock. Many cattle have been lost at this point and the ferryman has a record of fifteen men drowned within the last month. The boatman had, I think, located this ferry on a difficult place in the river in order to force custom over it.” Clark does not say specifically that the ferry was run by Mormons, but Godfrey C. Ingram, a member of the party whose reminiscences are quoted by Louise Barry in editing the Clark journal, says that “there was some Mormons that had a ferry here they charged five dollars a wagon and men had to swim their teams or stock.”<sup>20</sup>

The end of the Platte ferries was foreshadowed in 1851, when the first mention of a bridge appears in the overland journals.<sup>21</sup> John S. Zeiber, on July 12, 1851, noted the presence of a bridge one mile above Deer Creek, or some 27 miles below the site of the original Mormon ferry, but as he himself was here traveling up the north bank of the river, a route first used by wagons in 1850, he had no occasion to resort to either bridge or ferry.<sup>22</sup> Albert Carrington, who had gone east in the fall of 1850 with Captain Stansbury, and who was enroute back to Utah, commented on this bridge on August 2, 1851, but he too was traveling up the north bank and did not use the bridge.<sup>23</sup> Robert Robe, who was one of those to travel up the south bank this year, wrote in his journal on June 22, “Travelled from Deer creek, which is a good camping place and arrived in the evening at the upper Ferry. There is a bridge over Platte

at Deer creek but this does not seem to be much used. There is also an intermediate ferry but this [i.e., the upper ferry] is generally used."<sup>24</sup>

A year later another traveler coming up the north bank of the Platte wrote in his journal on June 29, "Our camp tonight is a few miles above the crossing of the North Platte, where the emigrants who traveled on the south side of the river crossed over to the road of those who traveled on the north side of the Platte. We understand that there is a bridge at this crossing of the Platte."<sup>25</sup> This diarist did not himself see the bridge, and his hearsay information does not permit an authoritative answer to the question whether the bridge actually was at the Upper Crossing or near Deer Creek.

The idea has been prevalent that the first substantial bridge across the North Platte was built in the winter of 1858-59, but the universal testimony of the overland journals is that such a bridge existed from 1853 on.<sup>26</sup> The later bridge is supposed to have been built by John Richard, but he was probably concerned in the bridge from the beginning. The 1853 diaries I have examined do not specifically mention Richard, but his name appears early enough in the overland journals to make it a reasonable certainty that the Platte Bridge was his enterprise from its inception. J. Robert Brown wrote in 1856, "The brothers Richards (pro. Rashaw) own the post and bridge here, and are coining money from it; they have made over \$200,000 apiece, but that demon, gambling, keeps them down. They appear to be very clever men. They are from Florissant, [Missouri]."<sup>27</sup>

A correspondent of the *Missouri Republican*, writing in that paper as early as November 2, 1853, called the Platte Bridge a "substantial" affair, but it is not inconceivable that it was replaced by another structure early in 1858, for a later correspondent of the *Republican*, writing from Rulo, Nebraska, under date of August 22, 1858, comments, "Our fellow-citizens, Charles Martin and Wm. Renceleur, have just arrived from the Platte Bridge. They made the trip to this place in seventeen days. Their partner in the bridge, John Richards Esq., came with them."<sup>28</sup> They brought news of the high excitement over the Pikes Peak gold discoveries, which doubtless gave a healthy fillip to their business.

But it is not my purpose to pursue the history of the Platte Bridge, noted as it became in the history of Wyoming. A more useful object will be served by providing some biography of William A. Empey as an introduction to his diary of 1847.

William Adam Empey was born July 4, 1808, at Ossna-brook, Stormont County, Canada, the son of Adam and Margaret Steenbergh Empey. His parents and grandparents were born in upper New York, but at some indeterminate date before William's birth moved to Canada. It is not known just when William became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Mormon Church, but it was at some time anterior to the death of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.

In accordance with Mormon doctrine of the time, before the evacuation from Nauvoo Empey was "sealed" to Brigham Young as an "adopted son," and subsequently he often signed his name "William Y. Empey." When Brigham Young set out from Winter Quarters in 1847 to find an abiding place for the Saints, Empey was enlisted as a member of the fifth company of ten. After the formation of a night guard became prudent, he was one of 50 men selected, a distinction he found onerous, as the entries in his diary make plain. He had a reputation as a sober, conscientious, entirely dependable person, and his journal exhibits all these qualities.

The first pages of his journal are missing, the record beginning on May 7, three weeks after the journey commenced, and a week after the Mormon Pioneers came down to the north bank of the Platte near Grand Island. The laconic, somewhat monotonous entries made in the early pages of the diary do not compare in interest with other records of the Mormon Pioneer party. But fortunately, just where Empey's diary has most to offer, with the inception of the Mormon ferry, it becomes richest in detail. Though some pages are gone, depriving us of his record of the events of June 27-July 10, information about which must be had from the journal of Appleton M. Harmon, his journal is our sole record of the ferry from July 14 to August 4, Harmon's journal not extending beyond July 13.

With four others, Empey stayed on at the ferry until the arrival of the Mormon family immigration in mid-August of 1847. His journal would lead one to think that he had expected his family with the Second Company. If so, he was disappointed, and accordingly journeyed back to Winter Quarters during the fall.

It is not known absolutely when Empey settled in Salt Lake Valley, but he is included by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers with their lists for 1848,<sup>29</sup> and this seems reasonable because a Great Salt Lake City ordinance of November 10, 1849, appointed him from the Fifteenth Ward as one of a number of assistant supervisors of streets, which prob-



ably would not have happened had he just arrived in the Valley.<sup>30</sup> In February, 1850, he was given by the legislature of the State of Deseret a franchise for a ferry across the Bear River, and he was active at this business during the spring and summer of 1850.<sup>31</sup> The following winter he volunteered or was "called" for the Iron County Mission which settled Parowan, in southern Utah,<sup>32</sup> but evidently he retained an active interest in the operation of ferries, for the first legislature of the Territory of Utah, meeting during the winter of 1851-52, granted to him, Joseph Young, John Young, and David Fullmer the ferry rights for Bear River—meaning of course the lower river above its mouth in Great Salt Lake, rather than the upper river in present Wyoming.<sup>33</sup>

In the summer of 1852 he was one among the Saints called to serve a mission in England—a mission principally interesting because it was the first sent out after the public avowal of the principle and practice of plural marriage, and had the duty of defending that doctrine to the world. The only other diary by Empey known to exist, apart from the one here printed, describes this mission, beginning with his departure from Great Salt Lake City on September 15, 1852, and ending April 20, 1854, when he was again on the frontier preparing to set out for Utah.

Following his return to Utah, he again became associated in the operation of a ferry across the Bear River, but in 1862 was one of those called to strengthen the "Cotton Mission," and the remainder of his life was spent in Utah's "Dixie" country. He established a farm at Tonaquint, at the junction of the Virgin and Santa Clara rivers, and subsequently a ranch between Central and Pine Valley. His last years were devoted to viticulture. He died at St. George, Utah, August 19, 1890, at the age of 82. A Saint who practiced as well as preached the doctrine of plural marriage, he had three wives, Mary Ann Morgan (b. 18-?, d. February 24, 1891), whom he married in 1840 and by whom he had 10 children; Mary Harriet Porter (b. January 4, 1832, d. March 24, 1869), whom he married October 27, 1855, and by whom he had 6 children; and Martha Fielding (b. April 20, 1833, d. February 12, 1912), whom he married March 17, 1857, and by whom he had 9 children.<sup>34</sup>

The journal here reproduced has been deposited by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ida Terry Empey of St. George, Utah, in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and is printed with her permission and that of the library. The manuscript is a loosely sewed notebook 24.8 x 19.5 cm., apparently consisting originally of 16 leaves of 32 numbered

pages. Pages 1-8 and 19-22 have been lost, while p. 32 is blank. The first part of the extant manuscript, to p. 18, is written in blue ink, with the last part in brown.

In writing his diary, Empey ran all the first section of it together, with no paragraph breaks whatever until the entry for June 26. To make this part of the diary more easily read, arbitrary paragraphing has been enforced upon it, though without eliminating his characteristic use of the conjunction "and," which is left at the end of many a paragraph. After June 26, perhaps influenced by the example of Appleton Harmon, from whose journal Empey seems at times to have copied, Empey characteristically wrote the date centered on the page, with the entry under it, an arrangement which has also been altered slightly in this printing.

The important hiatus in the Empey diary for the period June 27-July 10 has been filled, in the interests of a complete record of the Mormon ferry during 1847, from a transcription of the Harmon journal in the possession of the Utah State Historical Society, obtained through the courtesy of Harmon's daughter, Mrs. Julia Kessler, of Bountiful, Utah. Harmon's journal, itself incomplete, has recently been printed by Maybelle Harmon Anderson as *Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West* (Berkeley, 1946), though unfortunately with some excisions and some not always well-considered corrections of his spelling. The original of Harmon's diary is in the custody of the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office.

Other records of the Mormon Pioneer party which have been used in editing the Empey diary include *William Clayton's Journal* (Salt Lake City, 1921); Howard Egan's *Pioneering the West* (Salt Lake City, 1917), used in conjunction with Egan's original manuscript diary, now in the Coe Collection at Yale; the *Autobiography of Pioneer John Brown* (Salt Lake City, 1941); Matthew Cowley's *Wilford Woodruff, His Life and Labors* (Salt Lake City, 1909); Orson Pratt's "Interesting Items Concerning the Journeying of the Latter-Day Saints from the City of Nauvoo, Until Their Location in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," printed originally in the *Liverpool Millennial Star*, 1849-50, vols. XI-XII, and lately reprinted separately at Salt Lake City by N. B. Lundwall as *Exodus from Modern Israel*; the diary of Erastus Snow, first published in *Improvement Era*, 1911-12, vols. XIV-XV, and subsequently reprinted in part and evidently with greater fidelity to the original manuscript in the *Utah Humanities Review*, 1948, vol. II; the diary of Lorenzo Dow Young and his wife Harriet, in *Utah Historical*

*Quarterly*, 1946, vol. XIV; the diary of Heber C. Kimball, published incomplete (because of the suspension of that magazine in 1940) in *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, 1939-40, vols. XXX-XXXI; and the extracts from the diary of Horace K. Whitney published in *Improvement Era*, 1947, vol. XLIX. Some diaries in manuscript which have also been used, from typed transcriptions in the collection of the Utah State Historical Society, include the important record by Norton Jacob, the no less important diary kept by Albert Carrington for Amasa Lyman (Carrington kept another, almost identical, for George A. Smith,<sup>35</sup> which—like the original of the Lyman diary—is in the custody of the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office), and the journal of Levi Jackman. Other diaries of the Pioneer party, not normally accessible to students, are in the possession of the Historian's Office.

Information helpful in the editing of William Empey's diary has been provided by Mrs. Juanita Brooks of St. George, who first brought the record to my attention, Mrs. Ida Terry Empey of St. George, Utah, Mrs. Effie Miller, Payson, Utah, and Mrs. Ruth Gubler, Panguitch, Utah, grand-daughters of Empey; Mr. Everett D. Graff of Chicago and Mr. Thomas W. Streeter of Morristown, N. J., well-known Chicago book collectors who examined certain rare titles in their collections for my benefit; Mrs. Brenda R. Giesecker, Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Priscilla Knuth, Research Associate in the Oregon Historical Society, who searched the manuscript collections of the Society for information and clues to information about the 1847 Oregon immigrants, and who also sent me numerous helpful references from Sarah Hunt Steeves' *Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers* (Portland, 1927); and the Utah State Historical Society, which has been helpful in more ways than I could hope to list. Numerous references to contemporary newspapers in the notes are from transcripts in my possession, gathered in connection with my researches for a larger history of Mormonism, for which I must express an obligation to a fellowship granted me by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.



## NOTES FOR INTRODUCTION

1. Brief biographies of all these men are printed by Andrew Jensen in his *Latter-day Saints' Biographical Encyclopedia*, vols. 2 and 4, though it will be seen in the light of the information in Empey's journal that most of these biographies are faulty insofar as they relate to the ferry.

2. "Pioneer Diary of Eliza R. Snow," *Improvement Era*, April, 1944, vol. XLVII, p. 239.

3. Riley Root, *Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon* (Galesburg, Ill., 1850), p. 20.

4. Hosea Stout, Journal No. 4, typed transcription in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society.

5. See the narrative by Osborne Cross, as edited by Raymond W. Settle, *The March of the Mounted Riflemen* (Glendale, 1940), pp. 110-112. The army officers found it more expedient to have their wagons ferried across by the Mormons at \$4 each than to build rafts and hazard their wagons to them. The river was crossed July 2-3, 1849.

6. Appleton M. Harmon, Autobiography, typed transcription in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society; printed in *Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West* (Berkeley, 1946), pp. 53, 54.

7. Documentary History of the Church, 1849, p. 85, MS. in L. D. S. Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

8. See Johnston's *Experiences of a 49er*, (Pittsburgh, 1892), or the edition printed at Oakland, 1948, under the title, *Overland to California*.

9. William Kelly, *Across the Rocky Mountains, from New York to California* (Second Edition, London, 1852), pp. 126, 127. The first edition, *An Excursion to California over the Prairie, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada* (London, 1851), has different pagination.

10. Diary of [T. G.?] Caldwell, printed as an appendix to the diaries of J. Goldsborough Bruff in Georgia Willis Read's and Ruth Gaines' *Gold Rush* (New York, 1944) vol. II, p. 1255.

11. "Diary of Trip to California in 1849. Written by Israel F. Hale," *Quarterly of the Society of California Pioneers*, June, 1925, vol. II, p. 85.

12. Read and Gaines, *op. cit.*, vol. I, p. 46.

13. Amos Batchelder, *Journal of a Tour Across the Continent of North America from Boston, via Independence, Missouri, the Rocky Mountains, to San Francisco in 1849*, MS., typed transcription in my possession.

14. Howard Stansbury, *Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, Including a Reconnaissance of a New Route Through the Rocky Mountains* (Washington, 1853), pp. 60, 61.

15. Appleton M. Harmon, Autobiography, MS. cited in Note 6.

16. "History and Journal of the Life and Travels of Jesse W. Crosby," *Annals of Wyoming*, July, 1939, vol. XI, pp. 187, 188.

17. Lorenzo Sawyer, *Wayside Sketches* (New York, 1926), p. 39.

18. *The Journal of Madison Berryman Moorman 1850-1851* (San Francisco, 1948), p. 33.

19. C. S. Abbott, *Recollections of a California Pioneer* (New York, 1917), pp. 40, 41.

20. "Overland to the Gold Fields of California in 1852," *Kansas Historical Quarterly*, August, 1942, vol. XI, p. 257.

21. Irene D. Paden, in *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner* (New York, 1943), p. 198, remarks that in 1849 "a few travelers noted a precarious bridge three miles below the site of the later bridge near the ferry," built by a fur company, and "apparently of no importance or use to the emigrants." She does not cite a source and I have seen no reference to a bridge across the Platte before 1851.

22. "Diary of John S. Zeiber, 1851," *Transactions of the Forty-Eighth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1920 (Portland, 1921), p. 317.

23. "Diary of Albert Carrington," in *Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Heart Throbs of the West* (Salt Lake City, 1947), vol. VIII, p. 121.

24. "Robert Robe's Diary While Crossing the Plains in 1851," *Washington Historical Quarterly*, January, 1928, vol. XIX, p. 53.

25. "Diary of E. W. Conyers, a Pioneer of 1852," *Transactions of the Thirty-Third Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1905 (Portland, 1906), p. 453.

26. See, e.g., the diaries of 1853 kept by Orange Gaylord, *Transactions of the Forty-Fifth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1917 (Portland, 1920); Celinda E. Hines, *Transactions of the Forty-Sixth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1918 (Portland, 1921); Velina A. Williams, *Transactions of the Forty-Seventh Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1919 (Portland, 1922); John (or David) Dinwiddie, *The Frontier*, March, 1928; and Thomas Flint, *Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California* (Los Angeles, 1923).

Flint wrote on July 29, 1853, "Passed a bridge across the Platt—a very strong one built of hewn timbers. Reported to have cost \$14,000."

27. J. Robert Brown, *A Journal of a Trip Across the Plains of the U. S., from Missouri to California, in the year 1856* (Columbus, Ohio, 1860), pp. 51, 52.

28. *St. Louis Missouri Republican*, September 1, 1858.

29. *Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Heart Throbs of the West* (Salt Lake City, 1948), vol. IX, p. 484.

30. *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1940, vol. VIII, pp. 237, 238.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 99; Journal of Lt. John W. Gunnison, MS., typed transcription in my possession.

32. George A. Smith, Journal of the Iron County Mission, MS., typed transcription in the Utah State Historical Society's WPA Collection.

33. *Laws of Utah*, 1852, pp. 167-169.

34. Biographical details when not otherwise documented are from a manuscript biographical sketch of Empey's life in the possession of Mrs. Ida Terry Empey. A copy is in the Utah State Historical Society.

35. Extracts from the diary of George A. Smith are being printed in *The Instructor*, organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union of the L. D. S. Church, and as this issue of *Annals of Wyoming* goes to press (July, 1949), *The Instructor* has reached the beginning of Smith's account of the Pioneer journey of 1847.

## THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM A. EMPEY

May 7-August 4, 1847

noon it is a valley of dry bones for it looks as thousands of buffalows killed in the big platt it is a Delight ful country it appears as though there were milions of buffelows killed on this place The platt is about one mile in weadth and is about 2 feet and a half on a everage some of Brother Brigham teams give out on account of the of the pararie being burnt and the buffalow being so numerous that they have eaten the pararie bare we have averaged a bout 10 miles per Day, up to this preasant time being being the 7th of the month;

we Started as usesial on the 8 and all was peace and quietness but our teams bing gun to fail the weather is cold for the time of the year we saw some hundreds of buffalow this morning where we camped at night near the Big platt<sup>1</sup> and we was a blige to sent out men to keep the buffalow from our cattl wee had a good nights rest and

persued on our journey on the 9 [8] of the [?] we saw severl thousands of buffalow they would follow us for miles and we would set out Dogs on them to see them run. some times they would fight the dogs we this Day saw a bout 50 thousand but if I would com to the in particular I think I could say with in bounds that there were 1.00 thousand we travled 14 [11¼] miles and they were so thick in places that that no person could see through them, for they were like a cloud strung along both sides of the river and in [?] every ille lan [i.e., island] a long the platt<sup>2</sup> the woolfs are so numers that as son as you shoot a calf or buffalow that before you can get to the camp and back to fetch the meat the wolves has got persession of them; no grass for our teams on account of buffalows there is many Lies Dead I think on account of faood [?], we have made an estament of the distance up to this presant Date up to the bluffs being the 9 of May, thea numbrs of miles is 3,39 miles;<sup>3</sup> we rested this night in peace and

we arose as usesial by the sound of the bugal being the sabbath day and made preperations for a march on account of no food for our teams it being the 9 [10] of the month traveled 5 [3½] miles and camped, the brethren took a rope and run up to a buffalow caught him around the horns and Drove him for a little Distance and let him go we enjoied our selves well through the Day we had a meeting Br Amasy Lyman opined the meeting by prayer and Brother Orson pratt give us a fine Lecture on the good feelings that existe amounst the Brethren he said he traveled to far west but



he never traveled amongst so many men that observed so good order and he new that the spirit of god weighs [?] in the camp Brother Amasy Lyman followed by making some good remarks that was applicable to our case and so Did Brotherly woodruff and Br Benson<sup>4</sup>

On May 10 we journey on and and traveled 10 [9¾] miles and campeped<sup>5</sup> Shot one buffalow and one Deer and rested in peace and

on the 11 we started on wards to wards the mountains the weather is fine and we had but one shower of rain the season peares [?] to be verry Dry we are now a bout the south faulk [fork] and north faulk on the big platt near the bluffs we are enjoining good health through the camp and all peace except Zebedee Coulter [Coltrin] he and Brother [Sylvester H.] Earl separated this morning; Coulten has Done all the Rangling in the camp; with in a few exceptions he is counted by the majority of the camp a quarles some man Brother Earl appears to be a fine man and is well thought of by the camp of Pioneers the north Faulk a bout 1 mile in weadth the water is like the Masuira [Missouri] water we camped for the night and rested in peace we traveld 8 [8½] miles<sup>6</sup> and

on the 12th we started by the sound of the bugal and saw severl flocks of buffalow and also saw were the indians killed severl and took the hides and skin and tongs And leff the meat Lie on the pararie the food is Giting better on account of the buffalow is not so numers it apears that the indians has hunted them a great deal the Land where we traveled to Day we traveled 12 miles campped for the night;<sup>7</sup> the hunters Shot 1 buffalow and we had to use buffalow chips for fewel to cook with the weather is verry Disagreeable it is cold for the season of the year; we have traveled riseing of 300 and 50 miles and have not traveled 25 rods through the timber so you may perceive that there is verry little timber; we rested in peace for the night, and

made ready for to persue on our journey it being the 13 of the month we traveled a bout 5 miles and bated our teams one our and then made our way on our journey and came to the bluff, conjunction fork river<sup>8</sup> we traveled 12 miles and camped for the night and rested in peace

we arose as usesial by the sound of the signal and paid our Devotions to to our Father in heaven; and had to clime the bluffs a bout 3 miles this Day we Shot 2 antilopes and 2 buffalow this was on the 14 of the month we traveled 11 [8] miles and 3 quarters and camped<sup>9</sup> about 11 o clock at night one of the gard [Rodney Badger] shot at what he supposed to be an indian he said he was a bout to take

hold of one of the mules we all gathered our teams and rested in peace for the night, and

on the 15 of the month we started and traveled a bout 3 [2¼] miles and camped on account of rain it cleared off and then we started on and traveled about 8 [6] miles and 3 quarters and camped for the night<sup>10</sup> we Shot 1 buffalow and 2 antilopes the weather is getting a little milder this was Done on the 15 of may we rested in peace for the night and

on the 16 of thee month we rested on the sabath Day in peace the hunters shot 1 buffalow and 1 antilope Brother [Willard] Richard[s] and B heber [C. Kimball] and some others preached to the camp telling them the importance of our mishion, and the responsibility that rested on us as peoineers in keeping the commandments of god, he said he traveled to far west with a bout 2 hundred but he said he never traveled with a company that kept so good order and he felt theat god was with us and he knew that the angels was continualey a round and a bout us to open our way to the place where god Desire for the saint to have a resting place where kings and quenn and all the rich would come to hear the word of the Lord and we as peioneers would be look on as angels of god and many more blessings to numerous to mention<sup>11</sup> this Day and night pased in peace and

on the 17 we prepared to start on our jurney we passed severl butifull springs which came out of the bluffs and we traveled a bout 2 miles over the bluffs and came to a butifull flatte<sup>12</sup> and the hunters shot 3 buffalow and 1 antilope and we camped for the night and we traveled 12 miles and 3 quarters and we rested from our Day travel and paid our Devotions to almighty god for his kind care over us; and

we arose as usesial by the sound of the bugal and prepared to take our march brother Brigham called the captians to gether and addressed them teling them the evil of killing so much game and wounded so many buffalow and wasting so mutch aminution and teling the camp to be care full of the meat that they had on hand they should not shoot any birds of any kind without orders from him; the bugle sounded and we started as usesial a long the platt we crossed a butifull stream of water wich proceded out of the bluffs<sup>13</sup> we also passed a little island wich was full of read sedar [red cedar] and on the opposite side of the river the bluffs [Cedar Point] came to the waters edge wich was butifull ly a dorrend with butifull read sedar and the cliffs of rocks we traveled 7 miles and a half and bated our teams the game is plenty buffalow antilopes

Deers and fowls & hares we traveled 15 miles and 3 quarters and camped for thee night and rested in peace and a rose at the sound of the bugal at 5 o clock and started and traveled 3 miles to git better food for our teams we bated on our and refreshed our selves with a good breakfast and started on our journey as usesial and came to the bluffs<sup>14</sup> were we crossed the bluffs was a mile and a quarter and came to the platt on the leavel the wather bein rather wet and rainy we halted for about 3 ours and started on and when started it began to rain we halted for the night and camped in a half a circle we traveled 8 miles it being the 19 of the month, and

on the 20 we arose and made ready for our journey and started at the sound of the bugal and traveled 7 miles 3 quarters and bated our teams 1 our we have traveled a bout 90 miles without seeing on the north side of the platt a tree large anught for a hand spike till to Day we passed a read sedar a bout 3 feet a cross the stump the bluffs on both sides of the north bank is bluffs with legges of rocks and on the opposite side is groves of read sedar and mulbry trees and a fee scrubs of brush I have benn chosen as a Capt of ten for the purpose of night gard and have to stand every 3 night witch makes it purtey Sevear but it is nessay for it to be so<sup>15</sup> we camped to Day at noon the boys took skiff and crossed the platt and found where the road came Down from the south platt as [?] across to the north right opposite of us the place is knon by the nane of it is the ash hollow there an indian killed a white man for his horse and Brother Brown helped to berry him,<sup>16</sup> so we prepared to start and crossed cassel Creek a butifull Stream and sand bottom<sup>17</sup> we traveled 15 miles and 3 quarters and camped for the night and rested for the night; an

made ready for a start on the 21 of may and crosse an nother Creek [Lost Creek] and travele 7 miles and 3 quarters and halted and bated our teams one our and Started on our journey as usesial the weather being in our favour it was arfine Day and the bluffs and legges of rock on the opposite sid of fork. We camped for thee night in a circle<sup>18</sup> there came 3 indians to us Dressed in mens clothing they started back on their horses over the bluffs their horses appeared to be team horses<sup>19</sup> we rested in peace for the night,

on the 22 we started as usesial by the sound of the bugal to persue our journey the weather being fine and pleasant; the sous indians has caves in the legges rocks of the bluffs so that you come up on them un a wares it is not safe for one man to leave the Camp we traveled a bout 15 and a half



a bout 6 miles was over a Dessert place a bout 2 miles over the bluffs we passed severl Dry creeks there were a butifull groves on the opposite side of the river we camped for the night and rested in peace<sup>20</sup> and

arose on the 23 of thee month on the sabbath Day and rested and had Brother Brigham preach to us and said that he was sasfied with the Brothren for their be haveiour was good fore he said that he never asked them or required any request but what it was done the weather Darkened and it began to thunder and lighting and the wind began to blow and Rain and hail it was a Disagreeable night it being the 23 of the month and

on the 24 we arose and made ready for a start it being colder then I ever saw at this time a year it snowed a Little the bluffs was 2.35 feet a bove the Level of the water we started at the sound of the bugal on our jurney and traveled 10 miles and bated our teams and while we were taken our Dinner there came 2 indians up to the camp and we gave them some Dinner they went off and a bout 2 ours after there came 35 indians and squaws [Here inter-lineated is: We traveled 15 miles  $\frac{1}{2}$ ] Dressed in the most genteal manner<sup>21</sup> we gave them their suppers and they camped with us all night we risted in peace and in quieeness<sup>22</sup>

we arose in the morning and made ready for our jurney being the 25 of the month thoes were the sous indians we travele 12 miles and camped and rested in peace a little below Chimley [Chimney] rock this rock is 2.60 feet in height and 10 by 12 in seadth on the top<sup>23</sup>

we arose as uselial being the 26 of the month the hunters shot 5 antiopes and camped and took our Dinners and started on the bluffs is a great height no wood growing on this side of the platt in situ the weather is pleasant but cold nights we reached Chimley rock wich is 2.60 feet in height it is a Delightfull country the atmus phere is pleasant and clear, we traveled 12 [12 $\frac{1}{4}$ ] miles and camped for the night<sup>24</sup> and rested in peace, and

started on the 27 and traveled 6 miles and bated our teams one our the mountains is a great height there is one lone thwer [i.e., tower] on the opposite side of the river the hunters killed 4 antilopes; we travele 13 miles and 3 quarters and camped in a circle for the night<sup>25</sup> and rested in peace; and

a rose by the sound of thee bugal as uselial and made ready for our jurney it being 28 of the month it rained a little through the night and at Day Light there was a fine mist of rain the country is in Different places Dersert and barren except what they call Devils touns which grows on a Dersert<sup>26</sup>

the mountains is a great height a Long the platt the country is a Live with woolves & it rained till 10 oclock be fore we started on our jurney and had a fine Day for traveling we Drove 11 miles and a half and camped for the night<sup>27</sup> I planted my men on gard as usesial and at 12 oclock it began to rain a litle and

at Day light we a rose as usesial and paid our Devotions to our Father in heaven it being 29 of of the month it kept on raining a so it hindered us from starting at our regular our we was called together and Brother Brigham addressed us with the Word of the Lord to repent of uur sins and and folleys wich we was giltey of before the Lord sutch as Dansing and Dice playing and card playing wich [?] jump-ing Loud Lafter and all such habbits wich was a bomation in the sight of god and was a stink in his norstels he went on to tell us our Duty towards our god that we might better Spend our Luisier moments in prayer or in reading some good Books or in structing each other in righteousness for he knew that if we did not reform and turn to the Lord and repent that we would be cut of and would not have a preavilege to go on the mishion that we was appointed to be called for the [?] the cats [i.e., captains] of tens to call out their men for he said he was not in a hurry nor would not go with men that had such a trifeling spirit he then called for a vote and a covnant of all thoes that would sererve the true and Living god he called on the twelve first wich was unanimous then on the high priest and then on the seventies and then on the elders and all and all thoes that that was not willing to reform would have the privileg to go back and he request all sutch would go we all as a man covenanted before god and man that we would reform and serve the true and Living god he then requested us as to morrow was the sabbath that we would fast and pray that god would have mercy uppon us and wood give us more of his holey spirit he then pronounced the blessing of god uppon us as his people and many others blessings that is to numers to mention and said that we was Dis-charged and every man to his waggon to start it being 9 oclock when we started<sup>28</sup> we traveld over a Dersert 4 miles and came to where there were grass and we passed horse Creek on the opposite side of the platt wich is 40 miles from fort Larama we traveled 8 miles and a half the weather being rainy we camped for the night in peace and in Love one with another we retired as usesial by the sound of the bugal and paid our Devotions to god and rested in peace<sup>29</sup>

we a rose as usesial called on the Lord and had a meet-ing at 8 oclock and the good Lord was preasan and blessed

us our meeting brok up at 10 and commenced at 11 and we per took of the Lords supper there, when good instructions to all and our prayers was offered up in the behalf of all saints under all surcumstances that they might recieve more of the spirit of god to gide them in all truth; it commenced raining a littl a bout 3 o clock this Day being 30 of the month we rested in peace and called on the Lord as usesial

we arose in the morning at 4 oclock and returned thanks to almighty god for his Loveing kindness to wards us as his servants we then started at 9 oclock and traveled 10 miles and bated our teams and took our Dinners it being the 31 of may we started and traveled over a Dersert all after noon we traveled 16 miles and 3 quarters and camted for the night a lounng side of a creek called Raw Hide<sup>30</sup> we rested in in peace and

started at 9 oclock it being the first Day of june the weather pleasant and fair we traveled 12 miles and ½ half [12] an came to the fort—Larramie<sup>31</sup> and camped for the night in peace and found some of our Brethren from the missippie 3 famleys 9 men 5 women and 3 children wich came out in the year 1836 [1846] they went to fort perbolo and wintered and came to meet the rest of the saints in the spring<sup>32</sup> we hired a boat and ferried our teams and wag-gons<sup>33</sup> part of them on the 3 of june and visited the fort they treated us with kindness, and

on the fort 4 of june we finished ferring through the night it rained Rappedly; the jentle men of the fort said they had no rain for 2 years before this spring it is a Delo-ate country by all appearances thoes jentle men has got squass for their companions we gathered quite a quantity of beads on the pis aunts houses; the fourt is made of large green [unburnt] brick and is 100 and 68 [?] by a 1.00.16 in weadth and also an old fort a bout the same sise<sup>34</sup> we started about 11 oclock and traveled a bout 8 miles a halted and rested in peace for the night<sup>35</sup> and

started on our journey on the 5the of june and we saw and traveled a long thee black hills [Laramie mountains] it is al Seder and pine and ash and some other kinds of timber we traveled on till a bout 12 oclock and halted by the warm spring wich proceded out of the Mountain<sup>36</sup> while we bated our teams there came a 11 waggons in company for oragon and passed us<sup>37</sup> we then started as usesial and over took the same company and camped for the night we traveled 17 miles. and rested in peace<sup>38</sup> and

got up by the sound of the bugal and paid our Devotions to our Father in Heaven it being the Sabbath Day; we fasted



and prayed one with another and Spoke of the goodness of god to wards us as a people wich was rejected from the jentiles nation I can sureley say that god poured out his spirrit up on us and we enjoied our selves well while at meeting there was reported that there was an nother company our meeting was brought to a close and there passed 19 waggons 72 yokes of cattle besides the Loose stock and horses<sup>39</sup> this [?] we then made preperations to start to it being the 6 of the month to travel 6 miles to a good camping place we starte and over took one of the camps that went by us the same Day and we camped we trave 5 miles and rested in peace<sup>40</sup> and

arose at the sound of the bugal being the 7, of the month there is four companys behind in about 20 miles the country a pears to be helthy and pleasant the Land in the flats is good the mountains is a great height my gard is a blight toe Stand every 3 night half of the of the night we are united in Love and in harmany the spirit of the Lord is with us continuley we started as usesial by the sound of the bugal on our journey and traveled 7 miles and a half and bated our teams oposite of fourt john [Laramie] peak it is a chain of the rockemountains wich is south west course there is quitee a quantity of snow on the mountains; while we were a bating our teams there passed a 13 waggons and teams going to oragon from Illinois<sup>41</sup> this is the 3 company that has passed us in going 40 miles they said that the waar is still going on in Illinois one side a gainst annother<sup>42</sup> we traveled 13 miles and camped for the night a Long horse shoe creek<sup>43</sup> the hunters shot 2 Deer the Deer has black tails and one antilope wich supplid our wants for the preasant we took our suppers and paid our Devotions to our god and rested in peace for the night the mountains is covered with pine and all over the bluffs a Long thee creeks is thee broade Leaf willow and cotton wood

we started on our Journey on the 8 Day of june the weather being verry cold we traveled 25 miles and a half and camped for the night a Long side of big timber Creek<sup>44</sup> the hunters shot 2 antilopes and one Deer & there came 6 traders from the mountains with 5 teams Loded with furs<sup>45</sup> we rested in peace for the night and

arose on the 9 of the month and started at sun rise to go to better feed and camped and took our break fast and started on as usesial the Day is pleasant but cold wind from the mountain we trave 10 miles and bated our teams and started on our way and Traveled in all 19 miles and a quarter and camped a Lonng side of Alapier Creek<sup>46</sup> were we enjoied our selves in peace and in Love and

started on in the morning it being the 10 of the month we sent of on the 9. 18 waggons and some horse men to secure the bull hide boat that the traders gave us the priviledg of crossing with there were so many companys a head that we knew that if we Did not send some a head we would be Deaiad [delayed]<sup>47</sup> we traveled over the black and read hills on the 9 & we traveled 8 miles and a quarter and bated our teams a Long side of Fourche Boisce Creek; we then started on and traviled this 17 miles and 3 quarters and camped a Long side of Deer creek it is a Delightful place situated a Long side of the Platt we left the platt 18 miles a bove Ft. john on the 5 of june and we traveled over the Black and read hills and came to the platt on the 10 of the month; we rested in peace and in quiteness and

started on the 11 of june at the sound of the bugal the country is more beautiful then we saw it since we Left winters quarters; Brother B Young say he will have a few famley farm it on Deer Creek for it is a Delightful place<sup>48</sup> we found a coal mind a half a mile Long and 10 feet thick of first quality of coal<sup>49</sup> we traveled 9 miles and a quarter in the fouer noon a long side of the platt in cotton wood grove and we traveled in the after noon 7 miles and 3 quarters which makes 17 miles and camped a Long side of the platt in a butifull valley<sup>50</sup> we rested in peace for the night I for got to say that I shot one antelope on the 11 and there were 7 or 8 shot the same Day shot

we started on our jurney as uselial by the sound of the bugal it being the 12 of june we traveled and Traveled 11 miles and a quarter and came to were our company was ferreying the Emmagrants a cross the platt<sup>51</sup> we had a Dollar and a half a waggon for 22 waggons we got flour at 2 Dollars and a half per hundred and bacon at 6 Dollars per hundred.<sup>52</sup> we rested in peace for the night and

on the 13 of the month was the Sabbath we held a prayer meeting and had Br Kimble Speak to us and also Br Young we truley was blessed with the spirit of the Lord was in our midst after metting Br young counceled us to take one team to each ten and a few men with guns and axes and go to the mountains [Casper Range] and cut pine poles for ferrying a cross the Platt so we Started and went accordingly and Got to the mountains and there we found plentey snow on the 13 of june we washed our faces with snow we came back with our poles at 9 oclock at night it being 7 miles to the mountains opposite of of the ferry on the platt and

on the 14 of june we commenced ferriing a cross the platt takeing 2 waggons side of each other and put holes

[poles] under the the waggons and Lashed them fast and took a Long rope a cross the stream and some [worked] on raffs and as we come menced our opperations we soon found that this would not Do we then made 4 or five raffs and we on the 15 of the month we got a bout 2 thirds a cross the platt the weather being rather to our Disadvantage it being stormmey<sup>54</sup> on the 16 of the month in the four noon we passed over severl waggons and the the wind began to blow and the water began to rise some did not not do much in the after noon but prepar our craffs on [?] for the night there come too companyes of emagrants one was from Masura and the others from ohiwa and came to us to make a bargan for to have us to Cross them we a greed to Do so for pay<sup>55</sup> Br Young then thought it would be wisdom for some of our Brethern to go to work and make toe canoes and make a ferry and pint some good faith full men to stay at the platt and cross all the companeys that would come so we might get means to sustains thee saints and he would not have any men to stay that would not come on when our Brethren came that we might go on with them The wind a bated a bout 4 oclock in the after noon and we ferried over severl teams and rested in peace for the night and

on the 17 of the mont we commenced ferriing and ferryed over severl waggons and then the wind commenced blowing so we was a blige to stop we got too canoe made to ferry with and too raffs the canoes worked first rate so we Laid by the raffs and worked with the canoes we finished ferring our teams and waggons on the 17 of the month;<sup>56</sup> and on the 19 of june the camp started on their journey; we ferried a cross the platt besides our teams of the Emagrants 64 waggons wich a mounted to 94 dollars wich we took provishions for flower at 2 Dollars and 50 cents per hundred, and pork at 6 per hundred; on the 18 we ferried all Day for the emagrants and on the 19 we ferried 16 waggons wich finished ferring for them the twelve set in council and appointed 9 men to stay and ferry till our Brethren the 2 camp came up so that we might assis them in crossing and we might have all we made in ferring we then was called together thoes that where chosen to stay and Brother Brigham young gave us in struct how to proceed with the jentiles

North Fork of Platt River Upper Ferry: Juene 18; 1847  
125 miles west of Fort

Laraie or St john<sup>57</sup>

Instructions to Thomas Grover John J [S] Higbee Wm Empey; appleton m Harman. Edmund Elsworth. Luke johnson Francies. m. Pomera, James Devenport & Benjamine



F Stewart: Brethren as you are a bout to stop at this place for a little season for the purpose of passing Emagrants over the river, and assisting the saints. We have thought fit appoint Thomas Grover Superintendent of the ferry, and of your Company; which if you approve; we want you to agree that you will follow his council implicitly and, without gainsaying; and we desire that you will be agreed in all your operations, actions in Concert keeping together continually, and not scatter to hunt, &c, and at your leisure moments put up a comfortable room that will afford yourselves and horses protection against the Indians should a war partey pass this way; but, first of all, see that you boat is properley coupled; by fastining Raw Hides over the tops of the Canoes, or some better process. Complete the Landings and be carefull of the Lives and property of all you labour for, remembering that you are responsible for all accidents though your carelessness or negligence and see that ye Retain not that which belongeth to the Traveller

For one wagon . . Familey &. you will charge \$1.50 fo payment in Flower and Provisions at state prices; or three Dollars in cash, but you had better take young stock at a fair valation in stead of cash. and. a team if you shall want the same to remove

Should generl Emigration cease before our brethren arrive—Cachet your effects and return to Laramie and wait thier arrival and come on with them to the place of location and we promis you that, the superintendent of the Ferry shall never lack wisdom or knowledge to devise and council you in righteousness and for your best good; if you will always be a greed; and in all humility watch and pray without ceasing

When our Emigration companies arrives: if the river is not fordable, ferry them, and let them who are able pay a reasonable sum, the the council of their camp will decide who are able to pay.

Let a strict account be kept of every mans labour also of all Wagons and teams &c ferried and of all receipts and expenditures allowing each according to his labor and justice; and if any one feels aggrieved let him not murmur; but be patient till you come up, and let the council decide and the way not to be aggrieved is for every man to Love his brother as him self

By order, and in behalf of the council

We remain your Brethren in Christ

Brigham Young President

we the Subscribers whose names inserted in the foregoing instructions fully concur therein and cheerfully agree that we will implicitly follow the Council therein contained; and that of our Superintendent according to best of our ability relying on our Heavenly Father continually for his assistance in testimony whereof we have here unto set set our hands at the time and place above specified

Thomas Grover  
Appleton M. Harmon  
John S Higbee  
Frances m Pomeray

Edmund Ellsworth  
James Devenport  
Benjamin F Stewart  
Luke Johnson

and

on the 20 we finished Ferying the company<sup>58</sup> and on the 21 Capt grover chosed too men to go to Deer creek for a load of coals at Deer creek the Distance of 30 miles Wm Y Empey and steward was appointed to go wich was Disagreeable on account of indians but we went<sup>59</sup> we traveled within 2 miles of Deer creek and there we on 22 we got our Load of coal and returned on our journey on the 22. and on the 23 we arrived to our Ferry;<sup>60</sup>

on the 23 there came 4 Canadian Traders and one squaw with 6 horses and they stopped all night with us<sup>61</sup> and

on the 24 there came 2 men in a carriage and got some work done in the Line of black smithing they told us that there were severl Companies between St john and were we was at the ferry the Companies of our Brethren from Purbelow was on there way to California on our rout

Friday the 25th in the morning we ferried John Bat-tice<sup>62</sup> & 3 of his companions french men & one squaw they had 10 horses with them Capt Wm Vaughn<sup>63</sup> & his company arived a bout noon & imploy us to Ferry him & company not with standing a man from the upper ferry met them some 8 miles below here & proffered them the use of the Ferry boat gratis we ferried 5 of their waggons & way obliged to stop on a count of winds blowing. Capt Hodge arived with with 11 waggons<sup>64</sup> we a greed to ferry them for 5 [50] cents a waggon thinking if we gave the uper ferry no chance of employment they would not remain Long. a bout 5 oclock P. M. John Higby discovered the baby [*i.e.*, *body*] of Wesley T Dustin<sup>65</sup> floting down the river that was drowned june the 19. 2/2 [2½] ms a bove here at Hill Ferry<sup>66</sup> Capt bounyn [Vounyn?] went with the boat picked up the corpes, he was interd by Capt Vanghns Company near our ferry their was found in his possession a pocket knife & a dollar and 60 cents cents in money wich a jentle man Said he would forward to his parents that ware a head

Saturday the 26th we ferried this day 40 waggons which ampleted the 2 companies a bout \$15.00 dollars worthe of black smithing in the after noon the ferry boat that was a bove us came floating down past us Cut to peices the companies that had went up they all got across & they seeing no chance of specalation dis troyed their boats & went a head our arrangement for Labour for this Day is as follows for this Day is as John Higbee<sup>67</sup>

. . . . .

**[Extract from the Journal of Appleton**

**M. Harmon, June 26-July 10, 1847]**

Amasa Lyman Roswell Stephens Thomas Wolsey & 2 of the soldiers arrived a bout 6 P. M. having left Capt [James] Brown & his battalion a few miles back<sup>68</sup>

Sunday the 27th a Company of 11 wagons drove up Mr Cox foreman<sup>69</sup> ferried them for \$16.00 in cash & done \$3.75 worth of blacksmithing for them Capt Brown arived with his Battalion a bout 8 A. M. Capt Saunders<sup>70</sup> company arived a bout 2 P. M. and refused to pay us 75 cts a waggon for ferrying them & got a raft that was left thare by Some of the former Companies & commenced operations Some Jobs of Smithing Commenced for Capt Browns Company 7 of Capt Saunders Co got Sick of raft ing & returned to us & we ferried them for 75 cts a wagon the morning of the 28th

Tuesday June 29th we then ferried Br [Elam] Luddington for \$1.00 2 waggons for Thomas Willeams \$2.00 1 waggon for [William or Benjamin] Matthews \$1.00 & one waggon for Mis [Mrs. Nicholas] Kelly gratis making 75 waggons during the day

Wednesday the 30eth Capt Brown & his Detachment Started as all So Amasa Lyman<sup>71</sup> we ferried Capt Saunders Co or the remainder of it who had refused to give us 75 cts a waggon they havein worked 2 days & got 2 waggons a crost only, & then returned to us & wated until we ferried 90 waggons that ware a head of them & they paid us \$1.00 a waggon for the 12 waggons remaining we then ferried Capt Higgins Co of 23 waggons for \$23.00 in cash<sup>72</sup> also Capt McCloy's [?] Co of 23 waggons<sup>73</sup> & Capt Taylors Co of 12 waggons<sup>74</sup> & Capt Patter Sons Co of 16 waggons<sup>75</sup> & done \$6.50 worth of black Smithing this day we have ferried 73 waggons & made 2 extra trips, 2 of the trips Namely, [Jonathan] Pugmyer & [Marcus] East man Stade here on a furrow<sup>76</sup>



Thursday July the 1st we ferryed Capt F A Collards Co of 18 waggons,<sup>77</sup> Capt Turpens Co mulkey Pilot<sup>78</sup> of 23 waggons Capt Elisha Bidwells Co of 15 waggons<sup>79</sup> & done \$12.85 worth of blacksmithing making 56 waggons this day & we ware all very tiard & wanted rest Capt Palmers Co of 35 waggons<sup>80</sup> went up a bove & we afterwards learned that they crossed on our raft

Friday July the 2ond we ferryed Capt Snooks Co of 17 waggons,<sup>81</sup> Capt Dodsons Co 11 waggons<sup>82</sup> Capt Daniel Putman Co of 11 waggons<sup>83</sup> & done \$7.60 worth of blacksmithing

Saturday the 3rd Weather rather clowdy & a Strong wind from the South Mr. James Bridger of Bridgers fort<sup>84</sup> arived bout 11 A. M. & brought a line from prest Young as follows

June 29, 1847 Little Sandy

Mr Thomas Grover and Company

we introduce to your notice Mr James Bridger who we expected to have seen at his fort he is now on his way to Fort Laramie we wish you to cross him & his 2 men on our a count B Y

he was agoing to Laramie & expected to return to his fort in in time to Pilot the Pioneers through to Salt Lake he said that he could take us to a place that would Suit us, thare ware 4 of our Soldiers form Browns detachment came back with Mr Bridger on a furlow & was agoing to the States,<sup>85</sup> we ferryed Capt Ingersols Co of 11 waggons & 1 extra load for \$12,<sup>86</sup> the oregon mail arived a bout Sun down thare ware 8 men of them & several pack horses & mules they had been ever since the 5th of May on the rout they came by way of California, we fer-ryed their packs for \$1.00<sup>87</sup> I wrote a line by the request of Capt grover to our next Co Notify fying them that we ware here keeping a ferry & intended to stay until they came up giving them all so the latest news we had from the Pioneers, & sent it by mr Bridger to Laramie Ingerslos Co ware agoing to Calafornia

Sunday July the 4th 1847 morning Clowdy & apearnce of rain I wrote a letter to my wife several of the breathering wrote to their wives or relatives & sent the letters by Makas [Marcus] Eastman who went back with the 4 a bove mentioned they Started a bout 10 A. M.<sup>88</sup> F. M. Pumeroy bought a horse of one of them for \$25.00 we ferreyed Capt John McKinneys Co of 27 waggons for \$27.00 & done \$2.35 cts worth of blacksmithing<sup>89</sup>

Monday the 5 of July we ferryed 6 waggons for Retford & Bodall<sup>90</sup> for \$4.00 each

Tuesday the 6th we ferried Capt Wards Co of 18 waggons<sup>91</sup> for 50 cts a wagon & 3 of them went of with out paing their ferage we done \$3.63 cents worth of blacksmithing for them Capt Whitcoms Co of 22 wagons<sup>92</sup> went above to ford which could be done by raising their waggon beds for the river hass been for Some days falling verry fast Capt Hocketts Co of 20 wagons<sup>93</sup> arived here & got Some work done

Wednesday the 7th 1847 we ferried Capt Magones Co of 36 wagons for \$1.00 a waggon 8 waggons of the same Co went above to ford making 44 waggons in Said Co<sup>94</sup> I furnished Capt Magone with the Names of the Captains of all the Companies & the Number of wagons, which he said would be published thare was a catholick bishop & 7 priests in Capt Magones Co 2 of their names ware Blachets the others I did not learn,<sup>95</sup>—8 men from oregon arived with pack horses & mules<sup>96</sup> we ferried them & their packs for \$1.00 & done \$7.75 cts worth of blacksmithing Capt Hocketts Co went above to ford

Thursday the 8th thare was done \$6.40 cts worth of black Smithing & Some other jobs commenced Luke Johnson got \$3.00 for cleaning teeth & Doctoring which was put into the jinal pile

Friday the 9th our men ware imployed this day in the following manner T Grover Wm Empey John Higbee — Johnathan Pugmyer worked at Black Smithing Setting tyer &c I A M Harmon put in an exaltree for Elsworth, & a hown for 1 of the emegrants & assisted in putting on tyer &c L Johnson Doctor ing & cleaning teeth B. F. Stuart at herding Cattle F m Pumeroy hunting his horse Elsworth & Devenport sick—done this day a bout \$30.00 worth of blacksmithing \$2½ worth of waggon work \$3.00 Doctoring &c Capt Whiles [White's] Co of 50 waggons passed up a bove us to ford<sup>97</sup>

Saturday the 10th \$7.20 cts worth of blacksmithing done, L Johnson Shot a buffalo a bout 3 ms from here 1 of the emegrants that ware camped here brought it in the Company all together bought about \$100.00 worth of goods of Mr H. Quelling a Quaker<sup>98</sup>—he had a Rhoadometer on 1 of his waggons—Capt Bonsers Co of 12 waggons<sup>99</sup>

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X[The Journal of William A. Empey resumes on July 11.]

Sunday 11 the<sup>100</sup> Received for Blacksmithing \$16. Dol and 45 cents worth for waggon work \$1 Dol for Ferrying 12 waggons of Capt Bonser Co \$10.55 cents in cash we ferried a nusery of 700 Trees they ware apple peach plumb pare Curnd Grapes rasberry and cherries all grow-

ing in a clover patch and were owned by Mr H Lieuellling a Quaker from Salim Iowa & Phineous Young Aaron Faf, Gorge Wodward Herrick Glines Wm Waker, John Cazar arrived from the Camp of Pioniers they Left the camp at Green River july the 4the & got here a bout 10 A M they were a going back to pilot our Brethrening through that were a coming<sup>101</sup> the rive is fordable the Emagrants is nigh done for this year Emagrations & our Bretheren, that were at the ferry thought it adviseable to go back with thoese that had come from the camp to meet their famleys Capt Grover stated that he thought that we would Devide our substance of what we had gained equally amoung us it was a greed so to do

Monday the 12the the Bretrening ware prepareing to go back to Larama When, we Discovered 2 buffalow on the north side of the platt river coming towards us. Luke Johnson & Phineous Young started off persuity [?] of them and soon killed one of them Luke johnson gave him the Death wound and we fetched the buffalow to the camp and Dryed the meat for our Brethren and our selves

Theusday the 13 the Capt Grover Called together our company and addressed us as our capt in the most feeling manner how the Lord had prospered us on the mishon thatt the presadent had appointed to us and said that he was a bout to Leave for a short time to go to meet his famley and he would nomiate Wm Y Empey for Capt in his Abscence till his return it was second and carried there were six of us to stay nameley John Higbee Who is quite sick Luke johnson james Devenport A M Harmon and Br Glines, and after they went off we went to work at cuting up our meat to Drye it for the compy Devenport refused to work and said that if we moved his tools he would not set them up a gain to work he told Br Glines that if he went to work he would hire a man he told Br Luke johnson the same Br Appleton harmon the same

Wensday the 14 the we moved our waggons to the upper Ferry were there was good feed for our teams and stock on the platt river according to Council of our capt<sup>102</sup> and shorteley after there came 24 waggons and teams of Emagrants and Capt McGee at their head<sup>103</sup> they camped a Long side of our camp and we went to work at setting tyre we sot 15 for 15 Dollars and some other work.

Thirsday the 15 the We finished moveing our effects and made preperations to take care of our meat and so passed the Day working at Diferent work at hawling coals &<sup>104</sup>

Friday the 16 the month<sup>105</sup> We arose as usesial in good helth and in good spirits although in a strange Land



and in a willderness the Lord has benn verry mercifull towards us and blessed us with health to labour and gain a sustanance for our selves and famleys we went to work at chopping coal wood while Luke johnson cooked Devenport and Br A. M harmon at blacksmithing Br john Higbee herding cattle Br Glines and my self chopping coal wood for to kee the work a going on so we might have all things in readeness when our Brethren comes & about sunset there came fourteen men in company from oragon with 40 horses and mules a going to ohio thef told us that could not get through this season they started from oragon the 6 of may and reached here on the 16 of the month of july<sup>106</sup>

Satterday the 17the month We a rose in good health and strenght and went about our work as uselial we went to Drawing wood for a coalpit and set it up and covered it, and sot it a fire while the rest of Brethren were a bout their work & Capt McGee started on their jurney a bout 4 oclock in the Evening which Left us a lone 6 men of us

Sunday the 18the july the 12 waggons a bove mentioned started & and we enjoid a short season of rest I would here mention that 2 or 3 of the last Co. have lost a great No of their Cattle which the say is occationed by the murrin but I think it is over driving & going with out water as the Last Emagrants have Lost some hundred head of cattle

Capt. Mc Kees Co Lost 7 head with in the Last 30 miles

Monday the 19 the Month of july Luke johnson & Erick Glings went a hunting—

A. P. M Harmon J Devenport Staed at home My Self and Brother Higbee went down to the old Ferry ground to secure thee boat a bout 2 P M. Luke johnson & Eric Glines rreturned to the Camp with the meat & hide of a large Griselly Bear & tells the following story they had been up near the foot of the mountain each of them on horse back Dr johnson had his 11 Shooter they as yet having Seen no game within shot had turned their Course home ward & ware following down a little Crick or Spring branch when all of a sudden their horses took fright at some thing to their riders un seen but thought it either was indians or a bear but keeing a good Loukout soon Discovered a young cub through a thicket of under woods they road a round to an opening which Lead in to the thicket where they Discovered the Damb Diging roots for the cubs within 50 feet of them Dr johnson sliped Carefully of of my mare & perpared for the Combat the moment he struck the ground the bear Discovered him & came to wards him

at the top of her Speed with her mouth wide open & each Jump a companied with an awah awah oo the Dr let go my mare that he might not bee in cumbered & it not until the bear was within 20 feet of him with 3 of her cubs at her heels coming in the Same fright in ful position, with that he fired with un uring aim at his antagonist which Cause her to turn & run som 8 rods & fell Dead the ball having struck her in the breast passed through the heart Lights liver &c.

Tuesday the 20the James Devenport & A. P. M Harmon went down the river in search of our cattle they having strayed of the Evening previous they followed their tracks down the road some 10 or 11 miles until they met met a Company of Emagrants of 33 waggons formely belonging to Capt Davis Co.<sup>107</sup> they had picked up our cattle some 7 miles below where we met them a ware of Driving them a Long they took our cattle & drove them to the campt & Dr Johnson Erick Glines and my self went in search of the cubs that they had seen the Day before but did not find them Dr johnson wounded a buffalow but did not get him & all is peace but no word of our company

Wednesday the 21eth a Company of 18 men from oragon with 60 horses & mules a going to the states passed us 2 of them that Came by way of Fort Bridger said they saw the campt of peioniers at the fort there ware in their Company 1 famley a going back on horse back 3 of them Famley were woomin<sup>108</sup> & Devenport done 65 cts worth of black smithing for the com. a bove mentioned Com of 33 waggons passed us about 10 A. M. the remainder part of the Day passed a way verry Lonesom we being in a strange Land and far from our homes and famleys being near to us we would often talk what we would give if we oneley knew the situation of them it gave a many a Lonesome our medtetation &

Thirsday the 22the we a rose in good spirits and in good helth the Day being pleasant and fair we took breckfast and we happended to cast our eyes towards the mountains we saw 2 buffalow Dr johnson said if I would get my mares he would go and try and Shoot one of them so him and Br Glines went they went of together they Did not return till Dark and they shot 2 buffalow and fetched part of them home & there came a company of 10 men from oragon with a bout 40 ponies and mules there were also a famley with them going to the states<sup>109</sup> & Devenport bought a poney and started with them back to winters quarters on Friday<sup>110</sup> they started on their jurney there came a company of 19 waggons & Capt Fredrick Company 17 in com<sup>111</sup>

& Capt Smith 24 waggons in com<sup>112</sup> & Br Johnson and Br Glines went out a hunting and came back but Did not succeed in geting a game to Day Devenport Done some Blacksmithing a mounted to \$400 as near as I could find out he said to them that he would go to council bluffs with them & pilot them the road if they would sell a horse & waitt until the next morning till he could get ready they concluded to do so and in the Evening I said James Devenport as you are a bout to leave us it be comes my duty to have a Settlement with you to have our our substance Eaquley Devided a mounfts the company according to council of our supeiriors I them Called upon Br A. P. M Harmon he being the clerk for the company and stated to him to read the a mount over that we have earned since Cap Grover Left us it was Done accordingly the a mount \$29.85. Cts with the exception of what he had Done that Day a bout \$4.00 I said that I was willing that he should keep that providing the rist of the Bretheren was willing rather then to have any hard feelings a bout it, it was a greed that he should have the 4 Dollars extra but I wanted an Eaquel Division of the \$29.86 Cets [?] for we all helped to earn it but Br Devenport was not willing to Do so saying that was robing him of his Earnings & he would not stay with such a people & as we Done the coking and burned the coal and helped him at the shop we herded his cows and it being according to greement &c thought ourselves, justifiable in Shareing equal with him there were a part of it earned other wise be sides Blacksmithing we pressed [?] to make an equal Division all tho he was not satisfied Br John Higbee bought his cow & gave him \$10.00 for her it being \$2.00 more than he gave & all he asked for her & A P M Harmon bought some salt he could not carry Brother Johnson bought his trunk Some other things

Friday the 23d 1847 James Devenport started having bought a horse for \$25.00 a saddle & Larett for \$4.00 and the Com was to pack his things for him through to council Bluffs he went of dissatisfied and refused to tak 50. cts that was tendered to him to make an equal Division of our Last Earnings & he went and told Co that he was going with that we robed him; Erick Glines heard it & told them the circumstances &c Capt Freddericks Co bought a stear of Luke Johnson belonging to E. Elsworth; Co [? lo?] he had Lost his whole 5 yoke of oxen & 2 horses they ware run of by the buffalow he said as I under stood some 20 head of horses [were lost] at the same time in the same way & there was a widdow moving in the same company belonging to our church a going to oragon with her



Brother<sup>113</sup> She said she would go to the church the first opportunity She had she was acquainted with Br Higbee

Saturday the 24th there passed here 4 men from California with 12 mules & 1 horse a going to the States they saw the camp of peoniers with in 4 Days travel of the salt Lake on the 10 Day of July<sup>114</sup> they met the soldiers at green river & Capt Chapman Co of 16 waggons passed here on their way to oragon<sup>115</sup> they said that they were the Last Co this Season that is they Knowed of no others on the road they had lost all their horses since they Left the States there started 17 head ran of at 1 time a mongst the buffalow &c for the Last week the Companies that have past says that the buffalow ware tremendous thick a Long on thee south platt they crossed from the north platt over the river to the south the rest of the companies saw none at tall

Capt Chapmans Co said that 40 head of their stock ran off with with the buffalow & they hunted 2 Days but Did not git them a tall

Sunday the 25th July 1847 John s Higbee bought a cow for which he paid \$4.00 She was a little Lame he bought her of mr Canfield<sup>116</sup> from Oskaluey of Capt Chapmans Co & this Day passed of verry Lonesome as we can get no news of or from the Long expected co of our Breathering & the matter for journalism is rather Scarce of this Day unless I sould record the expreshsions of anxiety now & then droped from the breathering of the Long looked for appearance of our Comp from Winters Quarters

Monday the 26 1847 A heavey Shower last night attended with thunder & light ning, which raised cannon Creek<sup>117</sup> full to the edge of the banks the Days pleasand butt the nights cool

Nothing more worth recording to Day

Thursday the 27th my Self Br A. P M harmon and Br Johnson went a hunting & tokk with us waggon & went a bout 10 ms up cannon Creek on the north side of the platt we saw a large herd of buffalow we wounded 2 but did not git them Br Johnson Killed 2 antelopes & we returned back to our camp

Wednesday the 28th We a rose in good helth and attended to our antilopes that we killed we put it out to day and Dressing the Skins, this evening Cold & Clowdy & and Severl panthers has been seen with in a few Days past & our ears has been Saluted with their terific yells by night

Thursday the 29the 1847 we arose in good helth and strenght and we a greed that Eric Glines and A. P. M. Harmon went a bout 15 ms down the river with the horses

and waggon after the Iron of an old waggon that was left there by the Emegrants they got it. Br Luke johnson took my Grey mare and went up the river a bout 3 or 4 ms to hunt his Knife and gun strap that he Lost the Day before on his return he saw an antelope wich caused him to follow to the river he spied a trail where Indians traveled a bout 2 or 3 ours before he turned a bout and came to wards the camp at Lenght he heard a report of a gun towards our camp he then thought within him self that the indians had got to us he then gave speed to the mare and came in haste and it being off of the road made suspect it was a war party of Indians at this juncture he heard a gun fire in the direction of our camp by Jorge says he to him self I dont know but hostilities has commenced & if so they will want my help he took a straight short cut for home & he said that my mare tail Stuck out be hind Like a skillet handle & he soon joined us and told us the kness we had not as yet Discovered the party & soon Discovered his apprehensions to us we loaded all our guns & pistols Cashed our best goods and more esspecially our purses Br johnson made a kind of breast work of some Chests & boxes with 19 shots al ready & amuition at his hand my self with 6 shots posted in a tree as a spy to watch the 1st appearance of the enemy I soon Discovered 2 men on the opposite Side of the river riding up & Down it at Length 1 of them crossed the river at the ford & came to wards our camp which at that Distance had the appearance over the hills of an Indian at at this Junc ture Gen Carny made his appearance over the hills some 2 ms Distant with 40 men & about 140 head of Anamials which at that Distance we could not tell but what they were indians I then mounted my mare by the council of Br Luke johnson and B Higbee to goo and Look to the cattle before I reached the cattle I had got of a bout a ½ a mile when I looked back and saw the a bove mentioned personage approaching on horse back at full speed riding after me Spanish custom I turned back as quick as my horse could go and met him at the waggons Brother Higbee with 3 Shots ready he went and met him without arms a few rods from the waggons and behold it was Br Binley<sup>118</sup> & it was not until he was with in a few steps of him that he did distinguish whather it was a White man or an Indian and behold their a mag anny antagonists ware proved to be Gen. Carney & severl of our breathrn and many other officers from the Battalion<sup>119</sup> Col Fremont Soon hove in sight be tween us & the mountains having Crossed the river a bove the old ford with a bout 200 head of animals. Spanish horses & mules passed down by us a bout 1 mile

from the road<sup>120</sup> our boys came home at Dark and all was well Br Binley stated that he saw ware some 50 souls of the Emmagrants had perished Last winter a crossing thee [?] mountains he helped to berry severl one women in paticular she was sawed to peaces her head was sawe 4 peaces her legs was sawed of by her body one of the men was a Long that was in that awful situation and told how they was a blige to eat each other to keep a Live some of them made their escape to the settlement and got releif from them the snow was so Deep that may souls perished<sup>121</sup>

Friday the 30th Br Binly got his Discharge from Gen Carney and Stopped here with us to wait until his famley Should Come up for he expected them with the camp we sold major Sword [Thomas W. Swords] \$200 worth of Dryed buffalow meat Br Binley stoped here with us he also bought him self a horse [lower quarter of p. 30 left blank]

Saturday the 31st 1847 I and Brother A. P. M. Harmon worked a little at Blacksmithing &c mad some pickets pins &c towards morning had quite a gale of wind from the west 13 head of our cattle went off our hole stock is 24 head of horned cattle 2 calves and 4 head of horses we have for our night guard 5 dogs &c I set a trap and caught a wolf in the Evening for we wanted the oil to Dress our Antilopes Skins with &c

August the 1.st 1847 Sunday, the 1st of August a storm of wind from the S. W. Brother Glines went off on horse back after our cattle that went off in the storm &c we begin to think that Some acident has happened our Brethren that they Do not Come for when we stopped here we Suposed 3 or 4 weeks at the out side would bring them here<sup>122</sup> as Br Glines returned a bout Noo with the cattle he found them a bout 8 ms below Where we camped &c it seems some Like the fall of the cold nights and cold high winds we feel verry Lonesome to Day in a barren wilder-ness severls hundred miles from any in habitance but the wild men of the forest and all kinds of wild Animals roaring at Knight time

Monday the 2.ond quite a pleasant morning Br Luke johnson & Br Binley went up to wards the mountains a hunting Br Luke killed a Large fine fat antelope, he shot him Through the heart at the Distance 1.95 yards the returned in the after part of the Day with 5 feasants & the above mentioned antelope &c I and Br harmon went to work at Blacksmithing set 3 tyre & Done some other Little jobs

Tuesday the 3d Done some little jobs of Blacksmithing Br Luke johnson. Eric Glines & Br Binley went down the river a hunting &c—



Wednesday the 4th we a rose in good helth the Day being pleasant Brother Luke johnson & Br Binley went a hunting up Canno Crick, for that is the name of the Crick that comes in on the north side of the river as we ware in formed by Gen Carneys Guide it having arrived its name from the fact that a cannon was cashed on east as I understand on said Creek a bout 4 years a go by a Co of dragoons under col Carney &c<sup>123</sup>

### NOTES TO EMPEY JOURNAL

1. The night encampment was 6 miles northwest of the site of Gothenburg, Nebraska. On this day William Clayton made the first effort at mechanical measurement of the distance traveled, an idea which had its fruition a few days later in the roadometer built by Appleton M. Harmon to Orson Pratt's specifications. From May 8 the distances traveled were measured.

2. The Saints were enormously impressed with the buffalo, which they first encountered on May 1. "No pen nor tongue," William Clayton wrote, "can give an idea of the multitude now in sight continually, and it appears difficult to keep them away from the wagons." Their numbers presented a serious problem in obtaining feed for the Mormon livestock, as Empey notes in his entry for May 10. The whole face of the earth, Norton Jacob commented, was "eat up here by the thousands upon thousands of buffalo."

3. By William Clayton's reckoning, posted up for the Mormon companies that were to follow, the distance from Winter Quarters (north of present Omaha) was 300 miles at the end of this day's travel. The encampment was 9½ miles northwest of present Gothenburg.

4. The most interesting account of the day's discourses is that of Norton Jacob. Orson Pratt, Jacob writes, "said that some had supposed that we should be able to get over into Bear River valley in time to put in spring crops, but he had not thought so, but we must prepare for difficulties that we should be in condition to cope with whatever circumstances we should be thrown into and make the best of it. If we do not get there in time enough to return next fall we must winter there and make the best of it." In the journal Albert Carrington was keeping for Amasa Lyman, he writes that Lyman "spoke upon the principle of learning all the time to be patient in the school we are in, which would be better to us than gold or silver." This theme of the necessity for obedience occupied the Mormon leaders throughout the journey.

5. The night's camp was made approximately 8 miles southeast of present Pawnee, Nebraska.

6. The encampment was on the site of Pawnee, Nebraska.

7. On Whitehorse Creek, 4 miles north and slightly west of the present city of North Platte, Nebraska.

8. Empey's language is somewhat confused. The night's encampment, at the end of a 10¾ mile journey, was on Birdwood Creek, 5 miles north and a little east of present Sutherland, Nebraska. Variant names are applied to Birdwood Creek in the Mormon journals: Conjunction Fork River, Junction Bluff Creek, or, as Brigham Young preferred, North Bluff Fork.

9. This night's encampment was made on the bank of the Platte 6 miles northwest of Sutherland, Nebraska.

10. On the Platte about 14 miles east of present Keystone, Nebraska. The whole day's travel was  $6\frac{3}{4}$  miles, not  $11\frac{3}{4}$ , as Empey's language would suggest.

11. Kimball's allusion is to the march of Zion's Camp from Kirtland, Ohio, to western Missouri in 1834, for which see his "Journal," *Times and Seasons*, vol. VI, p. 770 ff. Nine members of Zion's Camp were in the Pioneer party.

12. The "butifull flatte" is the site of Keystone, Nebraska.

13. The stream was Whitetail Creek, named by Brigham Young "Rattlesnake Creek." Immediately west of the stream rise bluffs which, the Mormon journals note, were called by Fremont in 1842 Cedar Bluffs. The encampment this night was on Sand Creek, 13 miles farther west.

14. These bluffs, lying immediately west of Otter Creek, a stream Brigham Young named "Wolf Creek," extend to the bank of the Platte. Camp was made near the river, three-quarters of a mile east of present Clear Creek.

15. This appointment to the guard was not made on this night, as Empey's language might indicate, but on April 17. He was captain of the second ten in the guard.

16. The reconnaissance across the Platte, made at William Clayton's suggestion to aid the Saints in orienting themselves in relation to Frémont's map, was by Orson Pratt, Amasa Lyman, Luke Johnson, and John Brown. The year before, Brown had led west along the Oregon Trail a small company of Saints from Mississippi, who had hoped to meet somewhere in the Platte Valley the large Mormon immigration out of Nauvoo. When the Mississippi Saints, here at Ash Hollow, on July 2, 1846, met James Clyman's eastbound company from California and learned that no Mormons were ahead of them on the trail, the 43 persons who comprised Brown's party went on in some perplexity to Fort Bernard, a few miles below Fort Laramie, and then south to Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, where they wintered in company with the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion. Brown himself, once his company was settled at Pueblo, journeyed down the Plains to the States, returning to the mountains with the Pioneer party of 1847.

The reference to Brown's having helped bury a man is not understood. Neither Brown nor the records of 1846 refer to such an incident, though at Ash Hollow Brown's party lost a few horses to Pawnees. Perhaps the man killed was Edward Trimble, but this happened farther east. See Joel Palmer's account in his *Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains* (Thwaites edition, 1906), pp. 251-255.

17. Castle Creek, now Blue Creek, was so called by the Saints because the bluffs along its west bank, which they named Castle Bluffs, seemed so much to resemble "the rock on which Lancaster Castle is built." The night encampment was 5 miles northwest of present Lewellen, Nebraska.

18. On the bank of the Platte near the mouth of Mutton Creek, the day's travel being  $15\frac{3}{4}$  miles.

19. There were two, not three, Indians, a brave and a squaw. They were Sioux, and Appleton Harmon identifies them as Sants. The editor of Harmon's journal (*Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West*, Berkeley, 1946) has metamorphosed this to "Saints" and called them "Mormon Indians."

20. The encampment was at the Remsburg Ranch near present Lisco, Nebraska.

21. Clayton says of them, "They are all well dressed and very noble looking, some of them having good clean blankets, others nice robes artfully ornamented with beads and paintings. All had many ornaments on their clothing and ears, some had nice painted shells suspended from the ear. All appeared to be well armed with muskets. Their moccasins were indeed clean and beautiful. One had a pair of moccasins of clear white, ornamented with beads, etc. They fit very tight to the foot. For cleanness and neatness, they will vie with the most tasteful whites. They are thirty-five in number, about half squaws and children. They are Sioux and have two recommends certifying as to their friendship, etc."

22. This night's camp was on the Platte 2 miles southeast of present Northport, Nebraska.

23. They encamped about 3 miles southeast of Bayard, Nebraska, which is just east of the meridian of Chimney Rock.

24. The night's encampment was approximately a mile south-east of Minitare, Nebraska. The lone tower Empey refers to in the next day's entry was evidently Castle Rock, which the Saints passed on the afternoon of the 26th.

25. The campsite was 3 miles northwest of the site of the modern town of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, on the north bank opposite the famous Scottsbluff, now a National Monument.

26. Empey's "Devil's Tongue" was described by Orson Pratt in his journal for May 8. "On the top of some of these sand hills, in the driest places, grew a vegetable, the top of which very much resembled a pineapple; one being dug, the root was about one and a half inch in diameter, and two feet in length. It was called by some of the company, a Spanish soap weed. The roots being pounded up, they make a very good suds, and are used in Mexico for washing raiment, etc." The plant is a variety of yucca, familiar throughout the Southwest as Spanish bayonet or "oose."

27. This night's encampment was on the bank of the Platte immediately south of Morrill, Nebraska.

28. This memorable dressing down Brigham Young gave the Saints electrifies every Mormon journal of 1847.

29. The encampment was nearly on, perhaps a little west of, the present Wyoming-Nebraska state line.

30. The Rawhide, still so called, had been named by the fur traders, how early is not known, but very likely after the establishment of Fort Laramie in 1834. The encampment was about 8 miles northwest of present Torrington, Wyoming.

31. The camp remained on the north bank of the Platte about three-quarters of a mile above its confluence with the Laramie River. They stayed there over the next day while Brigham Young and others crossed the river to visit the fur company's establishment at Fort Laramie, situated on the Laramie River, two miles farther south.

32. The little detachment of the Mississippi Saints here mentioned had come on in advance of their brethren from Pueblo. They consisted of Robert Crow, his wife and 8 children, a gentle son-in-law, two grandchildren, and three unattached men. One of these latter, Lewis B. Myers, was a mountain man who had joined the Crows at Pueblo; he acted as their hunter, and he was to play a part in the establishment of the Mormon ferry at the upper crossing of the Platte.

33. The traders at the fort had a flatboat which the Saints rented for \$15. The average time to get a wagon across, according to William Clayton, was 11 minutes.



34. The "old fort" was a rival post called Fort Platte, established in 1840 or 1841 and abandoned in 1845. It was located on the south bank of the North Platte, three-quarters of a mile above the confluence with the Laramie, or nearly opposite the point where the Mormons crossed the river. Ground plans of both forts, as drawn by Thomas Bullock, clerk to the Mormon camp, are reproduced in L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young, *Fort Laramie* (Glendale, 1938), p. 127.

35. The night's encampment was on the south bank of the North Platte, some 8 miles northwest of Fort Laramie.

36. The Warm Spring was a famous watering place on the Overland Trail. The Saints reached it by following the bank of the Platte to the mouth of Warm Springs Canyon, then ascending that canyon to where the spring broke out.

37. This is Empey's first mention of the year's Oregon immigration, but a pack party had brought news of the immigration to Fort Laramie June 2, before the Saints resumed their journey west. Orson Pratt wrote in his journal on June 3, "Yesterday afternoon we saw with our glasses three or four white men coming in on horseback; they were on the opposite side of the Platte, and soon arrived at the fort. This morning brought us the news that they were from the States, having made the journey in seventeen days, passing about 2,000 wagons in detached companies on their way to Oregon. One small company is expected in to-morrow, another larger the next day, and one still larger the day following. We understand that these emigrants are principally from Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa." Howard Egan says that these men, four in all, had come from St. Joseph. Erastus Snow says they estimated 5,000 immigrants to be with the 2,000 wagons, but William Clayton exhibited some skepticism at these numbers, a skepticism well justified, as the year's Oregon and California immigration did not total more than 1,000 wagons.

None of the Mormon journals name the captain of this company which had overtaken the Saints at the Warm Spring, but Clayton noted that they had left Independence April 22 and intended to stay ahead of all companies on the road. They brought news that two more companies had arrived at Fort Laramie as they were leaving, and that three other companies were within 20 miles of the fort. Albert Carrington, in the journal he was keeping for Amasa Lyman, noted that these Oregon immigrants were mostly from Illinois, not far from Chicago, and that the 11 "wagons" Empey refers to consisted in reality of 9 wagons, 1 cart, and 1 handsome 2-horse carriage. With them, Carrington observed, was "one Gabriel Priedeaum . . . who belongs at the missionary station on St. Mary's, a tributary of the Columbia, 4½ days ride on horseback from Ft. Hall." This man, he was interested to learn, had been over the trail before. As a matter of fact, in Gabriel Prudhomme, Carrington was talking to a person of some distinction in the history of the West. He was the half-breed interpreter, "Gabriel," who had served Father De Smet so well in 1841-42, and taken him down the Missouri to St. Louis. He had then returned to the mountains, for De Smet had found him at the Catholic mission station on the St. Mary's (Bitterroot) River in Montana on returning there in 1844. Probably he had again taken De Smet to St. Louis in the fall of 1846 and was on his way back to the mountains. Prudhomme's death at Fort Owen, January 15, 1856, is recorded in *The Journals and Letters of Major John Owen* (New York, 1927), p. 115.

38. On Cottonwood, or as it was sometimes called, Bitter Cottonwood Creek, a little south of present Wendover, Wyoming.

39. The Mormon journals are not in entire agreement, but evidently this second Oregon company consisted of 19 wagons and 2 carriages. Carrington says they were from Illinois and Missouri; Levi Jackman adds that they had all ox teams, from 3 to 5 yoke to the wagon; and Norton Jacob comments that they had a large drove of cattle and horses. Anybody from Missouri was regarded with grave suspicion by the Saints, and the members of this company were no exception. See Clayton's journal.

40. The night's camp was on a run called Bear Creek, some 5 miles south of Cassa, Wyoming. It was not the practice of the Saints to travel on Sundays, but an exception was made in this case because it was more than a day's journey from Cottonwood Creek to the next water west of Bear Creek.

41. The other Mormon journals agree that this company was not from Illinois but from Andrew County, Missouri.

42. Agitation by the anti-Mormons did not die down in Illinois immediately, even after the formal expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo in September, 1846; and in Massac County a species of civil war was being carried on by and against some "Regulators."

43. The stream is still so named. The camp site was some 4 miles southwest of present Cassa, Wyoming.

44. Empey's "Big Timber Creek" is more readily recognizable as LaBonte Creek or River.

45. The Saints had been looking for this party from the mountains ever since their departure from Fort Laramie. Brigham Young's journal records, "Met James H. Grieve, William Tucker, James Woodrie, James Bonoir and six other Frenchmen from whom we learn that Mr. Bridger was located about 300 miles west, that the mountaineers could ride to Salt Lake from Bridger's Fort in two days and that the Utah country was beautiful." The Mormon journals disagree considerably as to how many actually composed this company, the discrepancy presumably arising because the traders' encampment was west of that of the Mormons, and not all of the mountain men visited the Saints. Albert Carrington notes that a squaw was included among their number and that they had 3 carts and 1 wagon loaded with furs. Appleton Harmon says the men "ware a goin to fort John from thare to fort Lookout on the missouri river with 3 waggon loads of peltry from thare I under stood that one of them would go to Councilbluffs by water thare ware Some letters sent by them."

The meeting with these traders led directly to the establishment of the Mormon ferry at the upper crossing of the North Platte. William Clayton writes that they "had left a kind of ferry made of three buffalo skins [i.e., a bullboat] hung in a tree on the Platte and wanted Brother Crow's company to have it." This generous inclination undoubtedly was born of their prior acquaintance with Lewis B. Myers, the mountain man who had rallied to the fortunes of the Crow family.

46. Present-day La Prele Creek, probably given originally the French name "a la prele," most recurrently appears in the Mormon journals as Alapier or a la Pierre.

47. See Note 45 above. William Clayton writes concerning this party, "It was decided to send a company ahead to overreach the Missouri companies and get the ferry before they could arrive, and also build a raft for us to cross on, kill game, etc. . . . Nineteen wagons were sent ahead and about forty men to attend to this business. All of Brother Crow's company went, Aaron

Farr, J. Redding, the cutter [the Saints' leather boat, the *Revenue Cutter*], etc., being five wagons from the 1st division and fourteen from the 2nd." They were commanded by John S. Higbee. John Brown was one of those sent ahead to the ferry, but of their experiences he says only, "A company of us were detached and sent on to get the boat before the emigrants got it. We reached the ferry first but could find nothing of the boat. We turned out and killed a fine lot of meat by the time the camp came up." Ferrying of the Oregon immigrants, nevertheless, began immediately on the arrival of the advance party at the river, the *Revenue Cutter* being employed.

48. Such a settlement was actually made by the Saints, but not until 10 years later, as a station for the short-lived express company established by Brigham Young. The settlement, like the express company, was broken up in the summer of 1857 by the affair of the Utah Expedition.

49. The coal outcropping was discovered by Albert Carrington who says that it was "the first ever found to our knowledge on the Platte or any of its tributaries, it rests upon a fine grit sandstone, commonly called grindstone, grit of excellent quality of a whitish or light grey color, except where stained by sulphuret of iron, then yellowish, as far as it shows, from the creek to coal bed is from 40 to 50 ft. thick, then the coal bed, probably from 6 to 10 ft. thick traced nearly 1 mile, then overlaid by a brown micaceous slate, could not determine its thickness without mining. . . ." The coal was subsequently used by the Mormon blacksmiths at the ferry but found to be of less than first quality. Coal had been noted here at least as early as 1846.

50. The night's encampment was about 8 miles east of the site of Casper, Wyoming. Here, William Clayton writes, "we came to a halt on account of seeing a number of wagons about a half mile ahead which proved to be two of the Missouri companies camped on the banks of the river and preparing to cross here. It was also ascertained that there is no camping place beyond them unless we go some distance. . . . These Missourian companies inform us that the regular crossing place is twelve miles farther and that our brethren are gone on there and also the balance of the Missourian companies. These men have got a light flat boat with them and have already got one load over." Orson Pratt says of these same immigrants, "A short distance above us, two small companies which had passed us a few days before, were encamped; they were building a raft to cross at that place. The day before their teams took a fright by the running of a horse, upsetting two of their wagons; one woman and two children considerably injured, but no bones broken: some crockery, &c destroyed."

51. On the morning of June 12 the Saints traveled  $7\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the vicinity of Casper, where, Norton Jacob makes note, "there is an excellent fording place which has been much used by emigrants." James Case and Stephen Markham forded the river experimentally here, finding the water about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep in the channel, and the current very swift. "Of course it could not be forded with loads in the wagons," William Clayton records, "but the loading would have to be ferried in the boat. They made a report of this kind on their return to camp and about the same time Brother [Alexander] Chesley came down from the brethren ahead and reported their progress and the nature of the crossing place, etc. A number of the brethren in company with Elder Kimball and Chesley went to the river opposite the camp to decide whether to cross here or go on. Brother Markham and Case again



went over, but it was finally concluded to go up to the other ferry." The Saints moved on up the river 4 miles and made their night encampment half a mile below where the provisional Mormon ferry was being operated, which was some  $3\frac{3}{4}$  miles above present Casper.

52. William Clayton writes, concerning the inception of the ferry, that the brethren sent ahead had arrived at the river about noon of the 11th. "Two of the Missourian companies arrived about the same time. The brethren concluded that a raft would be of no use on account of the swiftness of the current. The Missourian company offered to pay them well if they would carry their company over in the boat and a contract was made to do so for \$1.50 per load, the brethren to receive their pay in flour at \$2.50 per hundred. They commenced soon after and this evening [June 12] finished their work, and received the pay mostly in flour, a little meal and some bacon. They have made \$34.00 with the cutter all in provisions which is a great blessing to the camp inasmuch as a number of the brethren have had no bread stuff for some days. . . . The Missourian company seem to feel well toward us and express their joy at having got across the river so soon."

53. Experiment proved that attempting to take across more than one wagon at a time, so far from saving time and energy, multiplied the problems and resulted in serious damage to the wagons. When the Saints quit work on the 14th, Clayton makes note, 23 of their wagons had been ferried over the river. "There was no difficulty in getting the freight over for one man can carry it in the cutter faster than all the rest of the camp can get the wagons over." On the 18th the Saints put into service a ferry boat to replace their makeshift rafts, and it was this craft that served the immigration through the rest of the season. Appleton Harmon describes it as "built of 2 dugouts 23 feet long & tied a cross they being placed 6 feet apart and run plank lengthwise."

54. William Clayton remarks that on this day it was concluded "to leave several brethren here to make a boat and keep a ferry till the next [Mormon] company comes up. By that means they will probably make enough to supply a large company of emigrants coming up on the north side of the Platt above Grand Island. There are doubtless some of our brethren and if so they will probably reach us before we get through." The rumor Clayton alludes to was without foundation—the Mormon Second Company of 1847 on this date was just setting out from Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, but the rumor played its part in the establishing of the ferry.

The company of Missourians referred to is noted by Appleton Harmon as being "an Oregon company of 18 wagons commanded by Capt Smith . . . Judge Kimsey with him." It would seem likely that the Captain Smith referred to was Doctor Smith, the father of Moses Ira Smith. Sarah Hunt Steeves writes concerning the son, in her *Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers* (Portland, 1927), pp. 118, 120: "Doctor Smith and his wife, Nancy Scott-Wisdom Smith, were his parents. Doctor was just a given name. . . . Moses' father had been elected captain of the train, that started out with about thirty wagons, and others joined them, until in time there were two hundred white-covered wagons. . . . At the second crossing of the Platte (North Platte) they overtook Brigham Young, the great Mormon apostle, who was camped here with his many followers and five hundred wagons [actually, 77 wagons and 1 cart], preparing to cross the river, on their way to the Great Salt Lake. He had sent men to the timber

in the hills about fifteen miles away, where they dug up whole trees and from them made dug-out canoes. By fastening two of these together as a basis for rafts, they would carry a loaded wagon across in safety, returning again for another. Brigham Young was very kind to the immigrants in many ways. He proposed to take their train across on his rafts, before he did his own and only charged at the rate of fifty pounds of flour per wagon for this service. Moses' father had known Brigham in Missouri, and no doubt these two men were glad to renew their old acquaintance and enjoyed talking over things in old Missouri. . ."

Doctor Smith, captain of this train, died at Green River.

55. It is difficult to disentangle the companies of the Oregon immigration during this and the next couple of days—perhaps because, as Norton Jacob declares, "there was one hundred eight emigrant waggons within four miles all wanting to cross the river." Some, he adds, "hired us to cross them at \$1.50 paid in flour and at \$2.50 per hundred, and others crossed themselves." Although the 16th was principally occupied in getting across the Saints' own wagons, Appleton Harmon says that "a company of ten [Oregon] wagons came up and we engaged to ferry them for \$1.50 per wagon."

Historians of the overland trail having commented on Brigham Young's great shrewdness, if not tight-fistedness, in fixing the ferry fees at low States' prices for the provisions accepted in payment, it is worth noting that the standard fee was established, by bargaining between the Oregon immigrants and the Saints sent to the ferry, before Young arrived on the scene.

56. William Clayton adds a footnote which illustrates the ingenuity of the Saints in turning an extra dollar. After the last Mormon wagon was got over, there remained two Missouri companies which had made application to be set over at \$1.50 per load. "When the contract was made with the first company to be sent across as soon as our wagons were over, the other company of ten wagons offered to pay the brethren 50¢ per man extra if they would set them over first, making \$5.00 over the stated price for ferriage being ten of the brethren to work at it. Colonel [Albert] Rockwood [commanding the second division] had made a contract to the above effect with the first company and did not like to break it. However, he received a hint that this was Colonel [Stephen] Markham's day for the use of the boat and consequently Colonel Markham [commanding the first division] had a right to take the last offer if he chose. He took the hint and they went to work forthwith at a dollar and a half a wagon in provisions at Missouri prices and 50¢ extra per man in what they preferred for themselves. . . . The ferrying was continued all night and till daylight at which time many of the Missourians' wagons in the two companies were over."

57. The nine men named to stay at the ferry were Thomas Grover, John S. Higbee, William Empey, Appleton Harmon, Edmund Ellsworth, Luke Johnson, Francis M. Pomeroy, James Davenport, and Benjamin F. Stewart. A tenth man, Eric Glines, stayed on without Brigham Young's sanction. Of him William Clayton wrote on June 18, "The President . . . referred to Brother Glines who was wishful to stay but the president said he had no council for him to tarry, but he might do as he had a mind to. Some explanations followed by Glines, but the unanimous feeling of the brethren was to have him go on." Glines remained at the ferry until the 23rd, but then had a change of heart and set out



after the Pioneer party, which he overtook on the 26th, three days' journey west.

58. For this date Appleton Harmon's journal has an amusing entry showing that the benefits of competition in free enterprise were no more appreciated in 1847 than they have been in many a year since: "br Empey & Sturart Started with 4 horses & a waggon after coal back to Deer crick 28 ms a companied by F. M. Pumeroy & glines who went to rekanorter the ferry below & see if it could be chartered for laramie post they returned Jest at evening & reported that the boat was on the opposite Side the river & 3 men thare with a waggon apearent ly waiting for a nother company Luke Johnson, Edmund Elsworth, went down on the north Side to make a more close examination but returned about day light having found it well guarded & a faith ful watch dog"

59. Harmon's journal, as quoted in Note 58, would indicate that Empey and Stewart set out on the 20th, rather than the 21st. While they were gone, Harmon records (June 21) an important change in the affairs of the Mormon ferry:

"I arose early & in company with John Higbee by the request of Capt grover went down to the lower ferry hunting horses & to see how long those men ware to Stay there, they sed that they expected to Stay until a company of 27 waggons should bee crossed that they expected they would git thare to night, we got our things together finished blaesmithing got a cow in pay ment put our things most of them on to the boat Capt Grover my Self J. Higbee, F. M. Pumeroy & J Debenport, shoved of with the ferry boat & leather skift leaving. Luke Johnson & Edmund Elsworth with the 2 waggons & things that remain thair while we floted down the river in quest of a ferrying ground below those a bove mentioned we Stuck on 2 Sand bears but got of with but very little difficulty we halted a short time at their ferry Capt grover asked them if they ware willing for us to fery at the Same place with them, and working in concert with them but they seemed to choose to run the risk a lone of gitting what they could So we moved on down the river a bout 2 ms & landed on the South Side the river in a grove of Scatering cotton woods close by the road whare the feed is good & a good Cite for a ferry after a few moments consultation we unanously agreed that this should be the Spot We acordingly unloaded our things br debenport put up his black Smith tools &c Herick glines Started with the cattle to drive them down to whare we ware a going, but when we landed we found that he was a head of us, we Set up some punchaon & bords that we had on the boat to break the wind offrom us & made our beds on the ground, we ware called to gether by capt Grover & returned thanks to the God of Jacob as usial & retierd to our lodging."

It would appear that the rival ferry was something over a mile below Casper, and the reestablished Mormon ferry from 2 to 2½ miles farther down.

60. Harmon's journal says that Empey and Stewart were gone from the 20th to noon of the 22nd, whereas Empey makes it from the 21st to the 23rd. Being more full, Harmon's journal is presumably more reliable. Harmon adds that the two men put up an advertisement at Deer Creek as follows:

#### NOTICE

To the ferry 28 ms the ferry good & safe maned by experienced men black Smithing horse & ox Shoing done all so a wheel right



**Thomas, Grover,**

The 28 miles given as the distance from Deer Creek was correct for the original location, but now of course the Mormon ferry was about 7 miles closer.

61. The 4 French traders, so Harmon writes, "enformed us that the Soldiers [Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion] from Pueblo ware at fort John [Fort Laramie] when they lift & would be here in a few days."

62. John Battice, or Jean Baptiste, figures often in the annals of Fort Bridger, trading in association with Jim Bridger.

63. Vaughn's company is not clearly distinguished in the Oregon annals, but is mentioned in a report of the 1847 immigration in the *St. Joseph Gazette*, May 28, 1847. The *Gazette's* informant met "Vaughn's company," then consisting of 48 wagons, on May 17, apparently on the Little Blue. Empey's journal entry for the 25th is almost word for word the same as Harmon's indicating that one diarist copied from the other.

64. Captain Hodge was possibly Jesse Monroe Hodges, or his son, D. R. Hodges. Bancroft notes in his *History of Oregon* (San Francisco, 1886), vol. I, pp. 628, 629, "Jesse Monroe Hodges was born in Melbourne Co., S. C., Dec. 18, 1788. In 1811 he married Catherine Stanley of N. C. He served in the war of 1812, and fought under General Jackson at Horse Shoe Bend. In 1817 he moved to Tenn., thence to Ind., and thence in 1839 to Mo., making his last remove to Oregon in 1847, and settling in Benton County. He died at the residence of his son, D. R. Hodges, March 27, 1877. His mental condition was sound up to his latest moments, though over 88 years of age."

65. Harmon had written on June 20, before the change in location of the ferry, "A Young man got Drowned 5 **ms** below here by the name of Wesley Tustin aged 18 years while Swimming a horse he was not found." Albert Carrington, who heard of the incident on the trail two days later, was informed that the young man was from Morgan Co., Illinois. Harmon and Carrington spelled the name Tustin, which was evidently right; the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, March 1919, vol. XX, p. 139, records the death of Caleb S. Tustin, born in Illinois in 1830, came to Oregon in 1847, died at McMinnville, February 11, 1919. Caleb was apparently Wesley's younger brother.

66. The name, "Hill Ferry," is explained by an entry in Harmon's journal of June 23, to the effect that James Davenport had "Done some black Smithing for Mr. [Henry?] Hill that has remained 2 miles a bove us with the ferry above mentioned."

67. At this point two leaves are gone from the manuscript, comprising pp. 19-22 and the entries from June 26 to July 10. Fortunately the gap can be filled with an extract from Appleton Harmon's journal. In Harmon's own journal, however, the first part of the entry for June 26 is evidently missing.

68. Amasa Lyman, Roswell Stevens, and Thomas Woolsey, together with John H. Tippetts, had been detached from the Pioneer party at Fort Laramie on June 3, to go south and meet the Mississippi Saints and the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion. They met on June 11, according to a letter now in the Church archives, written by Lyman on June 28 from "Grover Ferry, on Fork of Platte." John Steele was a member of the detachment commanded by Brown, and he writes, "On the 27th of June came to the crossing of the Platte, found there Brother Groves & Co. ferrying missionaries across the river on their way to Oregon and charging \$1.50 for crossing. . . . There are hundreds

of emigrants here and find the Mormons a God-send to help them across the river. We crossed over July 1st, 1847." See Steele's journal, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, January, 1933, vol. VI, p. 16.

69. The company was evidently that of Thomas Cox, alluded to as the Chicago company, and consisting originally of some 14 wagons. Bancroft (*op. cit.*, pp. 629, 630) writes of him that he "was by birth a Virginian. When but a small child he removed with his parents to Ross Co., Ohio. In 1811 he married Martha Cox, who though of the same name was not a relative. He removed with his family of three children and their mother to Bartholomew Co., where he built the first grist and carding mills in that place. He afterward removed to the Wabash River country, and there also erected flour and carding mills at the mouth of the Shawnee River. He also manufactured guns and gunpowder, and carried on a general blacksmithing business. In 1834 he made another remove, this time to Illinois, where he settled in Will County, and laid out the town of Winchester, the name of which was afterward changed to Wilmington, and where he again erected mills for flouring and carding, and opened a general merchandise business. During the period of land speculation and 'wild-cat' banks, Cox resisted the gambling spirit, and managed to save his property, while others were ruined. In 1846 he made preparations for emigrating to Oregon, in company with his married son, Joseph, and two sons-in-law, Elias Brown and Peter Polley." Cox settled in Salem and set up a store with goods brought across the Plains. Later he turned to fruit-raising, and died at Salem October 3, 1862. See also Ralph C. Geer's account in *Transactions of the Seventh Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1879* (Salem, 1880), p. 40, which says the Cox store at Salem was the first such establishment south of Champoege.

70. If "Captain Saunders" was L. W. Saunders, he was from Oskaloosa, Iowa, subsequently taught school at Wailatpu, and was killed in the Whitman Massacre, leaving a widow and 5 children. It is more likely that L. W. Saunders was a member of the Chapman company. See Note 115.

71. Brown and Lyman carried west a letter, now in the Church archives, from Thomas Grover to Brigham Young:

Platte river, June 29, 1847.

President Young.

Dear Sir. Having an opportunity of communication a few lines to you by Brother Amasa Lyman, we embrace the same. We are all well at present, but are rather lonesome since you left us. We have just finished ferrying Capt. Brown and company consisting of 19 wagons, four extra loads, three dollars per trip, and also 150 men and women, who are in the United States service at twelve and a half cents and also for Blacksmithing.

\$66.00

18.75

22.50

---

\$106.25

Capt. Brown has left with us six oxen that could not be driven any further for us to bring on if they should be able to travel when our brethren come on with a promise to settle the bill as you say is right when we come on.

We remain as ever, your brethren,

Thos. Grover.

Grover's arithmetic would seem to have been somewhat faulty, but not his adherence to a long-established American practice, of

soaking the government twice as much as a private individual for services rendered. At rates charged the Oregon immigration, the fee for ferrying the 19 wagons and four extra loads would have been \$34.50.

72. At first glance Captain Higgins most plausibly would seem to be Captain Nelson Higgins of the Mormon Battalion, since no Higgins appears in the lists of the year's Oregon and California immigration. The 23 wagons, however, is so unaccountably large a number for him to be captaining, even if some of them belonged to the Mississippi Saints, as to suggest that the name may have been Wiggins rather than Higgins. William Wiggins seems to have started out from Independence as guide to the contingent with which the Blanchets traveled. His party was belated on the trail, and he attempted to get through to California by a route substantially that of the Lassen Cutoff of 1849, but he had to turn north into Oregon and finally reached California by sea. The safety of his company was a constant theme of anxiety for the California newspapers during the fall and early winter of 1847-48, especially so because of the tragic experiences of the Donner party in the mountains the year before.

73. Captain McClay or McCay is not identifiable. A John McCoy is listed by Bancroft as an Oregon immigrant of this year.

74. I cannot distinguish which Taylor this may be. Christopher, John F., and L. Taylor were Oregon immigrants of 1847. There may have been others.

75. In *To Oregon by Ox-Team in '47* (Portland, n. d.), Fred Lockley develops the history of the Hunt family, whose train Elijah Patterson captained, as told by a grandson, Jephtha Hunt. The Hunts were from Indiana, and Jephtha says, "At Independence grandfather [J. S. Hunt] met a young man, Elijah Patterson, who was anxious to go to Oregon but did not have sufficient money to outfit himself for the trip. An arrangement was made whereby Elijah Patterson would furnish a yoke of oxen and a yoke of young cows in exchange for his board while crossing the plains. At Indian Grove a wagon train consisting of 21 wagons was organized and Elijah Patterson was elected captain of the train. . . . On the North Platte they overtook a large company of Mormons enroute for the Great Salt Lake. . . ." Jephtha adds that in 1851 his grandfather married Mrs. Nancy Smith, the widow of Doctor Smith (see Note 54).

Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.*, p. 97, quotes George Washington Hunt, Jephtha's father, as saying, "After we arrived at Independence, Mo., my father's money running short, he took in an excellent young man from Texas by the name of Elijah Patterson. . . . From Independence we made our way to Indian Grove, our next camp on the line of the Indian Territory (now Kansas). Here Patterson was elected captain of 21 wagons and we rolled out for Oregon. . . . The Mormons crossed us over North Platte in a rather loose affair called a ferry."

76. Jonathan Pugmyer, Jr., and Marcus N. Eastman were members of the Mormon Battalion evidently furloughed to meet their families coming along in the Second Company, or to return to the States. See Harmon's journal entry for July 4.

77. Felix A. Collard is listed in the pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society. He was born in Kentucky in 1810, settled in Illinois, and then journeyed to Oregon in 1847; he was a farmer, merchant, blacksmith, and member of the Oregon legislature.

78. Captain Turpen presumably was William Turpin, included in Bancroft's list of the 1847 immigrants. The Oregon



Historical Society has a typescript of reminiscences by Cyrenius Mulkey, "Eighty-One Years of Frontier Life," which relates that he and his family crossed the plains in 1847, when he was only 15. His father, a preacher whose given name does not appear, or his father's brother, Johnson Mulkey, might have been the Mulkey referred to as pilot for "Captain Turpen." They started from Missouri and of course traveled the North Platte. The *Transactions of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1901* (Portland, 1902), contains an address of welcome by "Frederick W. Mulkey, son of Marion F. Mulkey and grandson of Mulkey, pioneers of 1847," but this contains no information on the family and does not supply the given name of the grandfather. The only Mulkey appearing in Bancroft's list is Johnson Mulkey, but "Westly Mulkey" has been listed with the immigration of 1844.

79. Elisha Bidwell, the E. Bidwell of Bancroft's list, is presumably the Elisha Bedwell who appears in the pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society, though without any evidence that he came as captain of a company. He was born in La Fayette County, Missouri, September 9, 1819, moved to Texas, returned to Missouri, and started across the plains April 12, 1847, arriving in Oregon the following October. He settled in Yamhill.

80. Joel Palmer was the most significant figure in the Oregon immigration of 1847. He went to Oregon in 1845, returned east in 1846 to publish his famous *Journal*, and then immediately returned to the Pacific at the head of an immigrant company. Palmer set out from St. Joseph, and the *Gazette* of that place on May 28, 1847, printed the report of an informant who had met Palmer's party of 99 wagons on May 18, then the ninth company in line along the trail. "Capt. Palmer had taken the census of his company, which was as follows:—129 males and 72 females over 16 years of age; and under 16 years, 85 males and 83 females. His company had also 1012 head of cattle, 66 horses, 2 mules, and 45 sheep." After the usual fashion of immigrant companies, by the time Palmer reached the Mormon ferry, his company had split up into smaller segments. The *Oregon Spectator*, August 19, 1847, printing news of the oncoming immigration, was pleased to learn of Palmer among them. "Mr. Palmer, who, but a short time since, was a citizen of this country, and has numerous friends here, we are happy to learn, is on his return, and has been honored with the command of a large company of wagons, principally from Missouri. . . ."

81. Captain Snooks remains unidentified. A person of this name was mentioned by James Clyman as among his fellow wayfarers to Oregon in 1844, and Charles L. Camp has suggested that he may be the P. Snooks who was wounded in the Cascade fight in the Yakima war of 1856. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, vol. II, p. 457, alludes to a major of the 68th Ohio Regiment during the Civil War as "a former resident of Oregon named Snooks, of the immigration of 1844." Possibly all these are one and the same man.

82. The only name resembling Dodson in the lists of the immigration is D. D. Dostins, but there were Dodsons in Oregon as early as 1845.

83. The pioneer index of the Oregon Historical Society lists a Daniel B. Putman, born in Illinois April 15, 1810, who came overland to Oregon in 1847, arriving October 3; he was a mill wright who settled at Oregon City.

84. Jim Bridger, eastbound to Fort Laramie, had met the Mormon Pioneer party at the Little Sandy on June 28. He and the Saints interrupted their journey for a long conference through the afternoon and evening, the remarkable account of which is found, in particular, in the journals of William Clayton and Norton Jacob. It was then thought that Bridger would return to his fort in time to aid the Saints in finding a location. These plans, however, did not work out.

85. Who the four furloughed Battalion members were does not appear.

86. Chester Ingersoll wrote apparently the only contemporary account of the year's California immigration, in 10 letters published in the *Joliet* [Ill.] *Signal*, reprinted in 1937 at Chicago by Douglas C. McMurtrie as *Overland to California in 1847*. Ingersoll's letters, sent back as opportunity offered, are in effect an intermittent journal of the trip. He set out from Independence, embarking upon the plains on May 10. There were 78 wagons in the company originally, but this number was unwieldy, and split up into smaller detachments, Ingersoll's section consisting of "30 wagons, and 45 able bodied men, with a guide that has traveled the route eight times." He writes on July 2, "Travelled 18 miles to the place of crossing the river which was too high to be forded, but we found a company of Mormons at the ford with a boat. They ferried us over for one dollar per wagon." Next day, "Most of the day was occupied in crossing the river." From Harmon's notation as to the size of the company, it had undergone some further fission since mid-May. Ingersoll reached Johnson's Ranch, above Sutter's Fort, on October 2. Bancroft's index of the California pioneers records that Ingersoll died in San Francisco in 1849, leaving a family.

Additional notes on the California immigration of 1847 were published by Charles L. Camp in "William Alexander Trubody and the Overland Pioneers of 1847," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, vol. XVI, June, 1937. The Trubody family reached California under the guidance of Charles Hopper, but if Hopper commanded a company east of Fort Hall, the record does not appear in the Mormon journals kept at the Platte ferry. The total number of wagons that reached California this year seems to have been 70.

87. There are some difficulties about identifying the east-bound parties from Oregon in 1847 because they all seem to have split up and recombined in a greater or lesser degree. These 8 men were evidently those who had been encountered by the Mormon Pioneer party at South Pass on the night of June 26, their guide at that point being the famous mountain man, Moses "Black" Harris. Clayton observes that they had "over twenty horses and mules with them mostly laden with packs of robes, skins, etc.," while Orson Pratt remarks that they had left the Oregon settlements on May 5.

They were evidently one division of the company of 19 men guided by Levi Scott who left the Rickreal Valley on May 5 and came east by the Applegate Cutoff, the so-called southern or "California" route to which Harmon's journal alludes. Their departure was noted in the *Oregon Spectator*, April 15, May 13, and June 10, 1847. Levi Scott went, evidently, only as far as Fort Hall, since he guided back to Oregon by the Applegate Cutoff some 60 wagons of the year's immigration, his return noted in the *Spectator* of October 14, 1847. Where the party split up is not certain, but it is reasonably clear that the second party from Oregon whose

passage Harmon notes on July 7 was a subdivision of the larger party by the Applegate Cutoff. The Mormon leader in California, Sam Brannan, who crossed the Sierras in May, in a letter of June 18 written from Fort Hall, remarks that a company from Oregon had arrived at the fort the day before and that he had sent letters in their care (*Millennial Star*, October 15, 1847, vol. IX, pp. 304, 305), but otherwise gives no information about them.

*Niles' National Register*, August 14, 1847, vol. 72, p. 370, records the arrival on the frontier of Messrs. Shaw, Bolden, and Thompson, "direct from Oregon, having left the frontier settlement on the 5th of May, and made the trip to St. Joseph's in 83 days." They had met Brannan at Fort Hall, which makes it likely that they were the party by the Applegate Cutoff. The *St. Louis Daily Union*, August 5, 1847, notes the arrival last night of Mr. Huber, who "left the principal settlements in Willamette Valley on the 7th of May, and arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 28th of July. He was accompanied by fourteen men." Evidently 15 men were in the Oregon company (whose arrival at St. Joseph on July 28 was noted in the *Gazette* of July 30.) If the 16th man was Black Harris, this would indicate that the two parties of 8 recombined in traveling through the Sioux and Pawnee territory, Harris remaining behind.

88. It is difficult to trace the movements of these 5 men, except for what may be learned from a letter by Orson Hyde, dated St. Louis, August 5, 1847. "In coming from the [Council] Bluffs to St. Joseph's, about five days ago, I met five of our battalion of soldiers returning. They came to fort Laramie, from Purbelo, in company with about 150 others. . . . Upon their arrival at the fort, the soldiers, all except these five whom I met, went on with brother Amasa after the pioneers. A small party from Oregon overtook our five returning soldiers. They met our pioneers beyond the 'south pass' in the mountains. All well." The 5 Battalion men may thus have been with the company which reached St. Joseph July 28. (*Millennial Star*, September 15, 1847, vol. IX, pp. 272, 273.)

89. Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.*, pp. 137, 138, writes: "Rev. John McKinney was born in Tennessee, April 3, 1798. . . . From Tennessee the family moved to Jackson county, Missouri. . . . Of the party to start across the plains from the McKinney farm in 1847, many came from St. Joseph and other places. Of this company were a Mr. Doty; John and Hugh Harrison, with their families; Hadley Hobson and family; Mr. Thompkins and family; Dr. Prettyman and family; the two McKinneys; Rev. John McKinney, William McKinney and wife Matilda; a Mr. Davis, who was hauling a set of mill burrs across the plains; Mr. Luellyn who had planted an embryo nursery in a wagon bed . . . ; Dick Adams, and a Major Magoon, with many others. The company numbered about one hundred wagons, with Major Magoon in charge. . . . Very soon, however, dissension arose over who should be officers . . . caused the train to divide into ten groups of ten wagons each, with Major Magoon as head over all companies. Each ten wagons elected a captain and thus they were enabled to travel with more harmony. . . . Rev. John McKinney was chosen captain of the ten wagons comprising the two of the McKinneys, Mr. Davis . . . , Mr. Doty, the Harrisons, Hobsons, Dr. Prettyman, Thompkins, the Luellyn family with the nursery stock and Major Magoon." When his father was sick, William McKinney acted as captain.

90. Retford and Bodall are unidentified.



91. Ward also for the present defies identification.

92. Whitcomb is presumably Lot Whitcomb, whose name is found in Bancroft's list of the year's Oregon immigration. The *St. Joseph Gazette*, May 28, 1847, referred to Whitcomb's as having been on May 20 the twelfth company in line on the trail, consisting then of 109 wagons.

93. Captain Hockett is not readily identifiable. He may have been the J. C. Holgate on Bancroft's list, "identified with the early histories of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho," and killed in a mining difficulty at Owyhee in March, 1868.

94. The "Reminiscences of James Jory," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, September, 1902, vol. III, pp. 271-283, describe the experiences of Joseph Magone's company, which started from Independence. "Magone was from New York, an unmarried man, young, handsome, and deservedly popular. He had hired his passage with the train, and was out for an adventure, but when it was represented that he was the best man for captain, being free-handed and well-informed, he set aside personal considerations and accepted. He proved to be one of the best emigrant captains ever on the Plains, alert, cheerful, watchful of the needs of every one, and promising all that he would see the last one through safely to the banks of the Willamette, and he most bravely redeemed his promise. . . . Magone was married after reaching Oregon to a Miss Tomlinson that he met on the Plains; and long afterwards, indeed after the railroad was built, illustrated his original love of adventure by walking back East for a visit." See also Note 89.

95. The Catholics alluded to by Appleton Harmon were Francis Norbert Blanchet, newly consecrated archbishop of Oregon, his brother, A. M. A. Blanchet, who on reaching Oregon was to become the first bishop of Walla Walla, and six others whose names are not recorded. F. N. Blanchet had opened Catholic missionary activity in Oregon in 1838, returning to Quebec by sea in 1845 to receive his ordination as archbishop. He had then gone to Europe to raise funds and was now returning to his vicariate. Chester Ingersoll, *op. cit.*, p. 17, on setting out from Independence early in May, noted the presence of the 7 priests and the bishop among his fellow travelers. A. M. A. Blanchet's account of his journey (*Rapport sur les Missions du Diocese de Quebec*, Quebec, April, 1849, p. 19), mentions his arrival at the Mormon ferry on July 6, the Mormon blacksmithing operations, and the fact that many of his fellow immigrants preferred to go up the river 8 miles and ferry themselves across than to pay the Mormon fee: "Après avoir passé la Rivière aux Chevreuils, nous étions à la nouvelle traverse de la Platte. Des Mormons y avaient établi une forge pour réparer les chariots, et un bac pour les transporter sur la rive gauche. Nous fumes contents de donner une piastre pour chacun des nôtres; mais plusieurs de nos compagnons préférèrent aller traverser, à 8 milles plus haut." The Catholic travelers reached Walla Walla on September 5.

96. See note 87 above.

97. White was, according to a member of his company, Loren B. Hastings, a Methodist preacher, but his first name does not appear. (Bancroft lists a Luther, a Rev., and a Thomas White.) Hastings' journal, published in *Transactions of the Fifty-first Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1923 (Portland, 1926), is a document of considerable interest. White was elected captain on May 20, shortly after the departure from St. Joseph.

Hastings does not say how many wagons they had on setting out, but this information is supplied by the *St. Joseph Gazette*, May 28, 1847, which gives the number as 37, and their place 13th in the line of travel. Hastings writes:

"July 9. This day arrived at the Mormon ferry and blacksmith shop; the 20 wagon (Captain Bonsers Co. as it is called) had gone ahead, but we found them here; my company (called Captain Whites Co.) went ahead; myself and some others remained with Captain Bonsers Co. to set our wagon tires, etc.

"July 10. This day the Mormons set my wagon tire; the boys killed a buffalo.

"July 11. This day, Sunday, intended to move, but some of our cattle were minus. Mr. Taylor and myself went out on mules to hunt our cattle. . . . Six wagons went up to the ford on the south side of the river, crossed over and camped. The Mormons ferried over the balance at the shop and we moved up on the north side of the river and camped three miles below the other wagons."

98. Henderson Luelling, a Quaker from Salem, Iowa, is memorable in the immigration of 1847 for the "traveling nursery" he took along. Ralph Geer (*op. cit.*, pp. 40, 41) recalled that Luelling made two boxes 12 inches deep, and just wide and long enough to fill the wagon bed, filling them with a compost composed principally of charcoal and earth, into which he planted about 700 trees and shrubs, from 20 inches to 4 feet high, protected from the stock by a light but strong frame fastened to the wagon box. He permitted no one to discourage him in the undertaking, and reached The Dalles with his nursery about October 1. "That load of trees contained health, wealth and comfort, for the old Pioneers of Oregon. It was the mother of all our early nurseries and orchards. . . . That load of living trees and shrubs brought more wealth to Oregon than any ship that ever entered the Columbia river."

Harmon's mention of a roadometer on one of Luelling's wagons is interesting, for Harmon was the mechanic who constructed the first Mormon roadometer. Credit for absolute invention and first use of the roadometer for Plains travel has long been given to the Mormons, but Luelling's device makes it obvious that roadometers were simultaneously evolved in several places to answer the exigencies of trans-Plains travel, and that the question of first use must be left open.

99. Luelling traveled as a member of Stephen Bonser's company. As seen in note 97, Loren B. Hastings consistently referred to Bonser's as being a company of 20 wagons rather than 12, as here recorded. Bonser was one of those who set out from St. Joseph. Geer says that he "brought a herd of fine cattle and improved the herds of the Columbia bottoms vastly."

100. Here William Empey's journal again picks up the story from Appleton Harmon's. The entries in the two diaries from July 11 to 14, however, are so strikingly alike as to make it obvious one journal is based upon the other. The style being more characteristic of Harmon, it is likely Empey was the copyist.

101. Phineas Young, Aron Farr, George Woodard, Eric Glines, and Rodney Badger were detached from the Pioneer party on the west bank of Green River, on July 4, to go back and meet the Second Company of the Mormon immigration. Just as they were setting out, 13 men of the Sick Detachment of the Mormon Battalion overtook the Pioneer party, and one of their number, William Walker, turned back with the other five to meet his wife.

Rodney Badger did not go as far as the Platte ferry, turning about instead to guide the Mississippi Saints and the Sick Detachment of the Battalion. Evidently John Cazier of the Battalion was furloughed to take his place.

102. Harmon says under this date, "we prepared to move our effects up the river to where there is better feed according to Capt Grovers request Br Empey went up with 1 waggon at a time, Makees Co of 24 Wagons arrived about noon & wanted some work done & as the feed was poor they thought best to assist in moving the black Smith tools up where we were a going they accordingly done so Br devenport set up his tools a gain at our camping place 6 ms above & commenced work setting tyer &c I assisted him Br Glines assisted a bout moving Br Higbee is a gitting Somebetter Luke Johnson Stayed at the old camp to watch the things until to morow."

From these remarks, the third location of the Mormon ferry was very near its original site, from 3½ to 4 miles above present Casper.

103. Variouslly named McGee, Makee, and McKee by Empey and Harmon, the captain of this Oregon company was possibly Joel McKee, listed by Bancroft.

104. Harmon gives a fuller account of the day's activities: "my Self & James Devenport went to work at the Black Smith shop Br Glines went below after some Coal & the ballance of the things that were left there Br Empey & Higbee took care of the Buffalo meat & Cattle &c I would here mention that Br luke last night while watching our buffalo meat &c below was much troubled by the wolves & had ocation to fire on them he wounded one reloaded & fired again the the gun bursted, it burnt his face & arm & hand Considerable & Slightly wounded his hand & arm, a piece of the lock or Something else passed through his hat with great violinc which closely graced his head."

105. This day's journal entry terminates Appleton Harmon's record of the Mormon ferry: "worked at black smithing &c Capt McKees Co Stil remained here gitting work done near evening a young man by the name of Jacob Cooper was married to Kitten Huckelbee by ex Squire Tullis of said Company from the State of Indiana a Company of 14 men arrived from oregon with 50 pack horses & mules a going to the States a part of which came by way of fort Bridger & met our Company of Pioneers with in 15 ms of that place

Doct L Johnson Cook

J. Devenport Black Smith

A. M. Harmon BlackSmiths assistant

Wm Empey & Erick Glines Coliers

John Higbee Herdsman, is the order of this day

Quite a Shower Came up some vapors of clowds hung of between us & the Mountains"

106. This company from Oregon seems to be that described in the St. Louis *Missouri Republican*, August 24, 1847: "On Saturday evening, Captain T. G. Drake, of the British ship *Modeste* . . . and Mr. John G. Campbell, arrived in this city from Oregon. They left Oregon on the 6th of May, and travelled to Fort Hall in company with a brigade of the Hudson Bay Company. They left Fort Hall with only four men, but overtook another party of seven, and arrived in the settlements with a party of fourteen. . . . Between Fort Hall and Soda Spring, they were overtaken by a party of four men from California. This party left California on the 4th of June."



Ralph Geer (*op. cit.*, p. 35) gives the names of two others with Drake and Campbell, presumably the whole group which set out from Oregon together: "At the snow bank we met J. G. Campbell, of Oregon City, and Wm. and Samuel Campbell, who were going back east for their father and family." The *Oregon Spectator* of June 10 reported that Captain Drake and J. G. Campbell had reached Fort Wallawalla on May 23 and started forward early the next morning. Although Harmon's journal says this company had met the Mormon Pioneer party within 15 miles of Fort Bridger, singularly enough not one of the journals of the Pioneer party mentions such an encounter.

107. Bancroft's list includes an Albert G., C., Eli, Henry W., and a Leander L. Davis. I cannot determine which if any might be "Captain Davis." A more likely choice may be D. D. Davis, from Green Bay, Lee County, Iowa. The Oregon Historical Society has a letter from James N. to Daniel Harty, dated "Platt River, June 29th 1847," which alludes to the election of Davis as Captain of Harty's company. At the time, there were apparently 47 wagons and 75 men in the company. The *Oregon Spectator*, November 25, 1847, indicates that 11 wagons under a Captain Davis took the Applegate Cutoff. See also Note 89.

108. This company from Oregon may, from the language used, have been constituted from two or more smaller groups. From the reference to the Mormon Pioneers at Fort Bridger, one of their number was Colonel William Finley, who had gone out to Oregon in 1845, for in a letter Brigham Young wrote Amasa Lyman from the fort on July 8, a letter now in the Church archives, he commented, "Col. Findley left here this morning for the states, direct from Oregon, doubtless you will see him." There is frequent mention of Finley's intended departure east in the *Oregon Spectator*, and in the diary of George Gary at Oregon City (see *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, December, 1923, vol. XXIV, pp. 398-401). The *Spectator*, of June 10 reported that Finley's party had reached The Dalles on May 30 and left next day. How it happened that only one or two of this group went by way of Fort Bridger is not clear. Perhaps some of Finley's original group were among those who arrived at St. Joseph with Drake and Campbell.

Loren Hastings, who had met this party 5 days earlier on the Sweetwater, commented, "In the company was a man and his wife and family. They were going back to Adams County, Illinois. The woman rode with one foot on the one side of her pony and the other foot on the other side. This is the greatest curiosity I have seen yet, it knocks everything else into the shade." Perhaps this is the same family Ralph Geer tells of (*op. cit.*, pp. 35, 36), though Geer recalled the man as being from Missouri: "At the last crossing of Sweetwater, we met a man by the name of Grant, with his whole family on his way back to Missouri. When asked what his objections to Oregon were, he said: 'In the first place they have no bees there; and in the second place, they can't raise corn, and whar they can't raise corn they can't raise hogs, and whar they can't raise hogs they can't have bacon, and I'm going back to old Missouri whar I can have corn bread, bacon and honey.'"

109. When Nathaniel V. Jones, with Kearny's escort, overtook this company at Wolf River on August 19, almost a month later, he observed that among them "was a missionary by the name of Little-John." ("The Journal of Nathaniel V. Jones," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, January, 1931, vol. IV, p. 23) P. B. Littlejohn

had gone to Oregon with his wife in 1840 as an independent Presbyterian missionary, and during the seven years he was there, appears frequently in the correspondence of Narcissa Whitman. In one of her last letters, under date of August 23, 1847, she commented, "Mr. Littlejohn and family have gone home to the States; they started this spring. . . . [Mrs. Littlejohn] was Adeline Saddler. . . . She was very unwilling to leave the country, but her husband has become such an hypochondriac that there was no living with him in peace. He wanted to kill himself last winter. It is well for him that he has gone to the States, where he can be taken care of." (*Transactions of the Twenty-First Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1893* [Portland, 1894], p. 213) George H. Gary's diary (*op. cit.*, p. 399), on May 6 noted that the Littlejohns with their 2 children were leaving. Loren Hastings wrote concerning him on July 18, "Met another returning company from Oregon. In the company was a missionary who had been in Oregon seven years and his family with him. His ladies rode like the ladies we met yesterday (that is, astride). A little child not old enough to talk was lashed on to a pony and they drove the pony before them."

110. Although Davenport left with this party evidently on the understanding he would serve them as a guide to Winter Quarters, the company kept to the route south of the Platte, and when overtaken by Kearny, as seen in the previous note, had nearly reach St. Joseph. Jones noted the presence of Davenport with this group. Notwithstanding his falling out with his brethren, Davenport maintained his fellowship with the Saints, migrating to Utah in 1848 and living there until his death at Richmond about 1885.

111. Captain Frederick remains unidentified.

112. Captain Smith was Cornelius Smith, as identified by the disappointingly laconic journal of a member of his party, Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon Smith, later Mrs. Geer, published in *Transactions of the 35th Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, 1907* (Portland, 1908). Although her company crossed the Platte on either July 22 or 23, in her diary she merely notes that they traveled 15 miles on the one day, and 16 on the second. She herself was from LaPorte, Ind. It is not clear whether Cornelius Smith was her husband.

113. One of the unsolved, and perhaps insoluble mysteries of Western history is how many Mormons went West before the organized Church immigration to Utah began. C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, (Laramie, 1899), p. 341, relates a purported reconnaissance of the Great Salt Lake country by Mormons in 1846, but his source has been printed in *Annals of Wyoming*, July-October, 1929, vol. VI, p. 240, and this is just the maundering of an old mountain man. Nevertheless, it seems certain that Mormons passed through Salt Lake Valley in 1846 as members of the Harlan-Young and Donner-Reed parties. There are fugitive glimpses of some others in California in 1846-47. Several dozen of the Saints, in all, may have anticipated Brigham Young in coming west.

114. These 4 men had come east from California with Miles Goodyear, the red-headed mountain man who built the first home on the site of Ogden. They met the Mormons at Bear River, some 6 miles southeast of present Evanston, on July 10. Learning that the Oregon immigration was earlier than usual, Goodyear and his two Indian helpers separated from the others, going on down Bear River to intersect the immigration where it came down

Bridgers Creek to the Bear Valley. The four who continued on east were a Mr. Craig of Ray County, Missouri, a Mr. Truete of Shelby County, Illinois, and two others, names not given. Craig was the John Craig who with Larkin Stanley got the first immigrant wagons to California in 1846 (see Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California*, New York, 1848, pp. 210, 373; and Maude A. Rucker, *The Oregon Trail and Some of Its Blazers*, New York, 1930, p. 240). Craig and Stanley joined Frémont's California Battalion, but Stanley died of typhoid on the march south. Next spring, in the *California Star*, April 3, 1847, Craig announced his intention of going east, and the *New Helvetia Diary* on May 22 notes his departure. The records do not disclose who his companions were, except that the "Mr. Truete" remarked on by Albert Carrington may have been Samuel Truitt.

115. Sarah Hunt Steeves, *op. cit.*, p. 143, writes concerning Wiley Chapman, "Born in Tennessee, he married a young girl of the same place. . . . They then moved to Pike county, Illinois. . . . Illinois was only the frontier at that time, and they had not much to leave behind, so these young folk decided to cast their lot with an immigrant train of about 40 wagons, made up of Isaac Baker, the Canfields, Robinsons, Wrights, Matlocks, Truesdales, Saunders and others. . . . The train was known as the Oscaloosa, Iowa, train. . . ." Chapman was chosen captain. See also Fred Lockley, "Reminiscences of James E. R. Harrell," *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, June, 1923, vol. XXIV, pp. 186-192.

116. Possibly Robert or W. D. Canfield.

117. Casper Creek. See Note 123.

118. John Binley, one of the 15 members of the Mormon Battalion included in Kearny's escort. The discharge given him next day was granted, Nathaniel Jones remarks, because he was unwell.

119. General Stephen W. Kearny had left Sutter's June 16. There were 64 in the party, increased to 66 on June 17 when Edwin Bryant and his servant joined the company. Their guide, according to the official report of the march written by Kearny's aide, Captain Henry A. Turner, was a Mr. Murphy. They picked up Black Harris in the Bear River Valley apparently on July 19. They reached Fort Leavenworth August 22. Under date of July 28, leaving the Sweetwater, Turner writes in the report, "Met the rear-most party of emigrants; who seemed to despair of getting farther than Fort Hall this Season—Cool. With very few exceptions the entire emigration this year is to Oregon: a few families were destined to California; a good deal of pains having been taken to obtain correct information, the following statistical list is the result & may be relied on: 1336 Men—789 women—1384 both sexes under 16 years of age—929 Horses & Mules—7946 Cattle—469 Sheep—941 Wagons." (Journal of Gen. Kearny's Return from California in 1847, Records of Adjutant General, War Department, National Archives, filemark 249 Kearny Sept: 30/47.) Notwithstanding Turner's pains with his statistical table, it was defective to the extent that it could not have included those who were late on the road and took the branch of the trail via Fort Bridger, Kearny having taken the Greenwood or Sublette Cutoff.

120. Under technical arrest, Frémont was proceeding east for the famous court martial that grew out of his conflict with Kearny. He had asked permission to be relieved from all connection with his topographical party of 19 men, and allowed to return to the States with a small party made up by his private means, but in



a letter of June 14, 1847, dated "Camp near New Helvetia, Calif.," Kearny brusquely refused. (Kearny Letterbook, 1846-47, pp. 164, 165, MS. in Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.) Seemingly, Frémont crossed the Platte above the old ford which was near the Red Buttes.

121. Nathaniel V. Jones's journal gives a graphic picture of conditions at the Donner camp in the Sierras when Kearny's force marched past. Empey declares that a member of the Donner party was actually in Kearny's escort. It is difficult to say who this might have been. Though the guide was a Mr. Murphy, and though Murphy is a famous name in the annals of the Donner party, the sons of the widowed Lavinia Murphy were only in their early teens in 1847.

122. The brethren at the ferry still had a long and lonesome wait ahead of them. It was not until August 18 that the Second Company reached the Platte ferry. See the journal of Jesse W. Crosby in *Annals of Wyoming*, July, 1939, vol. XI, p. 178.

123. This explanation of the derivation of the name "Cannon Creek," as applied to present Casper Creek, is the last entry in the diary. The allusion is evidently to Kearny's dragoon expedition to South Pass in 1845. Two howitzers were taken along, but none of the journals or reports mention caching one of them.

## *Fort Laramie*

Two hundred years ago this was  
La-no-wa, Land of Paradise,  
Land of the grass-clothed plains and blue,  
Majestic mountains capped with ice.  
Here Indians, camping by the bend  
Of the river, dried their buffalo meat,  
And in the smoke of camp fires danced  
To the boom, ta ta boom of the tom-tom beat.

Then to this Red Man's paradise  
Came change, as bearded men explored  
The streams or climbed the mountain heights,  
Blazed trails and marked the river ford.  
Sometimes with Indians they smoked  
A pipe of peace and promised wealth  
In stocks of glittering ornaments.  
Their frauds provoked the native stealth.

Here La Rameé explored and trapped,  
And, massacred, he left his name  
To dot Wyoming's map. And here  
The long, grass-covered mounds acclaim  
The last of those first buildings made  
In this vast wilderness, where trade  
And treaty with the Indians  
Brought need for force and armed brigade.

In eighteen forty-nine The Stars  
And Stripes were raised above a fort,  
That stood where rivers blend and flow  
Together; in seas of grass a port  
Half way to California  
And Oregon where tired and worn,  
The weary caravans could rest,  
And resting find their dreams reborn.

To eastward lay the dusty miles,  
The heat and hunger, broken wheels,  
The stone-marked graves along the trail;  
The disappointments life reveals.  
To westward rose the dim blue peak  
Of Laramie, lone mountain scout,  
That promised them the gold they sought,  
And freedom for the more devout.

The plodding caravans are gone.  
In rocks their tracks may still be seen.  
Some of the palisade's old walls  
Still stand, although they seem to lean  
And crumble with a century's weight.  
Bare rivers now are edged with trees,  
While homes surround an ancient fort  
Immortalized with memories.

Mae Urbanek

Lusk, Wyoming  
July, 1949



# *Historic Fort Laramie, The Hub of Early Western History--1834-1849*

By HAZEL NOBLE BOYACK

The history of the early West lives again in the fascinating story of that historic landmark, Old Fort Laramie! Its founding came at an important moment in history, when the great drama of western colonization was getting under way with a mighty, surging wave of humanity coming from the east to the west, home-hungry, land-hungry, liberty-hungry. The ox-drawn covered wagon, symbol of these pioneers, would pass in review before this wilderness outpost, a pivotal point that served first as a central trading post, the capitol of this early western empire, and later as a military garrison on the old Oregon Trail. Under the Stars and Stripes, the fort administered authority over an area with a radius of many hundreds of miles, its period of usefulness ending only with the passing of the western frontier.

## **A STRATEGIC LOCATION**

Genius and geography entered into the choosing of this strategic spot for the location of a fort. In eastern Wyoming the waters of the tranquil North Platte and Laramie Rivers unite. Here in this borderland region between mountain and plain, a network of western trails would converge and like the spokes from the hub of a great wheel, radiate again onto the high plateaus and beyond the shining mountains of the great west.

Nourished in the bottomlands of the Laramie grew luxuriant, natural grasses. Along the stream's margin were thick growths of cottonwood, boxelder, ash and willow. The broken expanses of prairie uplands surrounding this spot were carpeted with thick tufted buffalo grass, while here and there grew hedges of wild roses interspersed with waving fields of blue and white daisies. It was an inviting domain for the large herds of buffalo, deer and antelope that came to feast upon the lush vegetation. The Redmen, always alert to the hunt, swarmed along intersecting trails which led to this hunter's paradise.

For many years the white man had frequented this western wilderness, traversed the rivers which interlaced its forests, and conquered those rugged barriers, the Rocky

Mountains, by finding a delightful pass that led to the shores of the Pacific.

### THE WESTERN VANGUARD

The early trappers and traders were the men who composed the vanguard in the movement to the west. Seasoned to hardship, they cared little for wind or weather, nor were they apprehensive of the dangers that lay in wait to destroy them. The toils and perils of the period receded into unimportance matched with the fascinating pursuit of skins. One cannot disparage the tenacity of purpose and the hardiness which carried the traders and trappers through this inhospitable period of the west.

In the early days of Western America the wealth of the wilderness was reckoned in the furs of wild animals, of which the beaver was chief. It has been said by writers that the history of the west could be written on a beaver skin. The direct results of the Lewis and Clark expedition, which told of rich fur-bearing streams, first stirred the youth of America and other countries to action. From France, England and Spain, as well as the United States, they came. If it were adventure which these frontiersmen were seeking, the wilderness could provide enough to satisfy the most daring, and as the Seven Cities of Cibola lured Coronado, so the elusive "pot of gold" in the fur country called the trapper, acting as a driving force that sent him to hunt for a fortune in the wilderness.

The French were among the first to frequent these western wilds, to navigate the streams and to explore the mountains and forests. They joined Indian tribes, married the dark maidens of the forest, and adopted Indian dress and customs. The names of many of these rugged frontiersmen appear in the pages of Fort Laramie history.

A hardy French Canadian, Jacques la Ramie, entered Wyoming Territory in the early 1820's. As a free and restless trapper of the period, he sought his fortune in the streams of the West. While thus engaged, he met death at the hands of an Arapahoe band. His arrow-pierced body was found in a lonely cabin he had built beside a small stream that later bore his name. Many other landmarks were to be christened in honor of this romantic character, chief of which was old Fort Laramie, watchful defender and guardian of the frontier for more than half a century.

The fur trade had written a thrilling chapter in western history. In this virgin land of yesterday many intrepid fur traders and trappers of note had come and gone leaving the

streams depleted by their rich catches of beaver, otter, mink, and fox. The buffalo, the monarch of the plains, however, still roamed in countless numbers over the grass-mantled prairies. Bryant wrote of him:

"Twice twenty leagues  
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,  
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake  
The earth with thundering steps."<sup>1</sup>

Alert frontiersmen saw in those vast herds a fortune in buffalo hides, and plans were made for an established trading post to handle the traffic in this free commodity of the western prairies.

At this period in our story, two buckskin-clad pioneers enter the scene. Their names were already familiar to western lore. One of them was William Sublette, a native of Kentucky and one of a family of five brothers, all of whom had tasted the fortunes of the West. William, however, was to become the most famous. Gifted with an astute mind and the qualities of leadership, he was quick to note that a transition period had reached the West. Fashion had decreed the end of the beaver hat and with it would go the companies of trappers and that colorful western show, the annual rendezvous. In the new era a storage place for the bulky buffalo hides would be the first requirement.

### THE TRADING POST FOUNDED

Robert Campbell, a man of Irish descent and one who had come west with William H. Ashley in 1824, became Sublette's partner and together they founded the first fort on the Laramie in June 1834. It was christened Fort William in honor of Mr. Sublette.

The post was rectangular in shape and constructed of hewn cottonwood logs, to a height of about fifteen feet. A large gate midway in the wall gave entrance. A smaller gate on the opposite side provided a private entrance. Bastions were set at diagonal corners and provided with loopholes for defense. Inside the rectangle, rooms were built against the walls with windows and doors opening into the enclosure. These rooms were used for storage and living quarters. On one side was a corral for horses and mules. The main court was clear. C. G. Coutant, early historian of Wyoming who interviewed many old trappers, gives the following details:

"The force was completely organized. A detachment was sent to the woods for timber, and a band



of hunters supplied buffalo, elk, deer, and mountain sheep. By the time winter approached, there was an abundant larder and plenty of fuel had been gathered to keep up cheerful fires during the long winter months."<sup>2</sup>

No sooner had the walls of the fort begun to rise than the pageant of western history began to pass before this lonely outpost.

## MISSIONARIES

Up to this period, missionaries among the Indian tribes were practically unknown. It was startling when four chiefs of the northwest tribes came to St. Louis in 1832 and inquired about the "White Man's Book of Heaven," asking that it be sent to them. The request was widely circulated in the press and instantly caught the imagination of readers, stimulating Christian men and women to answer the demands of and to administer to the Indians. Among the first to enter the field were Jason and Daniel Lee and Samuel Parker. The missionaries to the West became a part of the westwardly moving caravan as they labored over sunny knolls and along the winding course of the Platte. Valiant men and women were these missionaries in the wilderness who performed their chosen vocation at great sacrifice, even at the loss of their lives.

Among the outstanding pioneers in the field were Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman and Reverend and Mrs. Henry Spalding, notable because Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding were the first white women to cross Wyoming and the Rocky Mountains. This party joined a caravan of traders at Loup Fork who were being led by that veteran trapper and guide, Thomas Fitzpatrick. The party reached Fort William (Laramie) in June 1836. Here they were greeted by a motley group characteristic of the fort, trappers, traders, their Indian wives and many children. The fort, erected on rising ground, lay silhouetted against the western sky and presented a welcome sight to weary travelers. In the course of hundreds of miles from the Missouri frontier it was the first building, the first touch of home. Within its protecting walls they might sleep at night. There would be tables and chairs, yes, even chairs on which to sit.

Sunday morning, June 17, 1836 dawned warm, tranquil and bright. Reverend Spalding was asked to address a large group which had assembled in the shade of the trees at the Fort. His audience gave rapt attention to his topic, "The Prodigal Son."<sup>3</sup> Many other missionaries were to pioneer in this western field, chief among them being

Father Pierre Jean De Smet who labored diligently and zealously among the various Indian tribes. Thus was launched the missionary movement, and the trading post on the Laramie witnessed its inception as these true Christians passed through on their way west.

In the meantime, the fort had passed into other hands. About a year after its construction, the property was sold to Thomas (Brokenhand) Fitzpatrick, Milton Sublette and James Bridger, who in turn, sold it to the American Fur Company which was directed by that great financial genius and greatest of all American fur merchants, John Jacob Astor. Under this new ownership it was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of \$10,000. Adobe (sun dried bricks) replaced the cottonwood logs. The walls were about four feet thick, whitewashed and picketed. Over the entrance was a tower provided with loop holes as were the bastions that stood diagonally at the corners. The sturdy, new post, rechristened "Fort John" after John B. Sarpy, official of the American Fur Company, was still not permanently named. Mail addressed to "Fort John on the Laramie," or to the "Fort on the Laramie," soon brought into usage the title it bore for some fifty years, Fort Laramie.

The fort had become the fur capitol of the Rocky Mountain area. A contributing factor in the attainment of this position was the appearance of the Sioux tribe in that portion of the country. "The American Fur Company, in 1832, in order to extend their business and make it as profitable as possible decided to organize the Indians to work for furs and chose the fort for a central post. Accordingly, they sent Keplin and Sabille to Bear Butte and the Black Hills of Dakota to persuade the Sioux Indians to come over and hunt their game and live in the vicinity of the Fort. The ambassadors returned with one hundred lodges of the Ogalala Sioux under the Chief, Bull Bear. This was the first appearance of the Sioux nation in that portion of the country. These Indians were well impressed with the hunting ground and sent back for more of their tribe. After becoming established near Fort Laramie they expanded northwest into that fertile hunting ground in Northern Wyoming and into the Big Horn basin. They soon overran the country and drove away the Cheyennes, Pawnees and Crows and later were the most hostile Indians with whom the soldiers had to deal."<sup>4</sup>

It has been established that \$75,000 worth of buffalo robes were shipped from Fort Laramie at one time. These, together with small bales of beaver pelts, found passage down the Platte when the stream was navigable, but usually

the furs were shipped by wagon train to the fur emporium of the West, St. Louis.

Historians have said that in character, volume and rate of progress, the westward movement in America is not paralleled elsewhere in the history of the world. Conquering hordes have swept over many lands, but nowhere has so large a section been settled in so short a time. It was a period of "Go west, young man." Stories of fertile acres ready to be reclaimed and made productive, of forested coastal valleys, of a delightful climate, were told around the hearthstones at night and plans laid for a journey west in the spring. These anecdotes sent thousands of emigrants to the fertile valleys of Oregon, the golden shores of California and the desert stretches of Utah.

In May 1841, a small band of home-seekers and missionaries left the Missouri frontier and entered upon the dim trail toward the setting sun. This road was fast becoming a national highway, one that history would recall as the Old Oregon Trail. Road of destiny? Yes. And the people who trod it were people of destiny. The Oregon Trail held a unique place in the story of westward expansion. It was the longest trail in history.<sup>5</sup> Along its route were great natural barriers. The trail wound through arid wastes, deep rivers blocked its course and snowcapped mountains rose like giants in its path. Despite these difficulties, it became a highway thronged with eager, adventurous spirits, a pathway of romance, daring, courage, human misery and death. The deep imprints in the rock, sandstone, and sod along the course of the trail, made by the thousands of covered wagons as they rolled westward, will preserve this pathway forever as a symbol of heroism, patriotism and courage of a pioneer era.

The year 1843 brought a migration of 1000 souls to the Oregon country. Fort Laramie stood beside the Oregon Trail and always entered into the plans for a journey to the West. At the fort, repairs could be made on the wagons, and fresh oxen obtained for the journey ahead. In the 1843 migration were health seekers, hunting parties of which Sir William Drummond Stewart was a member, and explorers led by John C. Fremont, known to history as the "pathfinder." In one group was the famous artist, Alfred J. Miller, who had made some very worthy sketches of Fort Laramie as early as 1837.

During the "fabulous forties" the caravans increased. Horace Greeley wrote:

"... the white covering of the many emigrant and transport wagons dotted the landscape giving the



trail the appearance of a river running through great meadows with many ships sailing on its bosom."

The creaking and grinding of wagon wheels, the report of rifle shots as game were slaughtered for food and sport, made strange and foreboding music to the Redman as he surveyed grimly the invasion of his domain. The Indian had given little trouble up to that period, but echoes of a growing resentment were heard at Fort Laramie.

### MILITARY TROOPS COME WEST

The first movement of United States troops over the Oregon Trail occurred in 1845 when Colonel Stephen W. Kearny and his five companies of dragoons came to Fort Laramie. Ideal camping grounds were found three miles west of the post. About 2000 of the Sioux tribe had pitched their lodges near by. The situation was ideal for impressing upon the Indians the fact that they must submit to the "long knives" invasion of their ancestral lands. To accomplish this mission, the chiefs were visited, the peace pipes smoked, and presents distributed. The pledge of peace was conducive to optimistic expectations of amicable relations with the Redman.

### THE MORMON EXODUS

In February 1846, out of the little city of Nauvoo, Illinois, began a migration of people who were to write a most remarkable chapter in western colonization. It was not a matter of waiting until the grass was green on the prairies or the warmth of spring arrived. The Mormons were literally forced from the frontiers of civilization because of their religious beliefs. So rigid was the weather that February day in '46, that these exiles crossed the Mississippi river on ice and entered onto the wind-swept prairies of Iowa. Families huddled together in tents and covered wagons to escape the driving sleet and rain, but despite the hardships, they moved gallantly forward.

These folk were unlike those who had trekked west before them. They cared not for the lure of exploring the wilds or a fortune in furs or gold. Bound together by a religious ideal, they sought a refuge where they might worship God in peace.

In the fall of 1846, under the leadership of Brigham Young, the Mormons founded a city of the plains near the

present site of Omaha, Nebraska and named it Winter Quarters. In hastily built sod and log houses, some 15,000 people spent the winter of 1846-1847. Their sufferings were intense. The long march, exposure, and lack of food caused many deaths. On a green hillside near the camp, 600 new graves were made.

In early April, 1847, Brigham Young, together with 142 men, left for the Rocky Mountains to locate a place suitable for settlement. Their route lay along the north bank of the Platte River until Fort Laramie was reached on June 1, 1847. Here wagons were ferried across the stream and camp made at the fort for three days. James Bordeaux, superintendent of the post, commented upon the manly decorum of the band. They would go nowhere without permission. Their portable blacksmith shop was set up and wagons repaired.<sup>6</sup> Orson Pratt, scientist of the party, took the measurements of Fort Laramie. In his journal entry for June 1, 1847, he records the measurements of the exterior of the fort as being 168 feet by 116 feet. Inside were eighteen rooms occupied by the men and their families. Mr. Pratt also estimated the latitude and longitude of its location and the height of Laramie Peak about forty miles to the west. Dr. Luke Johnson attended some who were sick at the fort and was repaid by the exchange of moccasins and skins.

The Mormon Vanguard Company obtained the use of a flat boat from the agents of the American Fur Company for the sum of \$18 and on June 2, for two days thereafter, they ferried their 73 wagons across the Laramie, in readiness for the journey ahead. Up to the advent of the railroad in 1869, more than 80,000 Mormon pioneers had trekked past this wilderness outpost. It was used as an important half-way station between Winter Quarters and Salt Lake City.

During the years of heavy emigration to the West a register was kept at Fort Laramie, and the train captains were asked to enter the names of all adult members of their parties. Many prominent people were listed during the year 1846, among them being W. H. Russell of freighting fame and later father of the Pony Express; ex-Governor L. W. Boggs and family from Missouri enroute to California; Edwin Bryant, the journalist; and Francis Parkman, the Bostonian, who gave to us one of our finest works on the Oregon Trail.<sup>7</sup> This was the year also of the ill-fated Donner-Reed party who, too long delayed, were caught in the heavy snows of the high Sierra range. Of the 81 in that party only 45 survived that dreadful winter.

## GOLD DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA

An event occurred in Sacramento Valley, California, in 1848 that echoed around the world. A Swiss adventurer, John August Sutter, had secured a large tract of land in that region and erected a fort upon it called New Helvetia. A sawmill was needed to supply timber for the project and James W. Marshall, one of the workmen at New Helvetia, set about building one. In an effort to deepen the tail-race to the mill, he flooded it with water each night. The morning of January 24, 1848, he stepped down into the ditch to see what progress had been made when he noticed some bright, shiny nuggets lying on the bed-rock. It proved to be gold. Gold discovered on the American River in California!

People from every land and clime came to California in search of the metal. It was reported that between December 1848 and the end of January 1849, sixty-one vessels carrying passengers from all over the world set sail from Atlantic ports. The largest number of people, however, were to come by land. It was easier to trade for wagons, acquire teams and food supplies than to get the required money for ocean passage. Many routes west were followed, but the greatest movement was along the Oregon-California Trail, up the Platte, past Fort Laramie, and over South Pass to Fort Bridger. Here the emigrants had the choice of two roads, one the Mormon Trail to Salt Lake City thence to the Sacramento Valley. The other road led to Fort Hall enroute to the coast. Stories of the fabulous gold finds in California led one man to say: "I believe I'll go. I know most of this talk is widely exaggerated but I'm sensible enough to discount it and disbelieve absurd stories. If I don't pick up more than a hatful of gold a day I'll be satisfied." During the early part of 1849, George A. Smith, a Mormon missionary writing from Iowa said that 12,000 wagons had crossed the Missouri River below Council Bluffs and that 40,000 men were on their way to the gold fields.

Added to the ordinary hazards of the journey, the '49ers suffered from an outbreak of cholera that became the scourge of the trail. Many fresh graves soon dotted the prairie and the camping places. It was a year of heartbreak for hundreds of emigrants; in fact, the Oregon Trail has been called one of the greatest cemeteries of the West.<sup>8</sup> Those who escaped the misfortunes of the journey pushed on with all haste in their eagerness to arrive at the gold fields. They abandoned all expendible furniture, food, and implements of all kinds. The carcasses of dead animals, broken-



down wagons and carts bespoke the haste and distress of the gold-seekers.

The surging waves of gold-hungry people in 1849 taxed to the limit the resources of the fort. It also brought again into the limelight the urgent need for military posts along the route of the Oregon Trail. For many years this matter had been vigorously urged. Thomas Fitzpatrick, Indian agent for the Plains Tribes, counseled such action with the congressmen in Washington. John C. Fremont, in 1842, had made a plea for the establishment of military posts as a means of protection to the emigrants. Senator Benton, fiery representative from Missouri and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, exerted his influence in support of the measure. Francis Parkman, who had been in the region of Fort Laramie, noted the insolent attitude of the Indians and warned of trouble ahead. Consequently, in May 1846, a law was enacted providing for military forts in the West. At this time war clouds were hanging heavy over the country and a call to arms had been sounded to settle the difficulties with Mexico, hence action on the matter was delayed. In 1849, however, with the rush of the gold-seekers to California, immediate action came from the Army.

The strategic location of Fort Laramie made it ideal for a military garrison. There was an abundance of building material available within a short distance. From the Laramie River a constant supply of good water was assured. Lush grasses grew in the valley of the Laramie, and plenty of fuel for warmth could be secured with little effort. Then too, the post was already regarded as important because it was located in the midst of several powerful tribes of Indians, the principals of which, the Sioux and the Crows, had never been friendly to the whites. Consequently, on June 16, 1849, Major Winslow F. Sanderson of the United States Army, together with four other officers and fifty-eight men, arrived at the fort. Lieutenant Daniel P. Woodberry of the Engineer Corps was authorized to purchase the adobe structure from Mr. Bruce Husband, the proprietor, for \$4,000. Additional troops soon arrived, followed by a supply train of 400 wagons out of Fort Leavenworth.

In the meantime Congress had appropriated \$18,000 with which to begin construction on much needed buildings. The area about the fort became a hive of industry. The sound of the hammer, saw and ax amid the shouts of busy men, echoed in the near by hills. By winter the troops were comfortably housed in their new quarters.

Thus the flag of the United States was unfurled five-hundred miles from the frontiers of civilization, and Fort Laramie, ushered into her new role as the outstretched hand of the government, was to see her greatest period of service on the frontier of the Great West.

### NOTES TO "FORT LARAMIE"

1. Francis Parkman. *California and Oregon Trail*. (New York, n.d.) p. 58.
2. C. G. Coutant. *History of Wyoming*. (Laramie, Wyoming, 1899) Vol. 1, p. 300.
3. LeRoy R. Hafen. *Fort Laramie, and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890*. (California, 1938) p. 42.
4. Clyde Meehan Owens, "The Fur Traders," State of Wyoming Historical Department *Quarterly Bulletin*, Vol. 2 (January 15, 1925), p. 44; W. H. Powell, "Fort Laramie," *Collections of the Wyoming Historical Society*, (Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1897) Vol. 1, p. 177.
5. Grace Raymond Hebard. *The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean . . .* (California, 1940) p. 122. Comparing the Oregon Trail with the Santa Fe Trail, Dr. Hebard declared that the Oregon Trail, two thousand twenty miles long, "was very much the longer and more difficult, but it was proportionately more useful in the development of the far West."
6. B. H. Roberts. *Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints*. (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1936), Vol. 3, p. 192.
7. Hafen, *op. cit.*, p. 120.
8. Alexander Majors. *Seventy Years on the Frontier*. (Denver, 1893) p. 259.

# *History of Albany County to 1880*

## SETTING THE STAGE: PRE-TERRITORIAL HISTORY

By LOLA HOMSHER

With the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, the area which is now known as Albany County, Wyoming, passed from the hands of the French into the possession of the United States. Although this portion of the Great American Desert was but little known, the French had apparently gained some idea of the terrain. At least it has been claimed that a Paris map of 1720, which showed the western regions, marked plainly the Laramie and Medicine Bow mountains and the Laramie Plains, though no details were given.<sup>1</sup> C. G. Coutant devotes a chapter to possible Spanish entry into present Wyoming, but if the Spanish entered this region, they left no known records which would substantiate his story.<sup>2</sup> Nor did the nomadic Indian tribes which traversed the country leave many permanent marks on it.

Southeastern Wyoming, in the later period, was the home of a branch of the Algonquian family of the American Indians, whose western division comprised three groups: the Blackfoot, the Cheyenne and the Arapaho.<sup>3</sup> Lewis and Clark found the Cheyenne, whose original habitat was in Minnesota, in the Black Hills region of present South Dakota. Pressure by the Sioux had driven them west,<sup>4</sup> and by the middle of the century both the Sioux and Cheyenne were in the Laramie Plains region.

The Indians were interested in this area for two reasons: from the "Good Medicine Bow" forest they obtained fine, straight poles for their teepees, and the Laramie Plains were a summer home of the buffalo.<sup>5</sup> That the plains were

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1. Francis Birkhead Beard, *Wyoming From Territorial Days to the Present*, Vol. I (Chicago, 1933), p. 2.

2. C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming*, Vol. I (Laramie, 1899), pp. 23-32. Breed disagrees with Coutant's theory and states that the Spanish advanced no farther than the forks of the Platte River in present Nebraska. He further contends that if Spanish trade goods were found in this territory they probably came here indirectly through a second trader, possibly the Blackfeet. Noel J. Breed, "Wyoming, 1873-1852, The Road to the West" (University of California, n.d.), pp. 1-5.

3. Frederick Webb Hodge, Ed., *Handbook of American Indians*, Vol. I (Washington, D. C., 1912), p. 39.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 251.

5. Coutant Notes, Albany County file, Hebard Collection, located in the Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.



also the natural home of an abundance of other wild life, even in a later period, is attested to by some of the geographic designations which still remain: Antelope Creek, Badger Lake, Bear Lake and Bear Creek, Beaver Dam Creek, Blacktail Creek, Bluejay Mountain, Bobcat Creek, Bull Creek, Coyote Canyon, Deer Creek and Deer Canyon, Duck Creek, Elk Creek, Foxpark and Fox Creek, Grouse Creek, Jackrabbit Creek, Sheep Mountain, Wild Cat Canyon and Silver Tip Creek.<sup>6</sup>

The Indians early in the nineteenth century began to have white visitors who came among them to remain and to trap the beaver. In Europe the beaver hat had become popular, and as the demand for beaver pelts grew, so Europe's demand began to change and to tame the West. Inroads were made upon the habitats of the Indians, who began early to feel the impact of Western civilization and to attempt to stem the tide.

The Laramie Plains and bordering mountains were not on the main line of travel. From the south it was easier to stay to the east of the Laramie Mountains, and the plains were not safe as, according to C. G. Coutant, this area was the battleground between the northern and southern tribes of Indians.<sup>7</sup> However, trappers did come into the area, either through the easy access from the north or because a path through the mountain heights shortened the length of the journey to their advantage.

According to Coutant the first white men to enter the area were Ezekiel Williams and his eight companions about 1807 or 1808. His story relates that Williams and his party had traveled to the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and its tributaries, where they successfully trapped for a time. But the Blackfeet, traditional enemies of the whites, drove them south. In the first battle against the Indians five of the party were killed, and in succeeding encounters with other tribes in their retreat, eight more lost their lives. It is possible that in making their way to safety the remainder of the group entered this region, crossed the range to the south, and went into present Colorado.<sup>8</sup>

Breed, however, discredits this story. He states that Williams was merely one of Manuel Lisa's trappers who

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6. Raymond C. Emery, "A Dictionary of Albany County Place-Names" (Thesis submitted to the Department of English and Committee on Graduate Study at the University of Wyoming, 1940), pp. 97-98.

7. C. G. Coutant, *op. cit.*, p. 298.

8. *Ibid.*, pp. 70-73. Much of this story is based upon the book *The Lost Trappers* by D. H. Coyner (Cincinnati, 1859). Breed calls the whole thing a "newspaper story" by "a journalist writing western tales for a Virginia newspaper." Breed, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

was on a trading expedition with the Arapaho. According to his findings the party in which Williams was a member went south from Fort Manuel in 1810 or 1811 and followed the North Platte to its source in North Park.<sup>9</sup> If this is true, Williams probably did not enter present Albany County.

The legendary figure of Jacques la Ramie<sup>10</sup> was possibly the next trapper to enter the area. According to John Hunton, a pioneer of the Fort Laramie region who knew Jim Bridger and claimed to have heard the story directly from him, la Ramie came to that country at the head of a number of independent trappers about 1817. These men trapped along the Platte River and north, Jim Bridger being with them. In 1820 la Ramie went up the Laramie River, against the advice of the others and failed to return in the spring. A few years later the trappers learned that he had been killed by Indians and his body stuffed under the ice in a beaver pond.<sup>11</sup> Although the details of this story can probably never be confirmed Laramie did leave to the region the legacy of his name.

The Laramie Plains, soon after their bloody christening, were to be crossed by one of the most famous of the western fur barons, General Ashley, who broke the path for the later Overland Trail. Leaving Fort Atkinson at the mouth of the Platte River on November 3, 1824, Ashley and his party followed the river to the forks, where he chose the southern branch. Following the general course of the Long expedition of 1820, he turned in the vicinity of present-day Fort Collins, crossed the range to the north and entered the Laramie Plains, arriving about March 10, 1825.<sup>12</sup> Ashley was pleased with the valley and gave the first known description of it:

... [he] was delighted with the variegated [sic] scenery presented by the valleys and mountains, which were enlivened by innumerable herds of buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep grazing on them, and what mostly added

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9. Breed, *loc. cit.*, p. 72.

10. The name is variously spelled as la Ramee, la Ramie, Larame, and Laramie. Most sources agree that he was a French Canadian.

11. Agnes Wright Spring, "Old Letter Book," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 13 (October 1941), pp. 240-41; John Hunton, "Jim Bridger's Recollection of Jacques La Ramie about 1819 or 1820," *First Biennial Report of the State Historian of the State of Wyoming, with Wyoming Historical Collections*. (Laramie, 1920), p. 154. Hiram M. Chittenden gives the date of his death as 1821. H. M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*, Vol. I (New York, 1935), p. 468.

12. Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 33, and W. J. Ghent, *The Road to Oregon* (New York, 1929), p. 19.

to their interest to the whole scene were the many small streams issuing from the mountains, bordered with a thin growth of small willows and richly stocked with beaver.<sup>13</sup>

The prospects were so exciting that his party moved slowly, trapping as they went, and remained on the plains until March 24.<sup>14</sup>

Yet another trapper was to leave an imprint upon this area. La Bonte, for whom a stream in the northern extreme of the county is named, trapped in the area in the 1840's. George F. Ruxton, an Englishman who spent a short time among the trappers of the Rocky Mountains at that date, recorded that the country where La Bonte and his companions were trapping

. . . is very curiously situated in the extensive bend of the Platte which includes the Black Hill range on the north, and which bounds the large expanse of broken tract known as the Laramie Plains, their southern limit being the base of the Medicine Bow Mountains . . .<sup>15</sup>

Although others may have also trapped this area, for beaver were plentiful, they have left no known records of their adventures.

After Ashley's journey in 1825, there was some travel along the later Overland Trail,<sup>16</sup> but the first official exploration of this area was made by Captain John C. Fremont. In 1842 he had explored the South Pass country, and in 1843 he took the southern route, following General Ashley's trail of 1824-25. The party consisted of thirty-nine men, principally Creoles and Canadian French and a few Americans. Thomas Fitzpatrick acted as guide to the party<sup>17</sup> and Kit Carson was also a member.<sup>18</sup>

On July 30, 1843, Fremont's party encamped on a high prairie, broken by buttes and boulders and forming the dividing crest between the Laramie and the Cache la Poudre rivers.<sup>19</sup> By the following evening the party had reached the Laramie River proper. Commenting on the Laramie Plains, Fremont expressed himself much as had Ashley eighteen years earlier:

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13. Beard, *Loc. cit.*

14. *Ibid.*

15. George Frederick Ruxton, *In the Old West*, Horace Kephart, ed. (New York, 1924), p. 131.

16. Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

17. Captain J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842 and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44*, 28 Congress, 2nd Session, Senate 174 (Washington, D. C., 1845), p. 105.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 116.

19. *Ibid.*, pp. 365-66.



As we emerged on a small tributary of the Laramie River, coming in sight of its principal stream, the flora became perfectly magnificent; and we congratulated ourselves, as we rode along our pleasant road, that we had substituted this for the uninteresting country between Laramie hills and the Sweet Water valley. We had no meat for supper last night or breakfast this morning, and were glad to see Carson come in at noon with a good antelope.<sup>20</sup>

Although Fremont spent but three days on the Laramie Plains,<sup>21</sup> he proved that it was a part of the practicable route which in two decades hundreds of emigrants would follow, and across which the Overland Stage would thunder.

Six years were to elapse before the next military exploration was to include the Laramie Plains and vicinity again. On September 26, 1849, Captain Howard Stansbury and his party entered the area from the northwest and crossed southeasterly to the headwaters of Lodge Pole Creek.<sup>22</sup>

Excitement attended Stansbury's crossing, for on the second day eleven scouts in the party gave an alarm that Indians had been sighted. Immediately the train was halted. As no natural defense was available, the pack-mules and loose animals were caught and led by halters, the men formed into two lines behind the wagon, between which the led animals were driven, and the whole closed up by a guard in the rear.<sup>23</sup> When the alarm proved false, the party moved on, but an appearance of Indians a short time later made it prudent to stop on the banks of the Laramie River where an enclosure could be made.

In this situation Jim Bridger, the guide, proved of great value. The Indians, it was discovered, were a band of Ogallala Sioux who had believed the soldiers to be Crows. With the exchange of gifts and some slight thievery by the Indians, the two parties passed on without further molestation, Stansbury's party crossing the Laramie Mountains via Lodge Pole Creek,<sup>24</sup> a later emigrant route.

During this same year a party of Cherokee Indians, bound for California under Captain Evans of Arkansas, entered the Laramie Plains from the south, rounded Elk Mountain at the north end of the Medicine Bow Mountains,

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20. *Ibid.*, pp. 122-23.

21. *Ibid.*, pp. 365-68.

22. Howard Stansbury, *Exploration and Survey of the Great Salt Lake of Utah*, Special Session, March 1851, Ex. No. 3 (Washington, D. C., 1853), p. 251.

23. *Ibid.*

24. *Ibid.*, pp. 253-58.

and continued west. This event gave the name of Cherokee Trail to a part of the later Overland Trail.<sup>25</sup>

In 1854 the plains area saw its first private pleasure expedition, that of Sir George Gore of Sligo, Ireland. This wealthy peer had with him forty retainers, fourteen dogs, six wagons, twenty-one carts, twelve yoke of oxen and 112 horses.<sup>26</sup> Coutant states that his first pleasure excursion was through the Black Hills,<sup>27</sup> across the Laramie Plains and into North Park. This same account relates that one of Gore's men washed out some gold from a stream on the Laramie Plains, which would be the first recorded discovery of that mineral in present Albany County. Gore immediately moved camp to prevent a stampede of desertions from his ranks and kept the discovery from his men.<sup>28</sup>

The Laramie Plains area did not see much of permanent importance transpire until 1862. Because of Indian depredations along the old Oregon Trail, which made travel dangerous and expensive, and because of the gold rush in the present Denver area, Ben Holladay found it economically advantageous to change the route of his overland stage from the more northern route to one which went into present-day Colorado and then turned to cross the southern part of what is now Wyoming.<sup>29</sup> The new line, which was shorter, followed the South Platte River to the Cache la Poudre and up the valley to Virginia Dale. The line then crossed the Black Hills, traversed the Laramie Plains and rounded Elk Mountain, following closely the Cherokee Trail. The road, however, now took on the name of the stage company and became the Overland Trail.

Stations were built along the new line, and a table of distances indicates those located in present-day Albany County:<sup>30</sup>

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25. Ghent, *op. cit.*, pp. 156-57; Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121; Le Roy Hafen, *Overland Mail* (Glendale, 1926), p. 230.

26. Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Bancroft's Works*, Vol. XXV (San Francisco, 1890), pp. 695-96.

27. The Laramie Mountains were often called the Black Hills because of their dark appearance on the eastern slopes, caused by heavy forests. Louis C. Coughlin, District Forest Supervisor, Laramie, April 3, 1949. Chittenden, *op. cit.*, p. 728.

28. Coutant, *op. cit.*, pp. 324-25; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, pp. 695-96. states only that Gore's party went north of Fort Laramie and makes no mention of a trip southwest of the fort.

29. Hafen, *op. cit.*, p. 231; Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

30. Frank A. Root and William E. Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California* (Topeka, 1901), p. 102.

Virginia Dale [Colorado], to Willow Springs, [Wyoming]	15 miles
Willow Springs to Big Laramie	15 miles
Big Laramie to Little Laramie	14 miles
Little Laramie to Cooper Creek	17 miles
Cooper Creek to Rock Creek [Carbon County]	11 miles

Emigrants soon changed their course across country also, and in 1864 Dr. J. W. Finfrock, acting surgeon at Fort Halleck on the southern Overland Trail in present Carbon County, recorded the following numbers had passed that point: "Waggons 4264; Stock, 50,000; Men &c. 17,584."<sup>31</sup>

The move to the south was fairly safe for a few years, but in 1865 a great deal of trouble was experienced on the Cherokee Trail section of the overland route. A number of raids were made by the Indians, seriously interrupting both stage and emigrant travel.

On June 8, 1865, a stage station near Ft. Halleck was attacked and five of the seven men stationed there were killed.<sup>32</sup> In August trouble again occurred between Fort Collins and Fort Halleck, and on August 4 twelve whites were killed and two captured between the Big Laramie and Rock Creek stage stations. N. E. Lewis, a hospital steward at Fort Halleck, later related how one of the captured men had been scalped, tied to a wheel of a wagon, bacon piled around him, and "he was burned in its flames."<sup>33</sup>

To carry out the mail contract, Frank A. Root, an employee of the Overland Stage Company, related how Bob Spotswood and Jim Steward, division agents, evolved a plan which proved successful:

... (The plan), while it did not protect them from attack, still made victory rather difficult for the savages. Each allowed seven days' mail to accumulate at the headquarters of his division; the passenger travel, owing to the troubles, being very light. An escort of ten to fifteen cavalymen, supplied from Fort Collins, went along, and, with this retinue, the seven coaches, and ten or a dozen men about the station, the two trains, west and eastbound, would forge along towards each other and meet midway. Among the prominent drivers of the coaches were Jim Enos, Bill Opdyke, Jake Hawk, Hank Brown, and several others, all more or less skilled in the "art" of fighting Indians. When everything went smoothly, it would only take a short time to exchange the mail and a few frightened passengers; then the teams and coaches would be turned back. Strange as it may seem, all the traveling in

31. Diary of Dr. J. W. Finfrock, 1864, last page. Finfrock Collection, archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.

32. Hafen, *op. cit.*, p. 268.

33. *Ibid.*, p. 269; W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately printed, 1917), p. 96.



this way was done at night, as it is a custom of the Indians seldom to fight except in the daytime. For over 200 miles all the stations were abandoned, and the stage men congregated for these expeditions at Virginia Dale and Sulphur Springs.<sup>34</sup>

The emigrants fared little better than did the stage employees. This same summer a party of thirty-five, returning from the west, were attacked, and a running battle ensued while the party attempted to reach Rock Creek Station. A woman and her two daughters, aged ten and sixteen, were killed while the remainder of the party were rescued by a large freight outfit. A white woman, who had been captured earlier by this party of warriors, was turned loose at this time, but nothing could be gleaned from her as she had lost her mind.<sup>35</sup>

Another battle occurred about the same time between a small detachment of soldiers and Indians. Sergeant Cooley of the First Colorado Cavalry and a detail of nine men, who were escorting two government supply wagons, saw a band of Indians approaching and ran for Phil Mandel's stage station on the Little Laramie. One soldier was killed and Sergeant Cooley, while holding the Indians from the rest of his party, also lost his life. The others of the group were aided by the station employees and escaped. A few days later it was discovered that the Indians had feasted on Mandel's cattle.<sup>36</sup>

Small parties were in grave danger during this year, and in spite of warnings they often attempted to travel to the west. One man, his wife and mother-in-law disregarded the warnings at La Porte and continued on. About seven miles from Mandel's station on the Little Laramie a party of Indians appeared, killed the mother-in-law, captured the wife and left the husband for dead. Being stunned only, he soon attracted the attention of a coach which had a military guard and had turned back to the Big Laramie to escape the Indians. The fate of the wife was never known.<sup>37</sup>

Al Huston and Jim Enos were stationed at Virginia Dale as hunters. Huston, feeling that the danger was too great in the timber, brush and rocks which surrounded the station, requested and secured a transfer to the Big Laramie sta-

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34. Root, *op. cit.*, pp. 255-56. Sulphur Springs was a station just beyond Bridger Pass.

35. Kuykendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 92-94.

36. *Ibid.*, pp. 95-96.

37. *Ibid.*, pp. 96-97. No evidence seems to connect this with the story previously related of the woman who lost her mind.

tion. Enos remained at his post and was killed shortly afterwards.<sup>38</sup>

With travel increasing over the Laramie Mountains via the Lodge Pole route and over the Overland Trail, it became expedient to have a military post erected near the junction of these two routes which lay in the center of the Indian disturbances. Consequently 1866 saw the first permanent structures, other than the rude station houses, erected upon the Laramie Plains.

On June 19, 1866, Captain Henry R. Mizner assumed command of Fort Halleck under orders to dismantle it and remove it to a suitable site on the Big Laramie River and as near to the Overland Stage Route as possible.<sup>39</sup>

Mizner proceeded to obey instructions and reported on July 12, 1866, to Major J. P. Sherburne, Assistant Adjutant General, Department of the Missouri, that he had located the post so as to have a commanding position within a mile of Lodge Pole Creek route "over which the bulk of the emigration passes."<sup>40</sup>

In spite of instructions to locate close to the Overland Stage route, Mizner chose a spot on the east side of the river, six miles from the stage line, because, as he wrote,

It would be impossible to complete the work assigned me, even by November, had I located on the westerly side of the river, especially as it is past fording, and I should be compelled to use the bridge of the Overland Stage Company at the same extortionate rates as characterize the Company or its employees in the charges to Emigrants, Freighters, &c. wherever a stream is met with, who freely declare more dread of these extortions than of the Indians. Already my Qr. Mr. has been notified that a charge is made against my command of \$2.50 per wagon—over \$1.00 for crossing on the bridge, and I cannot conscientiously approve such claim. . .<sup>41</sup>

A further difficulty arose with the Overland Stage Company when it claimed all hay for a breadth of twenty-five miles along its route.<sup>42</sup> This would have included all the good hay grounds near the military reservation, which occupied an area six miles square. To settle this question, Mizner ordered that the reservation be enlarged to nine miles square so that it would include the springs, which

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38. *Ibid.*, p. 97.

39. Mizner to Bvt. Maj. General L. Thomas, Adj. Gen. U.S.A., Washington, D. C., June 19, 1866. This and following correspondence regarding Fort Sanders was obtained from the National Archives on microfilm by the Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division of the University of Wyoming Library.

40. Mizner to Sherburne, July 12, 1866.

41. *Ibid.*

42. Mizner to Sherburne, July 29, 1866.

were the source of Spring Creek, and the hay grounds.<sup>43</sup> Both difficulties were amicably settled when Mizner's order was carried out and the stage company moved its route so that it would be closer to the post.<sup>44</sup>

The post, originally intended for four companies, was named Fort John Buford when it was established, and it retained that name until September 1866 when it was changed to Fort Sanders in honor of Brig. Gen. W. P. Sanders.<sup>45</sup>

Difficulties of many kinds harassed Captain Mizner during the construction of the post. On September 14 he reported that a band of thieves on the Lodge Pole Creek route had run off several hundred horses and mules in a thirty-day period, one outfit losing nearly eighty animals. He complained that whites and Indians were both apparently causing trouble, but that while the post was under construction he did not have enough men to do anything about it.<sup>46</sup>

An incident which may have been related to this report was the experience of William L. H. Millar, a one-time messenger for the Overland Stage Company. In July of 1866 Millar had started for Salt Lake as a "mule whacker" driving a six-mule team. When the outfit reached Lodge Pole Creek the redskins stampeded all the mules, eighty-four head, and surrounded the party for five days. Government teams finally came to their relief and took them to Fort Sanders where the owners contracted with Abner Loomis to take them to Salt Lake with ox teams.<sup>47</sup>

About this time W. L. Kuykendall reported that while looking for a hay site north of the reservation he barely escaped a band of Indians who fled to the hills when he reached the safety of the fort.

A few days following this encounter an owner of a large mule train encamped for dinner near old Fort Walbach and was financially ruined when the Indians ran off his stock.<sup>48</sup>

A nuisance to the post commander was Jimmie Ferris, a former soldier, who established a road house at the Big Laramie overland stage station and planned a second one

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43. Mizner to Maj. H. G. Litchfield, Aide-de-camp [Omaha], Sept. 19, 1866.

44. *Ibid.*

45. "Record of Medical History of Posts No. 308, 1868-1872." (Located in the A.G.O. Division of the National Archives), p. 1.

46. Mizner to Litchfield, Sept. 14, 1866.

47. Root, *op. cit.*, p. 80. Abner Loomis was later a prominent stockgrower in northern Colorado.

48. Kuykendall, *op. cit.*, pp. 101-102.



at Seven Mile Creek. When soldiers began obtaining whiskey from Ferris, he was arrested and detained in the guard house, and temporarily at least this problem was solved.<sup>49</sup>

Although there were but a handful of people who had settled in present Albany County by choice in 1866, the area had become an important link in the east-west line of communication, and the foundations for a more secure future had been laid. The military post gave some assurance to those who wished to remain. A telegraph line, built by Ed. Creighton and C. H. Hutton in that year from Denver to Salt Lake City, gave instant communication with the outside world and removed a barrier to the region's isolation.<sup>50</sup> The transcontinental railroad, long discussed, was already approaching the territory and would soon cross the Laramie Mountains and the Laramie Plains. Its requirements would cause a permanent population to settle here. Political recognition was in the very near future, and the area would soon be able to take its place as a political entity on the map of the West.

### POLITICAL BOUNDARIES

From 1821 to 1834 the Albany County area lay in the Unorganized Country of the Louisiana Purchase, for which there was no central government. During this period the territory was technically under the military supervision of the Western Department of the United States Army and under the administrative authority of the Upper Missouri Agency. This agency had been established in 1818 at Council Bluffs and apparently had in its territory all Indian tribes in the area drained by the Missouri River and its tributaries.<sup>51</sup>

In 1834 all lands both east and west of the Mississippi River which were not within the boundaries of any state or territory were named Indian Country. A Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the auspices of the War Department was given the power to regulate all intercourse and trade with the Indian tribes and to see that peace was maintained on the frontier. Under this status the future Albany County remained until 1854.<sup>52</sup>

While government could not affect the Albany County area because of its remoteness, the region was a part of three successive territories between 1854 and 1868. The

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49. *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100.

50. Coutant Notes, *op. cit.*

51. Marie H. Erwin, *Wyoming Historical Blue Book* (Denver, 1946), p. 114.

52. *Ibid.*

first of these was Nebraska Territory which was created in 1854. Although a change in the territorial status of the northern half of present Wyoming was made in 1861, present Albany County was not affected until 1863 when it became a part of Idaho Territory.<sup>53</sup> In 1864 a change was again made and the area became a part of Dakota Territory,<sup>54</sup> remaining under this jurisdiction until the Territory of Wyoming was created on July 25, 1868, when President Andrew Johnson signed the Organic Act for the new territory.<sup>55</sup>

Government was by 1867 beginning to encroach upon the Laramie Plains area, for on January 9 of that year Laramie County was created with the county seat located at Fort Sanders. This new political division of Dakota included all of what is now Wyoming with the exception of the present Uinta, Lincoln, and Teton counties and Yellowstone Park. These were then a part of the territories of Utah and Idaho.<sup>56</sup>

W. L. Kuykendall, one of the first County Commissioners, gave as a reason for the creation of the new county that "The harsh exercise of military authority caused the Legislature of Dakota at its session the winter of 1866 to provide for the organization of Laramie County . . ."<sup>57</sup> Undoubtedly the vastness of the area and its isolation from the Dakota Territorial government also influenced the legislature in making the change.

Although the basis for the beginning of a form of government had been laid by the legislature, nothing was done, for, as Kuykendall explained:

Hinman, Hopkins and myself were named as County Commissioners. We did not organize the county, for in the spring of 1867 there were not more than two hundred civilians all told and not a real settler in what is now Wyoming (unless Phil Mandel could be classed as such), very few having any property not exempt from taxation. The most potent reason, however, was our getting together somewhere on account of the Indians, as we were widely separated from each other. . .<sup>58</sup>

Failure to organize a government was not of great importance, however, for civilization was rapidly approaching on iron rails, and with the founding of Cheyenne in that year the Dakota Legislature redefined the boundaries

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53. *Ibid.*, p. 116.

54. *Ibid.*

55. *Ibid.*, p. 128.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 406.

57. W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately printed, 1917), p. 101.

58. *Ibid.*, p. 101.

of Laramie County, cutting it down to make Carter County in the western half and moving the county seat from Fort Sanders to Cheyenne on January 3, 1868.<sup>59</sup> The Laramie Plains area thus continued as a part of Laramie County, but the new county of Albany was soon to be created.

Laramie City was established in May of 1868 and on December 16 of that year Albany County was formed out of the western part of Laramie County with Laramie as the county seat. Albany County was, upon the establishment of Wyoming Territory, one of the four original counties,<sup>60</sup> although its government was not organized until after the creation of that territory.<sup>61</sup>

When the first territorial legislature of Wyoming met in 1869, the eastern boundary of Albany County as defined by the Dakota laws was accepted, but the western boundary was changed.<sup>62</sup> The boundaries as defined by law extended Albany County from the Colorado boundary on the south to the Montana boundary on the north. The eastern boundary lay on a north-south line which was indicated as lying through Buford (*sic*) station of the Union Pacific Railroad.<sup>63</sup> The western boundary, also on a north-south line, lay one-half mile east of Como station of the Union Pacific.<sup>64</sup>

The Laramie County legislators of the Second Territorial Legislature, however, were not content with the defining of their western boundary, and on November 24, 1871, Council File number 15 was introduced,<sup>65</sup> which moved the boundary west of Buford so that it began in the center of Dale Creek Bridge on the Union Pacific Railroad and ran due north.<sup>66</sup> The second reading of the bill took place on November 27, at which time it was referred to the committee of the whole.<sup>67</sup> On December 5 the committee reported on the bill, recommending that it "do pass," which it did by a vote of five to four. J. E. Gates and S. W.

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59. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 407.

60. *Ibid.*, p. 408.

61. I. S. Bartlett, *History of Wyoming*, Vol. I (Chicago, 1918), p. 503.

62. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 409.

63. *General Laws, Memorials and Resolutions of the Territory of Wyoming, Passed at the First Session of the Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, October 12, 1869* (Cheyenne, 1870), pp. 388-89.

64. *Ibid.*, p. 387.

65. *Council Journal of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, Second Session*. (Cheyenne, 1872), p. 49.

66. *General Laws, Resolutions and Memorials of the Territory of Wyoming, Passed at the Second Session of the Legislative Assembly* (Cheyenne, 1872), pp. 124-25.

67. *Council Journal, Second Session*, p. 50.



Downey, the Albany County representation, both voted against the measure.<sup>68</sup>

The House received the bill on December 5 and on that date it was rushed through the first and second readings.<sup>69</sup> On December 6 the bill was read the third time and passed.<sup>70</sup>

The Laramie Daily *Sentinel* immediately set up a cry at the action of the "rump" of the legislature, for at the time of the action by the House all of the Albany County representatives, M. C. Brown, T. J. Dayton and Ora Haley, who had returned home for the Thanksgiving holiday, were snowed in at Laramie and could not return to Cheyenne.<sup>71</sup>

On December 14 Governor Campbell returned the bill to the Council with a veto message. He had been petitioned to do so by citizens of Albany County, by two-thirds of the Council and by a majority of the House who asked that it be returned for reconsideration.<sup>72</sup> Twenty-four citizens of Sherman presented a petition for its recall claiming that the action "was predicated on a bogus and fraudulent petition, presented by a member of the House of Representatives from Laramie County."<sup>73</sup>

In spite of this action the Council passed the bill over the governor's veto on the day it was returned. The Albany County Council delegates split their votes with Gates voting against and Downey voting for it.<sup>74</sup> On the following day the House also passed the bill over the veto with the Albany County delegation voting solidly against it.<sup>75</sup> The bill then became one of the regular laws which appeared in the 1871 statutes and was signed by the Speaker of the House Sheeks and Council President Nuckolls as passed over the governor's veto.<sup>76</sup>

The area under dispute contained some \$200,000 worth of taxable property, not an inconsiderable amount at that date,<sup>77</sup> and Albany County refused to give it up. The question was immediately brought before the Supreme Court and, on November 12, 1872, a decision was handed down by that body which declared that the act of the legislature

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68. *Ibid.*, pp. 61-63.

69. *House Journal of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, 2nd Session* (Cheyenne, 1872), p. 91.

70. *Ibid.*, p. 92.

71. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, December 7, 1871, 3:3.

72. *Council Journal, Second Session*, p. 99.

73. *House Journal, Second Session*, p. 166.

74. *Council Journal, Second Session*, p. 99.

75. *House Journal, Second Session*, p. 165.

76. *General Laws, Second Session*, pp. 124-25.

77. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, December 7, 1871, 3:3.

was not in accordance with the organic act and consequently was illegal and void.<sup>78</sup>

The railroad had meanwhile paid the tax on its assets between Buford and Dale Creek to Laramie County, and Albany County was anxious to collect this amount. The Albany County Commissioner appointed Ludolph Abrams, Chairman of the Board, to collect the money from the Union Pacific Company for taxes for the year 1872 on property in this area "which has been in dispute between the counties of Laramie and Albany."<sup>79</sup> In 1881 the Albany County Commissioners attempted to settle all future boundary differences by asking Laramie County to defray half the expense for a survey and marking of the boundary.<sup>80</sup>

In 1873 a second dispute arose between Albany and Laramie counties with Carbon County also involved. Laramie County brought suit against the other two counties in an attempt to recover a portion of the indebtedness existing against Laramie County at the time of the organization of Albany and Carbon counties,<sup>81</sup> amounting to some \$18,000.<sup>82</sup> The suit was dismissed in the Territorial Supreme Court upon the ground that the court had no power to levy a contribution upon the defendants to pay this indebtedness in the absence of any legislative act authorizing the collection.<sup>83</sup>

The suit was eventually carried to the United States Supreme Court where a decision was handed down against Laramie County in 1876. Albany County disclaimed any responsibility and claimed that the indebtedness was incurred before there were either people or taxable property in Carbon and Albany counties,<sup>84</sup> though it would be reasonable to assume that some expense must have accumulated during the eleven months that these counties were a part of the larger Laramie County.

While the population of Albany County was centered in the southern section, and the northern portion was in the Indian Territory north of the Platte River which was closed to all settlement by whites, very little consideration was given to the northern end of the county. Attempts

78. *Ibid.*, November 13, 1872, 3:2.

79. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882 (Albany County Clerk's Office, Laramie), February 24, 1873, p. 120.

80. *Ibid.*, February 16, 1881, p. 484.

81. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, March 13, 1873, 3:1.

82. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, March 27, 1876, 2:1.

83. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, March 13, 1873, 3:1.

84. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, March 27, 1876, 2:1. W. C. Bramel and W. W. Corlett handled this case before the U. S. Supreme Court for Albany County. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882, May 6, 1874, p. 166.

were constantly being made to force the government to abrogate the treaty with the Indians, and in 1876 this became an accomplished fact. Anticipating the transfer of the jurisdiction of this area from the Indian Bureau to the Territory and a resulting influx of population, Governor Thayer in his message to the Fourth Legislative Assembly recommended that new counties in this area be provided for. As reasons for this suggestion he pointed out that the new centers of population would be located at great distances from the county seats, especially in Laramie, Albany, Carbon and a part of Sweetwater counties, all of which would be affected, and this would consequently vastly increase the cost of all public business and in a large degree deprive these new settlers of the protection and assistance of the government.<sup>85</sup>

Following this advice, the legislature, on December 8, 1875, formed two new counties, Pease and Crook, the latter of which was taken from the northern portions of Albany and Laramie counties. This changed the northern boundaries of the old counties from the parallel of 45° north latitude, the northern boundary of Wyoming Territory, to the parallel of 43° 30' north latitude,<sup>86</sup> breaking for the first time the longitudinal boundary lines of four of the five original counties.

The act also provided that the new counties would be organized only upon petition of 500 electors residing within the limits of the counties.<sup>87</sup> Settlers were slow to move into the Crook County area and the county was not organized until January 22, 1885. Laramie therefore remained the nominal seat of government for part of the area until that date.<sup>88</sup>

Albany County citizens made no objections to the cutting off of the northern portion of their land, for they were at this same time interested in the more pressing problem of their southwestern boundary. As the editor of the daily newspaper stated the proposition:

There is one matter to which we wish to call the attention of the Legislature, which is, to change the western boundary line of Albany county, so as to include the Centennial mining district in this county. We here have no wish to encroach upon the railroad or other taxable property of Carbon county, but these mines are, so far as now discovered, owned and worked by the residents of this

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85. John M. Thayer, *Message of Governor Thayer to the Fourth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, Convened at Cheyenne, November 2, 1875* (Cheyenne, 1875), p. 7.

86. *Compiled Laws of Wyoming* (Cheyenne 1876), pp. 198-201.

87. *Ibid.*, p. 199.

88. Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 1164.



county and city, and this place is where they want to come to make their filings and do their business.

If they are to be compelled to go clear to Rawlins they must come here to Laramie City and then go 140 miles from home to do their business, which will subject them to great cost and inconvenience. And before the meeting of another Legislature there is liable to be a large population there—large enough, in fact, to outvote all the rest of Carbon county, and even bring the county seat of that county to them instead of going clear to Rawlins to transact their business.<sup>89</sup>

No change of this kind was forthcoming in 1875, however, but as mining in the Keystone and Jelm area continued to grow in importance, more agitation secured a change in this boundary in the Ninth Wyoming Legislative Assembly in 1886, and Albany County lost its longitudinal character when it detached from Carbon County a rectangle of territory.<sup>90</sup>

Albany County was to experience but one more change in her boundaries. On March 9, 1888, the Tenth Wyoming Legislative Assembly created and defined the boundaries of Converse County, cutting the northern boundary of Albany County to the Seventh Standard parallel north.<sup>91</sup>

## PHYSICAL FEATURES

Albany County contains an area of 2,824,720 acres,<sup>92</sup> a large portion of which is occupied by the Laramie Plains, an area approximately ninety miles long and thirty miles at its greatest width. The surface of this plains area is gently rolling with broad valleys along the principal streams separated by low, flat-topped ridges. A number of depressions are to be found, the largest of which is Big Hollow, an area about nine miles long and three miles wide with a maximum depth of about 200 feet below its rim, located on the divide between the Laramie and Little Laramie rivers. Big Basin, northwest of Laramie, is similar in character but smaller. Both depressions contain small alkaline ponds. Cooper Lake and James Lake in this vicinity form two other depressions which are much smaller. In

89. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, November 23, 1875, 3:1.

90. *Revised Statutes of Wyoming, In Force January 1, 1887* (Cheyenne 1887), p. 235.

91. *Session Laws of Wyoming Territory passed by the Tenth Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne on the Tenth Day of January, 1888* (Cheyenne 1888), p. 217.

92. J. F. Deeds, Depue Falck, E. R. Greenslet, R. E. Morgan and W. L. Hopper, "Land Classification of the Central Great Plains, Part 3, Southeastern Wyoming" (U.S.G.S. mimeographed pamphlet No. 25654, N.D.), p. 27.

the southern part of the county are to be found numerous other small lakes and ponds,<sup>93</sup> including Hutton, Creighton, and George lakes, all of which contain pure water, and Steamboat Lake which is impregnated with alkali.<sup>94</sup>

To the south, east and north of the plains the Laramie Mountains curve along the boundary line, forming a great semicircle which cuts the Laramie Plains from the Great Plains area. To the west of the plains lie the Medicine Bow Mountains, curving away from the plains about two-thirds of the way up from the southern boundary and forming a natural pass to the west. The altitude of the entire county is high, ranging from about 7,000 feet<sup>95</sup> to 10,274 feet, the summit of Laramie Peak.<sup>96</sup>

The county lies in the drainage basin of the North and South Platte Rivers. The Laramie River enters the area between the Laramie and Medicine Bow Mountains in the southwestern corner and flows northward across the Laramie basin, eastward through the Laramie Mountains and across the high plains to the North Platte. It is fed by tributaries from both the Medicine Bow and Laramie mountains.<sup>97</sup>

The northeastern corner of the county is drained by tributaries of the Medicine Bow River, also a tributary of the North Platte. The southeastern corner of the area lies within the drainage basin of the tributaries to the South Platte River, with Lodgepole and Crow creeks the principal streams.<sup>98</sup>

Because of the extreme altitude of the entire area, the climate is rather severe. At Centennial records kept 1899-1907 and 1911-1926 indicate that that immediate area has a growing season of eighty-nine days and an annual precipitation of 17.43 inches. At Fox Park tabulations kept 1910-1926 record frost every month. The rainfall measured at this point for that period was 17.82 inches, most of which drains off into the Platte River drainage basin. Rock River records 1913-1918 indicate an average growing season of ninety-six days and a precipitation of 12.14 inches. At Laramie the average growing season is 111 days, long enough for the growth of a number of crops, but the average

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93. *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.

94. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 22, 1871, 3:3.

95. Wyoming Highway Map, 1947.

96. Deeds, *op. cit.*, pp. 28-29.

97. *Ibid.*, p. 6; U.S.G.S. Base Map compiled by R. B. Marshall. Chief Geographer, and A. F. Hassan, Cartographer, 1913.

98. *Ibid.*

rainfall of 11.33 inches, measured for the years 1869-1926, is one of the principal factors adverse to agriculture.<sup>99</sup>

In the Laramie Plains area the soils consist mainly of clay or sandy loam mixed with gravel. In the depressions excess quantities of alkali salts have been deposited from the run-off which has entered the areas and evaporated.<sup>100</sup> In the adjacent mountain area the soil is principally a granitic gravelly loam.<sup>101</sup>

The vegetation of the county plains area consists chiefly of gama grass, nigger wool, prairie June grass and wheat grass. On the better soils needle grass is found, and tripple awn is noticeable on dry gravelly benches. Rabbit brush, mountain sage and match weed are found in widely scattered areas. Where the soil is alkaline, particularly in the depressions, salt grass and greasewood dominate. The western boundary of the Laramie Plains marks approximately the western limit of the short-grass vegetation in Wyoming, and along this line the short-grass gives way to a shrub type, and species of both are found intermingled.<sup>102</sup>

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99. Deeds, *op. cit.*, pp. 16-17.

100. *Ibid.*, p. 7.

101. *Ibid.*, pp. 28-29.

102. *Ibid.*, pp. 14-15.



## TOWNS AND VILLAGES

## Laramie

The sale of lots in Laramie began about April 20, 1868. Anticipating large profits through lot speculation, between two and three hundred people had, for nearly a month prior to that date, been camped on the plains surrounding the site which the Union Pacific had platted for the town. Within the first week over four hundred lots were sold or contracted for, and in less than two weeks five hundred structures were erected.<sup>1</sup> Buildings were crude and of a temporary character, composed of logs, cross ties stood on end with canvas roof, tents and boards, all of which could be easily taken down and moved to a new point on the road.<sup>2</sup> But a new town had been born, and when the railroad entered it on May 10, 1868, a gala crowd was at hand to cheer it onward.<sup>3</sup>

The first population was in the aggregate composed largely of the flotsam and jetsam of humanity which followed the railroad. According to Triggs, early historian of Laramie, the population grew to about 5,000 in the first three months,<sup>4</sup> but as the railroad extended westward the majority followed it, and two years later the census showed a population of only 828 in Laramie and the immediate vicinity.<sup>5</sup>

An early attempt was made for city government, and on May 8, 1868, a mass meeting was held at which the following officers were nominated: M. C. Brown for Mayor, John Gurrelle for Marshal, E. Nagle, J. C. Chrisman, G. P. Drake, and M. Townsley for Trustees, and P. H. Tooley for Clerk. The entire slate was elected on May 12, and an effort was made to form a strong and efficient government. But the rough element of the new town was too strong, and by the end of third week in office the newly elected government began resigning, leaving the town with no government whatsoever.<sup>6</sup>

1. J. H. Triggs, *History and Directory of Laramie City, Wyoming Territory* (Laramie, 1875), pp. 3-5; Mrs. Cyrus Beard, "Early Days in Wyoming Territory," *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol 10, No. 2 (April 1938), p. 92.

2. Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 5.

3. *Ibid.* The *Cheyenne Leader* on May 5, 1868, reported that the first train reached Laramie May 4 and that "Real estate went up as the fluid extract of corn went down, and the value of city lots exceeded greenbacks." 4:3, Most sources gave May 10 as the date of entry of the first train into Laramie.

4. *Ibid.*

5. *Statistics of the Population of the United States*, Ninth Census, Vol. I (Washington, D. C., 1872), p. 295.

6. Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

The wild element ruled without interference until August, when a vigilance committee, composed of about twenty members, organized in an attempt to bring some order out of chaos and make the town safe for honest people. Their one action, the hanging of a young man known as the "Kid," quickly organized the lawless element who boasted of their strength and the vengeance they would inflict upon those who complained. The crime wave, however, grew to such proportions that a second vigilance committee numbering several hundred was formed.

The vigilantes laid their plans carefully, and on the night of October 18 planned to strike simultaneously at all the gambling halls. Although the plan miscarried and the dance hall "Belle of the West" was attacked before the given time, the raid was successful from the standpoint of results. Three men were killed, one of the committee, a member of the band and a noted desperado, and about fifteen were wounded. Three of the leading roughs, Con Wager, Asa Moore and Big Ed were hanged that night and the next morning Big Steve joined them on a nearby telegraph pole. The majority of the lawless element left town within a few days and the remainder joined the vigilance committee.<sup>7</sup>

With the restoration of a kind of order, the majority of substantial citizens dropped from the vigilance group, leaving it to the rougher element which had joined it. As a result unsettled and somewhat lawless conditions remained until the new territorial government became effective. With the appointment of the territorial court and with the services of N. K. Boswell, first sheriff of the county, a greater security was established.<sup>8</sup>

The citizens of Laramie had a second cause of insecurity: they could not perfect titles to their lots. The railroad company had platted the townsite not upon their own land, as was usually the case, but upon the Fort Sanders Military reservation which occupied part of a section the Union Pacific should have received. The company had sold lots without the legal right to do so, and the citizens of Laramie who had paid their money in good faith did not know whether or not they would be allowed to keep their property. Agitation was begun in 1870 for the cutting down of the reservation, and it was urged that the title be given to the company by Congress. If this were not done,

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7. *Ibid.*, pp. 7-11. Editor Hayford later kept the skull of Big Neck (Ed Buston) on his desk, *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 1, 1875, 3:1.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 13-17.

it was feared that the land might be thrown open for settlers, and titles obtained from the company would be worthless.<sup>9</sup>

Nothing was done in regard to reducing the reservation until 1874. While the question was being discussed in Congress, a number of persons jumped claims and fenced lands on the townsite, with the hope that the land would not revert to the railroad company. They were warned against this practice and, when the act was passed and approved June 9, 1874, were forced to move from it when the land became the property of the company.<sup>10</sup>

In 1871 an act providing for the election of two justices and three constables had been passed by the Territorial Legislature, but no provision was made under which the town could form a city government.<sup>11</sup> This situation was not too satisfactory, and agitation for an act allowing the city to incorporate secured the passage of such a law in December of 1873.<sup>12</sup>

Laramie began its career of city government in January, 1874, with the election of five trustees: Dr. William Harris; Dr. J. H. Finfrock; Robert Galbraith, Division Master Mechanic of the U.P.R.R.; T. J. Webster of the firm of Slack and Webster, *Laramie Independent*; and James Vine, furniture dealer.<sup>13</sup> Dr. Harris was elected chairman of the board and *ex officio* Mayor. The new board appointed as city officers John McLeod, Clerk and Assessor; M. A. Hance, Marshal; and L. D. Pease, Treasurer.<sup>14</sup> Immediate organization was affected and city ordinances were passed.

Satisfaction was expressed in regard to the new government for it was believed that it would not cost more than under the old arrangement whereby citizens paid fifty cents or a dollar a week for a night watchman and were forced to buy all water without hope of a city government to aid in supplying that commodity.<sup>15</sup> Salaries were set at \$75 per month for marshal, and \$50 per month for city clerk, treasurer, assessor and policemen.<sup>16</sup>

Laramie had not been entirely without public services, although as indicated the people had furnished them without the aid of government. Agitation for the organization

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9. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, December 12, 1870, 2:1.

10. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, June 20, 1874, 3:3. Prices of lots ranged from \$25 on the outskirts of town to \$250 in the business district, May 30, 1875, 3:4.

11. *Ibid.*, December 30, 1871, 3:2. *General Laws, Second Session* (Cheyenne, 1872), pp. 91-101.

12. *Ibid.*, December 26, 1873, 3:1.

13. *Ibid.*, January 14, 1873, 3:1; Triggs, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

14. *Ibid.*, January 20, 1874, 3:2.

15. *Ibid.*, June 23, 1874, 3:1.

16. *Ibid.*, January 21, 1875, 3:1.



of a fire-fighting company was begun in 1870, but it took a fire to bring home to the people their needs in that regard. On January 9, 1871, Laramie was visited by its first fire and two buildings were badly damaged.<sup>17</sup> Citizens were warned to be careful of chimneys and coal oil lamps, as it was pointed out that Laramie might have been completely destroyed had a wind been blowing.

Working quietly N. F. Spicer immediately collected a sum of money with which he purchased four long ladders with hooks and trails, three hooks, one truck wagon, four axes, eighteen buckets and ropes and chains.<sup>18</sup> A permanent volunteer fire company was organized which served the community until the government took over that function.<sup>19</sup>

A second public service which was supplied to the townspeople by private initiative was the furnishing of water. Water was taken from the city springs east of Laramie and brought through town by means of ditches. This proved to be a source of convenience and danger, convenient as one had to but step to the street to draw a bucket of water for his use, but dangerous for small children at any time and to adults at night. Mrs. M. C. Brown related that

Most people used the water from the ditches for ordinary purposes, but for drinking we had water brought from the river which was quite expensive. People often sank barrels in the ditches and so had a quantity to dip from, but those barrels were very treacherous on a dark night; one was liable to step into them. My sister-in-law, in getting out of a carriage one night very agilely jumped right into one. The worst of it was she had on a beautiful new gown her mother had sent her from Philadelphia . . . There were no sidewalks to guide one and the ditches were level with the streets so it was quit a feat to keep out of the water. I often wonder how mothers ever kept their little children out of those attractive ditches for there were no fences around the shacks of houses people lived in.<sup>20</sup>

The ditches gave to Laramie one advantage over many other plains towns; they enabled people to plant trees and

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17. *Ibid.*, January 9, 1871, 2:1-2.

18. *Ibid.*, January 24, 1871, 3:1; October 20, 1871, 3:2.

19. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882 (Albany County Clerk's Office) May 7, 1873, p. 128.

20. Hebard Collection, Albany County, Archives and Historical Manuscripts Division, University of Wyoming Library.

to water gardens, giving to the town a more attractive appearance than it might otherwise have had.

In 1871 a company took charge of the water supply and ditches under the charge of N. F. Spicer, Henry Hodgman, Ira Pease and their associates. They proposed to lay wooden pipes, deep enough to be safe from frost, to Laramie from the springs and to pipe it to individual homes.<sup>21</sup> One thousand logs were cut for this purpose,<sup>22</sup> but the work was apparently never accomplished.

The Board of County Commissioners regulated the rates charged by the company and established the following:

Ranches for irrigating purposes.....	\$ .25 per week per acre
City lots, for irrigating purposes.....	.10 per week per lot
Stone and brick masons.....	1.00 per week each
Stores .....	.25 per week each
Saloons .....	.50 per week each
Hotels .....	1.00 per week each
Restaurants .....	.50 per week each
Bakeries .....	.50 per week each
Private houses .....	.25 per week each
Blacksmith .....	.50 per week each <sup>23</sup>

Complaints were often made about this water supply. The farmers east of town broke the ditches to irrigate their crops, cutting the supply to town completely off.<sup>24</sup> The townspeople were careless about throwing rubbish into the ditches with the result that they became filthy. They were also careless about the rubbish which piled up in the streets and about their homes, and it became almost impossible to keep that from the ditches when the wind blew.<sup>25</sup> The company changed hands several times and finally the government was forced to take it over and regulate both the upkeep of the ditches and the distribution of the water. Because of the growth of the town and the needs of the farmers, the town was divided into six districts, with one district being served each day. The Board of Trustees further passed an ordinance which stated that any person placing a barrel, tub or receptacle for water in the "street, alley or side walk without keeping it covered (was) liable to a fine of five to fifty dollars and deemed guilty of a nuisance."<sup>26</sup>

21. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, April 8, 1871, 3:2.

22. *Ibid.*, June 24, 1871, 3:2.

23. County Commissioners Record, 1871-1882, July 17, 1871, p. 35.

24. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, June 13, 1871, 3:2.

25. *Ibid.*, May 20, 1874, 1:1.

26. *Ibid.*, May 21, 1873, 3:1.

The water supplied by private individuals from the river for drinking purposes was often unsatisfactory also. Complaint was made of it that it was "filthy, rily water, which washes all the barnyards, corrells (sic) and dead sheep and cattle on the river bottom between here and the mountains."<sup>26</sup> But the people did not feel that the city springs water was pure, and until the rolling mills piped the water into town they continued to buy it by the barrel for drinking purposes.<sup>27</sup>

The people of Laramie were not without cleanliness however, as an advertisement in the *Sentinel* in 1874 would testify:

Cleanliness next to Godliness. C. A. Jones' Bath House. Now open to the public with all the improvements and modern conveniences.

Hot Baths, 50 cts.

Cold or Plunge Baths, 25 cts.

Saturdays till 4 p. m., exclusively for Ladies.

Rooms South of Machine Shops.

Cigars and Soda Water for refreshments.<sup>28</sup>

Water was piped to Laramie by the Union Pacific company at the time they built the rolling mills in 1875, and some individuals were quick to take advantage of the new convenience. Editor Hayford on April 3, 1875, expressed his gratitude to Mr. Joseph Richardson for the privilege of being ahead of everyone else in getting water piped into his residence.<sup>29</sup> This was not generally true, however. In 1876 the railroad company offered to lay pipes at cost on streets where there were enough residents who were willing to pay for the work and the water, and individuals were restrained from tampering with pipes for their own use.<sup>30</sup>

The Laramie water situation was finally settled when a bill was passed by the Territorial Legislature which gave control of the water works and the supply to the city.<sup>31</sup> This bill was introduced at the suggestion of the railroad officials who had expressed a willingness to turn them over to the city authorities who thereafter became responsible for their upkeep.<sup>32</sup>

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27. Interview with Mrs. Mary Bellamy, Laramie, February, 1949.

28. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, June 8, 1874, 3:4. This ran in the paper for many months.

29. *Ibid.*, April 3, 1875, 3:3.

30. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, May 22, 1876, 2:4.

31. *Revised Statutes of Wyoming*, 1887 (Cheyenne 1887), pp. 137-38.

32. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, December 24, 1877, 2:4.



The Union Pacific Railroad Company had supplied the town of Laramie with the services of a hospital at the time of its founding. This was the only hospital on the main line of road at that date and it was designed to accommodate all the sick or wounded among its employees. Laramieites were certain that the Laramie Plains had been chosen because of the "peculiar healthiness of the locality and the salubrity of the air and water, . . ." <sup>33</sup> The company hospital was maintained until early in 1871 when it was discontinued as a result of a new plan under which the company cared for the sick and wounded on each separate subdivision of the road. <sup>34</sup>

For the next few years the question of a hospital was one which troubled the people of Laramie, and several attempts were made to attract religious orders whose members cared for the sick and afflicted. The first of these negotiations took place in 1871 between the Railroad Company and Father Paulus of the Alexandrine Brothers. Father Paulus was interested in the possibilities of a hospital at Laramie, and stated that if the advantages of the country would justify it, he would also interest himself in locating German colonies in the valley. <sup>35</sup> Apparently an agreement could not be reached, for the German Monks did not come to Laramie.

A second attempt to establish a hospital was made by Father Cusson of the Catholic Church, which was very successful. Arrangements were made with Mother Xavier Rose of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, for a group of the Sisters to organize and run the former Union Pacific hospital. <sup>36</sup> Four Sisters of Charity arrived in Laramie in December of 1875 to begin the work of getting the hospital ready for use. The citizens of the town were called upon to contribute to the necessary means to furnish it, <sup>37</sup> but the railroad company, at its own expense, completely repaired and rearranged the building into convenient wards and rooms. <sup>38</sup> On February 1, 1876, Sister Joanna, Sister Martha, Sister Mary Agnes and Sister Mary de Pazzeii opened the hospital for patients. <sup>39</sup>

Laramie's first medical insurance plan was begun on a voluntary basis when it became established that the Sisters

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33. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 4, 1871, 3:2.

34. *Ibid.*, September 16, 1870, 3:1; January 3, 1871, 3:1.

35. *Ibid.*, May 9, 1871, 3:2.

36. Patrick McGovern, *History of the Diocese of Cheyenne* (Cheyenne 1941), p. 120.

37. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, December, 14, 1875, 3:1.

38. *Ibid.*, December 31, 1875, 3:3.

39. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, January 31, 1876, 2:2.

were to open and have charge of the hospital. Citizens circulated papers which were extensively signed under which the signers agreed to pay a monthly stipend of about one dollar per month in consideration of which the signer was to have free care at the hospital in case of sickness or accident.<sup>40</sup> For the same purpose the railroad company made plans to levy a tax of perhaps fifty cents per month on all employees who did not have homes and families in Laramie.<sup>41</sup> Whether or not this plan was carried into effect is not known, although each of the rolling mill employees did contribute that amount monthly.<sup>42</sup>

The hospital which the Union Pacific had furnished soon proved inadequate, and a new building was planned. Colonel Downey, feeling that the institution should be built, at least in part, by a public tax, introduced a bill in the Territorial Legislature in 1877 which provided for the appropriation of \$3,000 to aid in its erection. The cornerstone for the new building was laid on August 31, 1878, with appropriate ceremonies,<sup>43</sup> but before its completion it was destined to meet with great difficulties. By January, 1879, the building was but half completed, the organization was \$5,000 in debt, and \$15,000 more was required for its completion. Construction was halted for a considerable time, and it was not until 1883 that the three-story brick building known as St. Joseph's hospital was ready for occupation.<sup>44</sup>

Laramie was early supplied with business houses of all descriptions and many of the earliest merchants became prominent citizens of the town for many years to follow. The Laramie City Business Directory in May of 1870 listed the following establishments:

Banking: Rogers & Co.

Bakery: A. T. Williams

Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods: Silverstein Bros.,  
H. Frank, L. T. Wilcox

Crockery and Glassware: Shuler & Spindler, L. T. Wilcox

Dry Goods: Mrs. Amelia Hatcher, Silverstein Bros.

Drugs and Medicines: O. Gramm

Groceries and Provisions: E. Iverson, M. G. Tonn, H. H.  
Richards, L. T. Wilcox

Hardware: Shuler & Spindler, C. R. Leroy, L. T. Wilcox

Hotels: European Hotel, New York House, Frontier Hotel

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40. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 19, 1875, 3:4.

41. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, January 31, 1876, 2:2.

42. *Ibid.*, August 7, 1876, 1:4.

43. *Ibid.*, August 31, 1878, 2:4.

44. McGovern, *op. cit.*, p. 123. This building is now the property of the University of Wyoming and is known as Talbot Hall.

Jewelry: Miller & Pfeiffer, L. T. Wilcox  
 Liquors and Tobacco: H. Altman, Dawson & Bros.  
 Livery: John Wright  
 Meats and Vegetables: Hutton & Co.  
 News and Stationery: T. D. Abbott  
 Painting: C. Kuster<sup>45</sup>

Before the end of the year A. Vogelseng had opened a shoe business in which he advertised himself as a manufacturer and wholesale and retail dealer in boots, shoes and leather.<sup>46</sup> McFadden & Bishop opened a photo studio and advertised "Pictures taken in all styles and sizes of the art, up to a full life-sized portrait. Pictures finished in India Ink or Oil Colors."<sup>47</sup> A. T. Williams' Soda and Ice Cream rooms at the Eagle Bakery were opened and offered a man a place he could go "with his lady friends and sit down in the cool quiet rooms and have a dish of strawberries and cream, a glass of Soda or iced lemonade, and any quantity and variety of cooling tropical fruits."<sup>48</sup> N. C. Worth entered the dry goods, grocery, liquor and tobacco business,<sup>49</sup> but he was later better known for Worth's Hotel which he ran for many years.<sup>50</sup>

Other merchants who opened businesses in Laramie during the 1870's and whose families are either still in business or are yet well remembered were: W. H. Holliday & Co. whose lumber yard was started in Laramie in 1871;<sup>51</sup> Simon Durlacher, who opened a clothing store in 1872;<sup>52</sup> James Vine, furniture dealer;<sup>53</sup> Fred Bath, who opened a brewery and beer garden near the railroad bridge;<sup>54</sup> Mrs. William Cordiner who opened a millinery and dress making establishment in 1874;<sup>55</sup> S. M. Hartwell, photographer, who established himself in Laramie in 1875;<sup>56</sup> and Dr. J. H. Finfrook who opened his drug store in the same year.<sup>57</sup>

Henry Wagner has been given credit for being the first merchant to come to Laramie. In February of 1868 he brought a small stock of clothing and dry goods to the

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45. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 10, 1870, 3:1.

46. *Ibid.*, June 2, 1870, 3:3.

47. *Ibid.*, May 26, 1870, 2:2.

48. *Ibid.*, June 24, 1870, 3:2.

49. *Ibid.*, November 25, 1870.

50. *Ibid.*, January 14, 1873, 3:4.

51. *Ibid.*, January 23, 1871.

52. *Ibid.*, April 10, 1872, 3:2.

53. *Ibid.*, June 6, 1871, 3:1.

54. *Ibid.*, June 9, 1873, 3:1.

55. *Ibid.*, September 30, 1874, 3:5; November 10, 1874, 3:2.

56. *Ibid.*, August 17, 1875, 3:1.

57. *Ibid.*, July 29, 1875, 3:5.



vicinity and opened up a business in a tent near the creek. In April of the same year he built a cabin, the first building to be put up in Laramie, and began business in the new town. In 1869 he put up a two story frame building which he occupied until he completed the first brick building in Laramie September of 1871, when his store was moved into the new quarters.<sup>58</sup>

The banking business changed hands rapidly the first few years of Laramie's existence. Posey S. Wilson and Company followed Rogers and Company, and in May, 1871, Mr. Edward Iverson bought out the Wilson Company.<sup>59</sup> Both Rogers and Wilson were Cheyenne bankers, and it was with relief that Laramie felt she would no longer have to "depend for . . . stability upon the fortunes of war between rival and foreign Bankers, nor upon the caprice or financial condition of citizens of a rival town." Mr. Iverson had been one of the first citizens of Laramie, one of its most important business men, and was highly respected.<sup>60</sup>

Editor Hayford and Edward Iverson were not on good terms during much of the 1870's, and Hayford took every opportunity, beginning in 1873, to vilify him<sup>61</sup> and to urge the establishment of a second bank. This was not accomplished until June of 1877 when Wagner and Dunbar opened their banking concern.<sup>62</sup> By August 20 Hayford solemnly declared that

Their bank, during the brief period since it commenced business here, has reduced the price of exchange one-half and of interest one-third. . . . The need of good healthy competition in the banking business has long been felt here, and we trust the new bank will receive liberal patronage and encouragement from our business men.<sup>63</sup>

Professional services were at hand for Laramie from its founding, also. The professional directory of 1870 listed the following professional people, the majority of whom had been here since 1868:

A. G. Swain—Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds

L. D. Pease—County Clerk and Recorder and Justice of the Peace

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58. *Ibid.*, September 20, 1871, 3:2; October 26, 1874, 3:2.

59. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1871, 3:3.

60. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1871, 3:3.

61. *Ibid.*, May 31, 1873, 3:2; August 5, 1873, 3:1; May 29, 1874, 3:1.

62. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, June 11, 1877, 3:1.

63. *Ibid.*, August 20, 1877, 3:1.

M. C. Brown—Attorney at Law

E. L. Kerr—Attorney and Counselor at Law

L. P. Cory—Attorney at Law

Dr. G. F. Hilton—Physician, Surgeon & Oculist

Stephen W. Downey—Attorney and Counselor at Law and  
Solicitor in Chancery, Prosecuting Attorney

J. H. Finfrock—M. D.

H. Latham, M. D.—Physician and Surgeon for U.P.R.R.  
exclusively

J. J. Clark—Dentist. Teeth extracted without pain. All  
operations warranted.<sup>64</sup>

C. W. Bramel, Attorney at Law, added his name to the professional directory of Laramie in September 1872, and he was for many years a prominent citizen of the town.<sup>65</sup>

Laramie grew rapidly, but not as rapidly as was claimed for it. In 1871 she claimed nearly twice the population she actually had,<sup>66</sup> but she was making progress. By 1872 she could report that the "old land marks are fast disappearing in our city. The old buildings that are so familiar to us, are being taken down one by one to give place to more substantial, and imposing edifices."<sup>67</sup> Nearly forty-six buildings were in the process of erection in that year.<sup>68</sup> By 1874 W. O. Downey, county surveyor, called to the attention of the residents the fact that Front and Second streets were built up nearly solidly on each side for a full mile in length.<sup>69</sup> By 1875 Laramie claimed a population of 2,698,<sup>70</sup> and if this were true no growth was experienced between that date and 1880 when the U. S. Census gave the town a population of 2,696.<sup>71</sup>

Laramie had advanced rapidly in morality, also, and Editor Hayford was proud to point out by 1870 that

Now our streets are filled with hard-working, industrious people, intent on business. Vice, idleness and debauchery, if they exist at all, are driven into obscurity, and are no longer able to brave the indignation of the virtuous. On Sunday, the stores are all shut up, the churches all open, the streets quiet and orderly, and our town wears the garb of a staid New England village. The laws are respected, the Courts are in perfect opera-

64. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, May 11, 1870, 1:1.

65. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, September 21, 1872, 3:4.

66. *Ibid.*, January 10, 1871, 1:2.

67. *Ibid.*, May 24, 1872, 3:3.

68. *Ibid.*, October 11, 1872, 3:1.

69. *Ibid.*, October, 21, 1874, 3:1.

70. *Ibid.*, February 24, 1875, 3:1.

71. Tenth Census, *op. cit.*, p. 375.

tion; and morality, religion and justice give the tone and character to society.<sup>72</sup>

Although Hayford would occasionally complain about the recurrence of crime, he scrupulously refrained from printing any details of it. He believed in Laramie and its future and would have no part of anything detrimental to it.

### Villages

The majority of small centers of population in Albany County were to be found along the Union Pacific Railroad line, for it was necessary that the company have stations and side tracks at regular intervals.

Buford was the first among these stops as the railroad entered the county from the east. In 1869 this point on the road consisted of a water-house and three buildings.<sup>73</sup> It was a regular side-track station and a storage place for much of the lumber which was taken from the surrounding mountains.<sup>74</sup> Water for the station had to be elevated from springs in a ravine to the south.<sup>75</sup>

Seven miles beyond Buford was Sherman, the highest point on any railroad in the United States at that time. By 1869 it was a lively place with twelve buildings, a good station-house and a population of between 150 and 200 inhabitants.<sup>76</sup> Among the merchants located at this point then were: Baldwin & Epsy, shoemakers; D. Crawford, contractor; Gilman & Carter, merchants and contractors; Harmon & Teats, merchants; Holt, Reed & Rhoades, carpenters; Mrs. Larmier, photographer; W. J. Larmier, contractor; A. G. Lathrop, lumber dealer; L. E. Layton, hotel; Charles Marsh, station agent; William Rea, blacksmith; D. W. Trout, merchant and contractor; J. H. Teats, grocer and postmaster; Underwood & Co., boots and shoes; Uncle John & Co., proprietors of the Summit House, bakery and saloon; and N. T. Webber, lumber dealer.<sup>77</sup>

Although the population and importance of Sherman declined for a few years, probably because of the disappearance of nearby timber resources, it was again completely

72. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, October 11, 1870, 2:1.

73. C. E. Brown, *Brown's Gazetteer of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and Branches, and of the Union Pacific Rail Road* (Chicago 1869), p. 20.

74. George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's Trans-Continental Tourist's Guide* (New York), 1872, p. 60.

75. George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's New Overland Tourist and Pacific Coast Guide* (Omaha, 1880), p. 78.

76. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 20. Sherman has since been moved from its first location which was near the site of Ames Monument.

77. *Ibid.*, p. 313.



occupied in 1878,<sup>78</sup> and by 1880 the station had grown slightly so that it included a comfortable station, a small repair shop, a round-house of five stalls, a post office, telegraph and express offices, one store, two hotels, two saloons, and about twenty houses.<sup>79</sup>

For a short time in 1872 Sherman had hopes of having established there a government observatory which was to have become one of the principal signal stations in the storm signal system of the government.<sup>80</sup> The work was under the direction of the Coast Survey Department to whom an appropriation of \$5,000 had been given by Congress for the purpose of investigating sites. General R. D. Cutts led an expedition of scientists to Sherman and for several months they made a number of experiments. Professor B. A. Colonna of the party informed the editor of the *Sentinel* that it was "felt a spectral analysis of the sun would be more satisfactory than at sea level, and if this theory proved correct there is to be a national observatory built . . . and a corps of scientific men stationed there permanently."<sup>81</sup> Apparently the experiments were not successful, for the observatory was not mentioned again.

A few miles beyond Sherman at the site of the Dale Creek Bridge, Dale City sprang up for a brief but rowdy existence. With the founding of Laramie and the completion of the bridge, the population moved on *en masse*.<sup>82</sup> Ten years later the only vestige which remained of the defunct town was a line of tumble down chimneys marking the once lively main street.<sup>83</sup>

Tie Siding, six miles beyond Sherman, began its existence in 1874. J. S. McCoole, a business man from Colorado, built the first general store at this site, and he was followed almost immediately by several other merchants and saloon keepers. Tie Siding soon became an extensive shipping point for railroad ties, telegraph and fence poles and timber of every description.<sup>84</sup> By the 1880's it had a permanent population of about fifty and was powerful enough to help swing some of the county elections.<sup>85</sup>

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78. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, July 20, 1878, 1:6.

79. Crofutt, 1880, *op. cit.*, p. 78.

80. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, June 7, 1872, 3:2.

81. *Ibid.*, July 8, 1872, 2:1-2.

82. W. L. Kuykendall, *Frontier Days* (privately published 1917), p. 124.

83. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, August 31, 1878, 3:3.

84. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, February 3, 1874, 3:1; Board of Immigration, *The Territory of Wyoming Its History, Soil, Climate, Resources, etc.* (Laramie, 1874), p. 37.

85. Interview with Mrs. Hugh Moreland, Laramie, June, 1947; Hebard Collection, *op. cit.*

Red Buttes, one of the small stations on the Union Pacific, was the object of Mr. McCoole's next venture. In 1875 he built a store at that place and hoped to make it as much of a tie depot as Tie Siding had become.<sup>86</sup> Although several other buildings were erected at Red Buttes, he was not able to make it important.

At Wyoming Station the Union Pacific Company had platted a townsite and in May, 1868, had sold a few lots.<sup>87</sup> For a short time it was important as a receiving point for ties floated down the Laramie River, but the point never gained much more prominence than being a station en route.<sup>88</sup>

Rock Creek was the last station of any importance on the line of the railroad in the county. Until 1870 it was of little importance other than being a station on the railroad. At that date, however, a mail line was established from that point to Fort Fetterman which was continued until the building of the railroad to the fort in the middle 1880's.<sup>89</sup> Rock Creek was also the starting point for much of the freight which was hauled to northern Wyoming over the government road also established that year.<sup>90</sup>

During the 1870's small villages sprang up at two mining centers. In 1876 the Centennial Mining Company built a large store, a residence for the superintendent and offices, and Messrs. Little and Coolbroth erected a comfortable hotel at the site.<sup>91</sup> The village took its name from the mining company. At Douglas a small center was established which was discussed in Chapter III.

Frederick B. Goddard in 1869 wrote that "The durability and growth of these *avant couriers* of civilization and development, depend much upon the local advantages of soil, climate and mineral productiveness—sustaining forces without which a vigorous and healthy existence can not long be enjoyed."<sup>92</sup> Laramie had, at least, withstood the test and could by 1880 look forward to a prosperous and secure future.

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86. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, October 2, 1875, 3:1.

87. Marie M. Frazer, "Some Phases of the History of the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming" (Thesis submitted to Dept. of History, University of Wyoming, 1927), p. 35.

88. Crofutt, 1872, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

89. Coutant Notes, Hebard Collection, *op. cit.*

90. *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, November 17, 1870, 3:1. Rock Creek Station was moved ten miles southwest of the original site and renamed Rock River in 1902 when the railroad changed its route.

91. *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, May 15, 1876, 4:6.

92. Goddard, *Where to Emigrate and Why* (Philadelphia 1869), p. 544.

## *The Slaughter of the Bison*

(*Red Wing Daily Republican*, June 7, 1926.)

Salt Lake City—(By Associated Press)—What probably will be the largest buffalo hunt since the days when Colonel Bill Cody had the contract to furnish meat for the construction crews building the Union Pacific railroad, is being organized by A. H. Leonard of Port Pierre, S. D. It will undoubtedly be the last hunt of its kind in history. Many of the big game hunters of the country have been invited to participate, one incentive being a signed and sealed certificate that the possessor had killed a buffalo, which can be framed and handed down to posterity.

The doomed herd of the majestic beasts that were so plentiful in the central western plains during the pioneer days, numbering upwards of 300 head, now roams Antelope island in Great Salt Lake.

The herd was purchased some months ago by Leonard, whose original plan was to ship the animals to his ranch at Fort Pierre. However, Wm. Powell, a Sioux Indian, long employed by Leonard has reported after three months' study of the herd, that they are "Too Wild to be caught and shipped."

## *The Slaughter of the Bison*

By JENS K. GRONDAHL

### **The Invitation**

"Come on, ye Nimrods, known the world around,  
Famed for your daring and for deadly aim,  
E'er and anon prepared to kill or maim—  
Come on I bid ye. At the trumpet's sound  
The bisons' corral all ye braves surround.

Already trapped, hemmed in by salten sea,  
The noble beasts by us destroyed shall be,  
And it will be a royal sport—no shame  
To crown your prowess with so great a game.



"Three hundred bisons, what a mighty herd!  
Too proud to yield their freedom to my will,  
Too wild for me to tame—these shall we kill—  
So I invite ye. Ah, upon my word,  
Our triumph, sires, shall not be long deferred.  
Graven on steel, embossed in gold I send  
This message to each valiant huntsman friend,  
That your brave souls again may taste the thrill  
Of blood and bone that mingle in the kill.

"Red-blooded man in chance and chase delights,  
Bellowing brutes are music to his ear,  
Nostrils aflame with madness and with fear  
Inspire his manhood to divinest heights—  
Yea, this is chivalry and we the knights.  
So, fellow huntsmen, gather ye betimes  
On sabbath morn when toll the solemn chimes,  
Beseech ye the Great Spirit to the feast  
To bless the last great slaughter of the beast."



### The Response

"Save for the herds that o'er the prairies roamed,  
Pioneer and plainsman would have perished there,  
But food and raiment met them ev'rywhere.  
Then driven, slaughtered—to extinction doomed,  
The bisons bound not where the wild rose bloomed.  
And this great nation impotent stands by  
Watching the noble remnants foully die.  
What butchering hand where bisons now shall bleed  
Covets a parchment to record the deed?"

Cursed be the eye that sights the fatal aim,  
Palsied the hand that raises arm to fire—  
Who draws a bead for lust of blood or hire,  
To you and yours who play the ghoulish game—  
Be yours forevermore the badge of shame.  
Ah, sport debauched, and sportsmanship defiled  
By all the land your "hunt" shall be reviled,  
Kill thou the bison that thou canst not tame,  
And history shall e'er deride thy name."

(Reprinted by permission of the *Daily Republican. Eagle*)

## *Quote and Unquote*

In June, 1949, following the 77th Annual Convention of The Wyoming Stock Growers Association, the resignation of Russell Thorp, secretary-treasurer and chief inspector of the association for 19 years, was accepted "regretfully."<sup>1</sup> To quote Mr. Thorp, "The Wyoming Stock Growers Association . . . is probably the most typically characteristic of Wyoming among all groups in the State. An outgrowth of the State's paramount industry and a guardian of that industry through the years, it was largely responsible for the development of Wyoming territory and for the winning of Wyoming's statehood before the population really justified it."<sup>2</sup> The contributions of Russell Thorp to this "influential organization"<sup>3</sup> and his services to the state of Wyoming are of no mean importance and magnitude. "In recognition of his outstanding services to the Association and the industry, he was elected an honorary life member of the Wyoming Association by the executive committee at the closing session of the (77th) state convention."<sup>4</sup> He is the fifteenth person to be so honored in seventy-seven years.

During the week of June 7, 1949 the newspapers in Wyoming reported on the activities of that convention. The Sheridan Press issued the STOCK GROWERS EDITION devoted to valuable historical material as well as important news items about the current projects of the Association. These newspaper articles provided the impetus for the following article. Newspaper stories lose their historical value when they are not presented as a unified whole. In the aggregate they assume a significance hitherto unrealized.

The Wyoming Stock Growers Association originated when a small group of stockmen were prompted by the shibboleth, "United we stand; divided we fall." The history of this association has been effectively presented by Dan Greenburg in *Sixty Years*, and by Agnes Wright Spring's book, *Seventy Years; a Panoramic History of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association*, which paid tribute to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association on the seventieth anniversary of that organization. As the annals of this association and the minutes of its meetings are examined, the five words conspicuous through repetition are:

"... and Russell Thorp was reelected ..."

"Mr. Thorp was first elected to membership in the Stock Growers Association in 1902 and served on the executive

committee in 1927. He became field secretary in 1930 and was elected secretary and chief inspector in 1931. . . ."<sup>5</sup> In 1932 when elected Executive Secretary and chief inspector, he brought to his new position a wide background of experience in the cattle business. In June, 1946, he was elected secretary, chief inspector and treasurer. A "veteran cattleman himself and owner of the celebrated "Damfino" brand, and son of the founder of the R-Bar-T layout of Raw Hide Buttes near the present site of Lusk, Wyoming"<sup>6</sup> Russell Thorp was well qualified for his work as secretary of the Association. Experience, not hearsay, taught him that "it is much simpler to train a welder, a ship builder, a mechanic, or even a soldier than to train a good livestock hand, who has to grow up with the business."<sup>7</sup> He is responsible for the publication of COW COUNTRY, the official bulletin of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association "issued for the information of our members." "With characteristic fairness, the Association's Secretary opened the columns of COW COUNTRY to the members and printed some of the letters on the so-called 'trespass or herd law'. "<sup>8</sup> With a keen sense of fair play "Secretary Thorp gave everyone an equal chance to express opinion. He did not hesitate to publish letters from those who did not agree with the Association's policies."<sup>9</sup>

As perhaps one of the most qualified persons to expound the accomplishments of Russell Thorp, Agnes Wright Spring has stated:

"Mr. Thorp has exceptional foresight and the ability to organize. He stimulates loyalty and team work among his staff and the members of the Association. Through hard work, thoroughness and unusual executive ability he has built up the finest system of stock inspection of any state in the union. As a devotee of western history he has assembled one of the best collections of museum pieces and documents pertaining to cattle industry, now extant.

"Russell Thorp is what is known in newspaper parlance as 'Good Copy.' He has a keen sense of humor and has a nose for a good publicity story with the human interest angle. He has brought to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association a wealth of good publicity, quite unsolicited on his part.

"Ralph E. Johnson writing for COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, September 1941, said, in part: 'Thorp drives about 30,000 miles annually in line of duty; his auto tires know their way along every highway,



trail and cowpath in wide Wyoming. . . . Range riders and cattlemen like to help Thorp add to the museum in the association offices, and they send him an odd assortment of things they find. . . .

"Thorp is modest about what he has done. 'I have the support and advice of able men as officers and executive committee members,' he points out. 'A lot of credit is due them'."<sup>10</sup>

"From the beginning of his work as Field Secretary, Mr. Thorp began to wage relentless war against rustlers."<sup>11</sup> In January, 1936 he was appointed "Chairman of the national committee on brand inspection, thefts, and truck depredations. The main purpose of the committee was to bring about unity of action in brand inspection between states, as well as between peace officers within the states."<sup>12</sup> He advocated stiff penalties for convicted rubber tire rustlers whose depredations harassed the ranchers despite the inspection service maintained by the association, cooperation with county sheriffs, small fines, and even zero weather. In November, 1936, Russell Thorp announced that the Stock Growers Association "which has waged a struggle with the cattle rustler for more than 60 years, will ask the legislature to establish ports of entry on all main Wyoming highways, to increase the state highway patrol to at least 23 men and to regulate auction sale rings. . . . The Wyoming association pays \$500 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of a rustler."<sup>13</sup>

The drought of 1934 seriously threatened the economic welfare of Wyoming. Russell Thorp declared that "Ranchers are selling off the old cow which produces the calf which produces the wealth of this state. . . . Many stockmen are reduced far below their normal carrying capacity and thereby will be unable to meet the necessary cost of operating their ranches. . . . This will ultimately reflect on the tax revenues of Wyoming, a state dependent to a large extent on the revenues of the livestock industry to maintain its government."<sup>14</sup> He "called upon the members of the Executive Committee who resided within the affected areas to take immediate action. He informed them that lists of available pastures could be obtained from railroads, county agents and Association headquarters. With characteristic foresight he also filed application for emergency draught rates on feed, which were granted. The Government buying of cattle, at the markets, was started."<sup>15</sup>

Reliance on the leadership and counsel of Russell Thorp was well placed during the trying days of the blizzard of

'49. Everyone was concerned about the plight of the ranchers and their stock in the stricken areas. As executive chairman of the six-man panel established to meet the problems of the blizzard, Russell Thorp received requests that the roads be opened from Colorado to Montana. Shortly after the first impact Governor A. G. Crane appointed Mr. Thorp chairman of the state emergency relief board. He rounded up machinery to be used in the distressed areas and continued to report on the conditions of the roads. The board was in "almost constant session for many days."<sup>16</sup> One month after the storm struck Wyoming, Mr. Thorp praised the "clear cool thinking of Governor Crane," declaring that we should be thankful that "Wyoming was organized shortly after the first big blizzard hit on January 2, 3 and 4, 1949."<sup>17</sup> Reporting on "Operation Snowbound," General R. L. Esmay, Adjutant General of Wyoming, Wyoming National Guard, commended Russell Thorp saying

"We operated under the direction, not of any Federal military authority, but under the direction of your own hard, winter-beaten, wise and efficient executive secretary, Mr. Russell Thorp. I have worked under many commanders, but none has ever turned in as superb a job as Russell Thorp turned in as the chairman and officer-in-charge of the Wyoming Emergency Relief Board. We all owe him a vote of confidence, appreciation, and gratitude for his skillful leadership during Wyoming's greatest civil emergency."

Russell Thorp, being "a native, pioneer resident of the state" and "well informed on the ramifications of the cattle industry, due to a lifetime in the Wyoming cow country,"<sup>18</sup> was well aware of the necessity of the proper kind of legislative action to support organizational planning. During 1931-1932 he was "an able lieutenant of President Brock in working out the details for the formation of county tax leagues which has resulted in a statewide tax association."<sup>19</sup> "Proposed legislation, sponsored by the Association to curb rubber-tired rustling became law in 1931. By this law the drivers, operators or those in charge of trucks, automobiles, and other motor or horse drawn vehicles transporting livestock, poultry, or carcasses of livestock were required to exhibit to peace officers upon demand, written permits or written statements for conveyance of such."<sup>20</sup>

"As a member of the Wyoming Agricultural Council, Russell Thorp was appointed chairman of its Live Stock Legislative Committee. He assisted in formulating a Legis-

lative Petition setting out items of proposed legislation and asking sympathetic and helpful consideration by the Legislature of the needs of the livestock industry. His committee did some especially effective work in preventing the passage of three bills that were introduced in the 1935 legislative session. These bills pertained to the right of way for fishermen to enter ranch property, a herd law involving fencing, and the removal of tax on oleomargarine."<sup>21</sup> "On December 7 (1936) Secretary Thorp represented the Association at the Governor's State Grasshopper Control Commission, which later was successful in getting a legislative appropriation of \$65,000 for grasshopper and Mormon cricket control."<sup>22</sup>

Not only Wyoming, but the entire Rocky Mountain region bears the imprint of Russell Thorp's attention. In 1937, in addition to attending the brand inspection meetings in Cheyenne, he also "represented the Wyoming Stock Growers Association at many other meetings of importance including the Sublette County Cattle Growers Association in the early summer; Doctor Davis' rustler meetings at Greeley, Colorado; a state meeting of stockmen and peace officers at Denver; hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Denver on the railroad classification of 85% stocker and feeder rate; a hearing on the Farm Bill before a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate; the annual convention of the Nevada State Cattle Growers Association at Elko, Nevada; the Livestock and Sanitary Board meeting in Cheyenne; the statewide conference of the Wild Life Federation; the annual meetings of the State Farm Bureau and of the Board of Equalization; and the Rock Springs Cattle Growers Association. . . . Among the many expressions of appreciation of the work of Secretary Thorp, at this time, was the following letter from Max D. Cohn, President of the Idaho Cattle and Horse Growers Association: 'You are what I call a Good Friend and a very unusual secretary, because you not only take care of your own association, but you give every help possible, to your neighboring state associations'."<sup>23</sup> The citizens of La Grange and Eastern Goshen County invited Russell Thorp to deliver an address on July 4, 1941 at the dedication of a monument in memory of the Texas Trail Drivers. His sympathy with the Trail Drivers was expressed in 1940 when Wyoming was celebrating her Golden Jubilee. At the dedication of the unveiling of the Texas Trail monument near Lusk, he exclaimed, "The Texas Trail was no mere cow path. It was the Course of Empire!"<sup>24</sup>



Through its journal, COW COUNTRY, the Wyoming Stock Growers Association encouraged the preservation and collection of mementos, the true and living symbols of the history of Wyoming, when it featured an article which explained that "The association has carefully preserved all records, executive orders, letters, brand books—everything pertaining to the association from the time of the first minute book in 1873. These records are systematically and expertly filed and kept in a fireproof vault. In addition to the preservation of written records, the association is eager to have an extensive collection of relics in order to round out the source material relative to the cattle industry of Wyoming and the West. In the collection which was started by Russell Thorp, executive secretary of the association, there are manuscripts by old timers, photographs of early day ranches, cowmen and cowboys, frontier towns, stage stations and settlements; there are first-hand accounts of early herds, ranches, etc.; and there are all kinds of relics, including running irons, guns, branding irons, spurs, bridles, picket pins, a treasure chest from the old Cheyenne-Black Hills-Deadwood stage line, etc. These are all catalogued and attract much attention on display in the windows of the headquarters in Cheyenne. Additions from all parts of the state are desired! All contributions sent in to this collection will be permanently preserved and will add materially to the history of the cow country, and will round out the history of the cattle business in Wyoming and eventually become a part of the state historical collection."<sup>25</sup>

Russell Thorp was as good as his words. In May, 1945 he presented to the Wyoming State Museum what is acknowledged as "perhaps the most valuable contribution ever made."<sup>26</sup> His interest in collecting these souvenirs or monuments of the past, is not inspired by a possessive instinct nor is it prompted by personal ambitions. The purpose for such a collection and its importance as a museum display are best described in his own words at the occasion when the presentation was made:

"... A study of the cattle business of our great West should furnish inspiration and incentive to all young Americans, especially those who have been and still are fighting for the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States.

"... Therefore, anything we can do to bring the history of our country and state to their attention should be worth while. In addition to the use of

textbooks and the teaching of history in schools and colleges, it seems to me there is a tremendous opportunity to present our history through attractive museum displays. . .”<sup>27</sup>

### NOTES TO “QUOTE AND UNQUOTE”

1. *Sheridan Press*, June 10, 1949, p. 1.
2. *Sheridan Press*, Stockman's Edition, June 7, 1949, p. 2.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
4. *Sheridan Press*, June 10, 1949, p. 1.
5. Greenburg, Dan W. *Sixty Years, a Brief Review of the Cattle Industry in Wyoming*. 1st ed. (Cheyenne, 1932) p. 61.
6. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer*, November 1935, p. 3.
7. Agnes Wright Spring. *Seventy Years; a Panoramic History of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association*. (Cheyenne, 1942) p. 109.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 211.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 145.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 109.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 111.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 151.
13. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer*, November, 1936, p. 8.
14. *Id.*, December, 1936, p. 6.
15. Agnes Wright Spring, *Seventy Years*. (*supra*) p. 154.
16. *Wyoming State Tribune*, January 23, 1949, p. 2.
17. *Id.*, February 2, 1949, p. 1.
18. Greenburg. *Sixty Years*. (*supra*), p. 61.
19. *Ibid.*
20. Spring. *Seventy Years*. (*supra*), p. 111.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 146.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 157.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 165-166.
24. *Ibid.*, pp. 204-205.
25. *Wyoming Stockman Farmer*, April 1937, p. 7.
26. *Cow Country*, Vol. 73, No. 1, July 7, 1945.
27. *Ibid.*

## *Landmarks*

"Use your dollars, your talents, and your efforts to save Americanism," urged Dr. Howard Driggs at the dedication of the new wing of the Scottsbluff, Nebraska Museum, August 8, 1949.

Acting on this principle today are many individuals in isolated communities in the Rocky Mountain states. In June of this year, at Ash Hollow, Nebraska, a group of school children and townspeople from nearby Lewellen dedicated a monument to mark the grave of Rachel E. Pattison, who was buried there 100 years ago. Students of Lewellen High School provided a bronze plaque for the monument which was designed by Mr. W. W. Morrison of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Purchase of materials and construction of the monument was carried out entirely by the residents of Lewellen.

Mr. Morrison hopes, through the designing of such memorials, to immortalize the story and spirit of the old West. He plans next to restore the grave of Elva Ingram, marked 1852, near the old trail northwest of Guernsey, Wyoming. It is hoped that others of hardy pioneer stock will be inspired to locate and mark the graves of our ancestors who succumbed during the westward trek and to whom we owe our heritage. These memorials will endure for many years and stir the imaginations of generations to come.

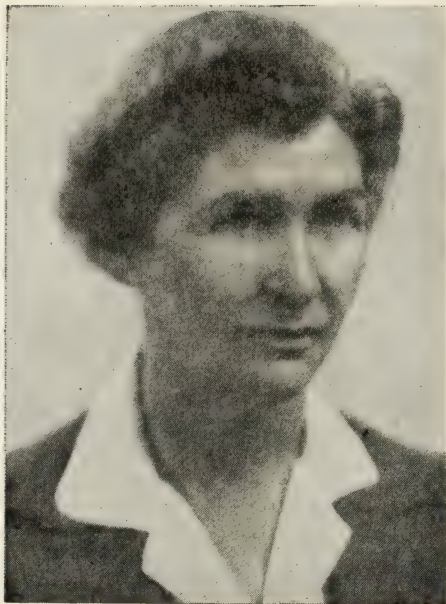
\* \* \*

On August 1, 1948, there were ceremonies in honor of the pioneer cattle men and the Texas Trail drivers.

At the dedication of the Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs, members of the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission were present, including Mr. Warren Richardson, Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Joseph Weppner, Secretary, Mr. Ernest Dahlquist and Mr. Russell Thorp. Mr. Richardson formally dedicated and accepted the monument on behalf of the State of Wyoming.

Mr. R. E. MacLeod presided at the dedication of the monument at the crossing of Rawhide Creek between Torrington and Lingle. Mr. Joseph Weppner, Secretary of the Wyoming State Landmark Commission, officially dedicated and accepted it on behalf of the State of Wyoming.





**AGNES WRIGHT SPRING**

## *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*

By Agnes Wright Spring. (Glendale 4, California: Arthur H. Clark, 1949. 418 pp. Acknowledgments, illus., app., index. \$7.50.)

In this new work, the sixth of the "American Trails Series," Mrs. Spring has done much to remedy a serious omission in Western Americana. She has entered a field practically untouched by other authors and has collected and presented material formerly scattered and unavailable to students of frontier lore.

The account begins with the announced discovery of gold in the Black Hills region in 1874, and ends with the advent of the railroad into that area and the subsequent death of the stage company in 1887. It describes the struggle by the government to keep the miners out of the Indian territory. "Men knew that orders had been issued by the government forbidding them to enter the Hills, yet, with about the same amount of reason as each individual hoped to pick up huge gold nuggets along every stream bed, each hoped that Washington would play the role of an expert locksmith and would swing open the the doors of the Hills over night." The story pictures the competition between the infant Cheyenne and Sidney, Nebraska, to become the "jumping off" point for the gold fields, and it pursues Cheyenne's progress to its ultimate position as a substantial center.

Upon the opening of the Indian territory north of the Platte River, the stage line to the Black Hills became a reality. With great precision and detail Mrs. Spring follows its fortunes and numerous changes, for the trail was not a single track, and its course was changed and branches added as each new situation developed. In guide-book fashion, the stage stations and their keepers are described as if to resurrect for twentieth century consumption and appreciation the locale and personages who contributed to the advancement of our civilization. Related to these stop-over and relay stations are the events which inspired their inauguration, and which created their significance and caused their eventual extinction. An excellent map drawn by the author enables the reader to follow this part of the story with keener comprehension.

As the staging operations grew in importance and as wealth began to pour from the hills, there arose outlaw bands to plague the stage companies. The author writes a full and matter-of-fact story of this reign of terror. From these "Knights of the road" is stripped their cloak of glamour which has always pervaded and unbalanced so much of the story of the West.

The author has not limited her narrative to the stage and freighting route from the "Magic City of the Plains" to Deadwood. Interpolated in the story of Luke Voorhees' preparations for his stage line is a fine description of the old Concord coaches. Many familiar names and nicknames, such as Calamity Jane, H. E. (Stuttering) Brown, John (Jack) T. Gilmer, Persimmon Bill, Johnny Slaughter, C. P. (Dub) Meek, contribute to this historical mosaic. The innovation of the freighting teams was accompanied by a great and new business, and by famously talented bull-whackers. The valuable whip and the use made of it were accorded detailed treatment by the author. Discouragement over the necessity for military protection could not deter the "steady, progressive development" of Joseph M. Carey, Alex Swan, Francis E. Warren, and Judge William L. Kuykendall.

The elements of nature which, throughout the era, militated against ambitions and progress are not treated comprehensively, but neither is their importance minimized. Great hardships were suffered because of heavy snow in December of 1876, which made the roads almost impassable but did not prevent continual Indian rampages. The severe hailstorm in Cheyenne on August 10, 1878, resulted in run-aways and great excitement. The blizzard of '48-'49 caused suffering "almost beyond description."

Permanent imprints were made by the miners, the merchants, the stage drivers, the "Hillers," the wheelers, and the gold hunters. Their contributions will live forever. The result of Mrs. Spring's research will also make a lasting impression on the history and literature of the West. As history it will be an important source book. Its readers will not forget soon the awe arising from the breathless succession of facts. On a remarkable, but not the least unusual, page the reader is apprised of "five thousand miles of daily stage lines in operation;" of the extent of the monthly payroll of the drivers, of the Christmas chinook which caused the mercury to skyrocket "to forty-two degrees above zero in just one hundred and twenty minutes;" of the sixty-two miles an hour "breeze" in Cheyenne, of the New Year which was ushered in with "a little random shooting," and of the fact that Governor and Mrs. Hoyt were "at home" on New Year's day.



Included in the book are four appendices containing valuable information about the owners and some of the employees of the stage company; descriptions of the coaches which are now museum pieces and also of the markers on the Cheyenne-Deadwood routes; and excerpts from the diary of George V. Ayres in which he recorded his trip from Cheyenne to Custer City in 1876. A comprehensive index contributes to the importance of this work.

The late William H. Jackson painted two water colors especially for this volume. There are also seventeen sepia illustrations of old portraits and western scenes.

Despite the abundance of facts which are woven into the narrative, Mrs. Spring has avoided a pedantic and uninteresting presentation. The spirit of the West is integrated into the fabric of her facts, for she is a native of the West to which she has dedicated her life and for which she has a genuine affection. This volume gives mute testimony to years of research. The author has gathered her information from the reminiscences of those who played a part in the events she describes. Opportunely she interviewed Mrs. Thomas F. Durbin, P. A. Gushurst, Mrs. Anna Maxwell Scott, and others who were able to relate hitherto unpublished accounts of their experiences. We are indebted to Mrs. Spring's foresight in gathering much of her data before these pioneers had passed beyond the Great Divide. She was fortunate to have had access to the records of the library of Russell Thorp, and to the vast store of narratives told to him by his father, an owner of one of the great stage lines.

Although Mrs. Spring now resides in Denver, Wyoming claims her for its own. The daughter of a pioneer Colorado and Wyoming stage owner, she grew up on a Wyoming ranch on the Laramie Plains and was graduated at the University of Wyoming. She was formerly the Wyoming State Librarian and State Historian. A prolific writer, *Caspar Collins* and *Seventy Years, Cow Country* rank among her best known works.

—LOLA HOMSHER



# Wyoming's Cow-Belles

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Auxiliary to  
Wyoming Stock Growers  
Association

"All the pursuits of men  
are the pursuits of women  
also, and in all of them a  
woman is only a lesser man."

—Plato, *The Republic*.  
Bk. IV, sec. 455.

## WHY COW-BELLES?

On June 7, 1949, Mrs. Joe H. Watt, President of the Wyoming Cow-Belles' Association, addressed the Wyoming Stock Growers Association's 77th annual convention in Sheridan, Wyoming:

"Any organization to survive must accomplish some useful purpose. The Cow-Belles are no exception to this rule, and I should like to explain our purpose as an auxiliary to the Wyoming Stock Growers. It has long been an accepted practice for successful ranchers to keep in contact with each other in order to learn more efficient and profitable ranch operations and for the broadening of their business and marketing experiences. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association is an ideal place for such an exchange of views and opinions.

"It is equally important for their wives to have a central meeting place where they may broaden their views and opinions also. Any woman will be of more value to her family and community if she will keep mentally alert. Traditionally, the ranch women stay home more than the men and do not always have the opportunity to contact other women who have the same interests. We ranch women appreciate this chance of making new friends and renewing old acquaintances. Friendship is a very real commodity, one without price.

"It is a heart warming experience to walk into convention headquarters and to be able to greet almost everyone by name. The Cow-Belles have formed warm and lasting

friendships through their associations at these meetings and often have influenced similar relationships among the husbands. You ranchers should be proud that your wives will take the time and interest to go with you whenever possible. Any interest shared draws a family closer together and makes a happier and more contented life. The good times we share with you at our convention mean pleasant memories for both the Stock Growers and Cow-Belles.

"However, it is not alone for social activities we like to come to this convention. We too, are vitally interested in all problems pertaining to the live stock industry. What woman here has not been reading anxiously the proposed farm program of Secretary Brannan and wondering what effect it will have on cattle prices? I know I speak for a large majority when I say we women are opposed to any over-all grants of authority that will tend to regulate our ranching activities. Who among us does not follow carefully the experiments to control grasshoppers and other pests, reseeding of the range, the recent outbreak of the hoof and mouth disease or anything that affects the cattle industry?

"Every Cow-Belle last winter took her place beside her husband in fighting the blizzards and hazards of that terrible six weeks. Perhaps it was only having hot, nourishing meals ready, and a warm, comfortable house, but who would underestimate their importance when you came in hungry, cold, and tired?

"We have also, in a small way, given wide-spread publicity to the Wyoming Stock Growers through the publishing of the Wyoming's Cow-Bell Cook Book. This book, to our delighted surprise was a sell-out and was sold from Florida to California.

"Inquiries from Florida, Kansas, Arizona and California, have come to me asking for a copy of our constitution and by-laws that they might organize a Cow-Belle Association in their states. We hope we are contributing our share to the solidification of cattle growers everywhere.

"May I remind you that in union there is strength, and any organization dedicated to the best interests of the stock industry should be a help."

\* \* \*

Francis Carpenter, formerly associated with the *Record Stockman*, has described the activities of several women who have contributed their time and efforts to the cattle industry in Wyoming.

We extend our condolences to the family and friends of Mrs. Dugald Whitaker who died on February 27, 1949;



and of Mrs. R. S. Van Tassell who died July 25, 1949; and of Mrs. John L. Jordan who died July 18, 1949.

With the permission of the *Record Stockman*, we are reprinting a portion of the following article which appeared in the 1948 *Annual Edition of the Record Stockman*, p. 114:

### WOMEN OF THE RANGE

There is possibly no industry in the United States in which so many women are engaged in "big business" as in livestock industry. Only a very small percent of these women have invaded this ultra masculine occupation of raising cattle, sheep and horses by their own choosing. They have been left these great ranches in the estates of their husbands so that their having become ranch owners and operators certainly has not been of their choice.

Wyoming is probably as typical as any of our great western states in ownership of ranches by women. At the last count 90 women, who own and operate their ranches, were members of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. Besides being active in the association, most of them now belong to the association auxiliary, the Cow-Belles.

Many of these women had enjoyed no business experience, as men are accustomed to think of such work, before they had to assume the great responsibilities which accompany ownership of a stock ranch.

Probably two factors have contributed to the rather phenomenal success of these women in the livestock-raising industry.

First, the ranch managers who had managed for their husbands have in many cases remained as managers when the women have had to take over the operation. And these women owners are unstinting in their praise of these men who have continued to manage their properties and herds, usually ending with the statement: "I could never have carried on after my husband's passing had Mr. and Mrs. (then she names the manager and his wife) not remained on the ranch."

Second, these women who at one time or another lived on their ranches, probably during the early years of their marriage, learned much of ranch operation and herd management.

One well-known Wyoming ranchman says it this way, "You know, we ranch people have to live pretty much to ourselves. And when we as ranchers have a problem that's worrying us, we've got to talk to someone. That 'someone' is our wife because she is the only one we can use as our sounding board. Naturally, thru the years, she

has seen and heard many a knotty ranching problem solved, and has experience in and knowledge of ranching she little realizes she possesses until she has to use it."

Most impressive is the respect for the ability of these women of the ranges that is shown by men in the same industry. These women have not been given quarter in the industry because of their sex. Business is business, and each has had to work out her own salvation in stock raising, and in many cases also keep up her home. Each, you will agree, is a full-time occupation.

Of the hundreds of women in the West, as indicated by the number in Wyoming, who are operating ranches from a few thousand to many thousands of acres, many are typical of the successful woman rancher.

To name a few, there are Mrs. Thomas Hunter, Mrs. R. S. Van Tassell and Mrs. Dugald R. Whitaker, all of Cheyenne, Wyo., and Mrs. Essie Davis, Mrs. Helen Hager and Mrs. Ellen Moran of the far-famed Nebraska Sandhills country, with Hyannis as their post office.

Perhaps Mrs. Van Tassell has the most difficult ranching operation to manage of the women named. The Van Tassell properties cover some 40,000 acres, but are in four separate ranches. The original Van Tassell ranch is at Van Tassell, Wyo., east of Lusk on the Wyoming-Nebraska border, and a half day's drive from Mrs. Van Tassell's home in Cheyenne. The second of the ranches is at Islay, Wyo., 27 miles north of Cheyenne, while the other two are west of the state's capital city, 20 and 35 miles, respectively.

Mrs. Van Tassell, who was Maude Bradley before her marriage in 1913, was born in Chicago, but fortunately was reared in Cheyenne, next door to the great cattle ranges. It is nearly 17 years since she had to take over the operation of the Van Tassell properties on the death of her husband in 1931, but she had been closely in touch with the business during her husband's life time so was familiar with the operation of the famous "Quarter Circle V" ranches. Hereford cattle are run on all four places.

Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Whitaker both became ranch operators in the middle 1930's—in the midst of the depression, the bottom of the deepest drouth known in eastern Wyoming, and when it was a full-time job to ascertain the meaning of the agricultural regulations emanating from Washington.

To Mrs. Hunter, whose home since her marriage has always been the delightful Colonial frame house at 320 East Seventeenth St., Cheyenne, Wyo., the running of a ranch was entirely new, save the bookkeeping. The bookkeeping for the Hunter ranch at Meriden, Wyo., has been

a "first love" of Ruie Aitken from the time she became Mrs. Hunter.

"Keeping the books gave me some insight into the operation of the ranch and, of course, was no burden to continue," Mrs. Hunter recalls, "but I give our foreman, William Scoon, the credit for the successful carrying on of the Hunter ranch."

Mr. and Mrs. William Scoon had taken residence on the ranch eight years before Mr. Hunter's death in 1935 and before him his father, Alfred Scoon, had managed the ranch for Mr. Hunter and his father, Collin Hunter, as the Hunter family bought the place from Johnny Gordon, about the turn of the century, after having been in partnership with him. This is why the Hunter Herefords are known for their JG brand.

Altho Mrs. Hunter has not learned ranching by living on a ranch, she takes an active interest in the property. She visits the ranch weekly during the summers and always runs the tally at branding time.

\* \* \*

But with greatest pride, Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Scoon point to the 95 per cent calf crop attained since they began nine years ago to inoculate the heifers against Bang's disease.

"We have worked hard, as have most ranchers, to bring our herd up to par and feel we are getting there as our two-year-old steers averaged 1,055 pounds when sold this fall," Mrs. Hunter says.

Besides being left a ranch to operate, Mrs. Hunter had two sons on the threshold of their careers at the time of Mr. Hunter's passing. One son, Richard, to become a doctor, and the other, James, like his father, to become a lawyer. Home from the war, James is now settled in Cheyenne and preparing to take over the strenuous operation of the ranch from his mother.

Altho Mrs. Whitaker will take little credit for successfully carrying on the operation of the Whitaker ranch northwest of Cheyenne on Horse Creek, yet she inherited the property in the midst of the worst drouth man has seen in eastern Wyoming.

In her first year as head of the Whitaker ranch, famous for its "grout" buildings erected during the Carey ownership of the land, Mrs. Whitaker had to buy hay to feed the cattle. This was the first time in the history of the ranch that hay was bought, because the ranch has been developed as a hay and cattle ranch.



Mrs. Whitaker, who was Elizabeth Smith before her marriage in 1901, came to Cheyenne with her mother and sisters in 1884; she and Mr. Whitaker made their home on the ranch for several months after their marriage while their home was being built in Cheyenne, and they always spent the summers there, but, besides giving full credit to Paul Dearcorn, foreman on the place for 18 years, Mrs. Whitaker attributes the successful management of the ranch since Mr. Whitaker's death to her daughter, Mrs. Robert G. Caldwell of Cheyenne.

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Whitaker will say, "was always with her father and learned ranch operation first hand from him."

The ranch was the proud heritage of 40 years' development by Mr. Whitaker, who came to Wyoming and entered the livestock business in 1893, immediately after his graduation from Oxford.

Besides the ranch, Mr. Whitaker left his widow and daughter a wealth of friends among Wyoming stockmen, for he had been active in the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. more than a quarter of a century and was association president at the time of his death. Too, Mrs. Whitaker has had close association with the cattle-raising industry through her sister, Alice Smith, who was secretary of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Assn. for 25 years. She was, herself, an early president of the Wyoming Cow-Belles.

"Conditions have changed in the 11 years my daughter and I have operated the ranch," Mrs. Whitaker comments. "We now feed cake through the winters on the meadows and we can no longer find the good Shorthorn stock out here to use with our Herefords that we used to have. For this reason we are getting registered Hereford bulls to use on our commercial cow herd." \* \* \*

## IMPRESSIONS OF A BOSTONIAN

On June 21, 1949 the third annual Armour and Company tour brought to Cheyenne women writers, nutritionists, economists, and educators. Greeted by representatives of the cattle industry, they visited the Warren Live Stock Company and were escorted to the Fred D. Boice and Sons PO ranch where they were treated to a round-up chuck wagon supper. Upon returning home, Alta Maloney, Traveler Staff Reporter expressed her enthusiasm for her visit West in the following newspaper article which appeared in the *Boston Traveler* on June 28, 1949:

## **"COW-BELLES" WOW SISTERS FROM BACK EAST**

### **Three Typical Wyoming Women Live 'Rough' Despite Luxuries**

"These wonderful Wyoming women" is a phrase you hear a lot around these parts, and Eastern women hearing it are likely to elevate their noses and eyebrows until they find out that the day of the pioneer woman is not over.

Wyoming men are used to expecting a lot of their "women folks," and the women seem to thrive on living up to those expectations. Take, for instance, just three of the well-coifed, beautifully dressed "Cow-Belles" who turned out to greet the group of Eastern women who landed here near the end of the Armour and Company meat and livestock industry tour to study the ranchers' problems.

There was Mrs. Fred Boice, whose diamond-crusted fingers held a crooked cane and whose soft silk print dress and sable trimmed coat were covered with a flour apron. There was Mrs. P. J. Quealy, whose quick eye could tell how much a steer weighed a quarter of a mile away. And there was Mrs. Bert McGee, whose sparkling blue eyes and plump pink cheeks looked as if she never had seen anything but green pastures.

Out in the country, where "a stranger is someone you never met," you find out a lot about people in a short time, and none of it is ever meant for publication. But the stories of these three women who have watched Wyoming grow through 40 or more years is in a way a history of the state.

Mrs. Boice, for one, gives a nod of recognition to Eastern "culture." As Marguerite McIntosh, she went to Wellesley College, class of 1908, and later spent eight years on the concert stage and as a singer, with studios in Copley Square, Boston. She went home to marry and started living on the ranch outside the capital city. Her early life there with its lack of electricity and water was not easy, but it seemed like a breeze in comparison, when several years later her husband was hurt and handed to her the job of running the ranch and raising their two small boys.

"Pestering" her county agent for help, she got him to arrange for her "a bear of a course" at the State University, where as "the oldest living undergraduate," she studied animal husbandry and the modern methods of farming.

Until a few years ago when she permanently injured herself by dragging a broken hip through snow drifts for more than a mile to get help for a friend in a wrecked car on a lonely road, Mrs. Boice continued to build the ranch through blizzard and drought, good times and bad, until today her sons are running one of the most profitable outfits

in these parts. With all that, she has found time to be a "clubber" and has been prominent in the State Federation of Women's Clubs, as well as an organizer of the "Cow Belles," a group of 500 or more ranchers' wives.

Mrs. Quealy is a thorough-going Westerner, and if you spent days with her, she could not cover all of the activities which have crowded her life. A soft-spoken woman with large, expressive eyes and a small frame, she met her husband at 15 when she was "back east" in Omaha. Her husband became one of the leading citizens in Wyoming, and she still lives in Kemmerer, one of the four towns he founded on the western side of the state. Since his death, she has run the ranches and within the past few years was the first woman ever elected an official of the American Livestock Association.

She is president also of a bank, is Democratic state committee woman and until a few weeks ago when she lay awake one night worrying about what John Lewis was going to do, was the owner of a coal mine.

And they say that when she expresses the wish to go to New York, the Union Pacific Railroad goes off the track to pick her up. She was the originator of an award which goes annually to the most outstanding woman in each Wyoming county who has managed to overcome the rigors of prairie life, but she has never won it herself.

Mrs. McGee was born on Columbus avenue, Boston, and went west on a stretcher, "dying" of tuberculosis. Her brother had just died and her father was dying so the mother decided that the young girl might just as well die on the train as in Boston. She met her cowboy on a blind date and married him within a year, gradually learning from him everything a rancher's wife has to know, such as washing butter with cold water and not hot.

Though she says that she and other Wyoming women are "uncomfortable" about the amount of prosperity the past few years have brought them, she still makes her own butter and cooks the big outdoor meals for the hands at branding time.

To all of these women who are in a position now to enjoy the fruits of their hard lives, the chief interest is still the problems of the cattle business—the amount of rain, the market prices and haying. And to the Eastern women, who never even had to contend with the minor difficulties of hard water, they seemed just as "wonderful" as their men thought they were.

\* \* \*

"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."  
—Lamartine.



## *"Merci" Train*

Wyoming accepted its own special car of the "Merci" train on February 15, 1949 at ceremonies which took place in front of the State Capitol building in Cheyenne. The gifts in the Wyoming car came, as did those in the other 47 cars, with the heartfelt thanks of the people of France for the American "Freedom Train," which carried food to the French when their country was poor and hungry as a result of World War II.

The French gifts to Wyoming were loaded, in their boxcar, upon a trailer and carried from the Union Pacific depot to the Capitol with the accompaniment of a band from Fort Francis E. Warren, a police escort, and an honor guard. Governor A. G. Crane, President of the Senate, George Burke and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Herman Mayland received the gifts on behalf of the state of Wyoming. The proceedings were broadcast over station KFBC and relayed to France through world-wide broadcasting facilities.

The French gifts were first exhibited to the public during the last week of March, in two rooms set aside for the purpose at National Guard Headquarters in Cheyenne. General R. L. Esmay, executive chairman of the state distributing committee for the "Merci" train, clarified at that time the significance of the "Thank you" gifts. He said, "The French people gave more than we did. We gave from our abundance; they gave from their poverty."

The tokens of appreciation presented by the citizens of France to those of the United States were given by a people who had lost many of their material possessions. The gifts were given, though perhaps at a real sacrifice, freely and gratefully.

The state distributing committee, in charge of dividing the gifts among the 23 counties of Wyoming, classified all the articles into four categories. Each county received, as a loan, an approximately equal share of the articles in each category. In this way the committee intended to distribute the gifts throughout the state, where it is hoped that they will promote good will and international understanding in our citizens toward those of France. The Wyoming State Museum has arranged a permanent exhibit of some of the gifts.

Acting on the recommendation of the state committee, each county formed a supervisory group which arranged for the display of its portion of the gifts in local schools, libraries, or museums. Represented on the county committees, under the chairmanship of the county superintendent of school, are the county commissioner, county library, county museum, and local veteran's and men's and women's organizations.

With the "Mercy" train gifts so widely distributed throughout the state, everyone in Wyoming will have an opportunity to examine some of the French remembrances and thereby develop a more intimate feeling for his neighbors in France. Some will see a red, white and blue cord with an inscription which will perhaps arouse in them the feeling which prompted the sending of the "Mercy" train. The inscription reads: "This cord, symbol of French-American friendship, has been woven from the tissues of the American and French flags which were flying from the Eiffel Tower in Paris on the day of liberation in 1944."

## ACCESSIONS

to the

Wyoming State Historical Department

From November 7, 1948 to August 15, 1949

Covert, Dean, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Framed picture of Governor Deforest Richards and Staff; picture of Governor Chatterton and a staff of nine; picture of Governor Chatterton and a staff of five; picture of the launching of the monitor "Wyoming"; Governor Richards and staff, taken in San Francisco; two pictures of a parade in San Francisco on the occasion of the return of the Wyoming boys from Manilla after the Spanish-American War; picture of the transport which brought Wyoming soldiers of the Spanish-American War home from Manilla; chartered tug boat which Deforest Richards hired to meet Wyoming boys returning from the Spanish-American War; Governor Deforest Richards on the tug boat; two pictures—Governor Deforest Richards and a staff at a meeting of Wyoming troops returning from the Spanish-American War; Governor Deforest Richards and lady on a transport; General Hansen and lady on a transport; three pictures of the launching of the monitor "Wyoming"; souvenir of luncheon given to the Wyoming governor and his staff, by Governor Henry T. Gage of California at the Palace Hotel, September 10, 1900; picture of Governor B. B. Brooks; picture of Clarence T. Johnston, State Engineer, 1907; two pictures of the Board of Control under Governor Brooks.

Cheyenne Senior High School, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Collection of 78 birds, mounted by Frank Bond in about 1898, with large case. October 1948.

Laramie County School Board, District No. 2, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large case containing a collection of Wyoming birds, numbering 76. These were collected and stuffed by Frank Bond in about 1895. October 1948.

Phelan, Elizabeth, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Picture of Cheyenne Little Symphony Orchestra, February 27, 1938, Junior High School; Music Study Class, 1938, Junior High School; campaign badge of F. D. Roosevelt, issued by the state of Virginia; War Production Board pin, 1943; O.P.A. pin; Russian War Relief pin. November 1948.

Robertson, John, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Approximately 100 arrow heads and scrapers, mostly unfinished. Picked up on the Laramie Plains. November 1948.

Pennington, Mrs. Julia Ann, Las Animas, Colorado: Copy of a letter written by F. A. Moore to his wife, Julia Moore, July 6, 1850, as he was crossing Wyoming. November 1948.

Fullerton, Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, California: Short sketch of the life of David Miller, written by his daughter; two photographs of David Miller; newspaper clippings, some concerning David Miller; poem on David Miller's letterheads by W. P. Carroll. November 1948.



Garber, Mrs. Elizabeth, Evanston, Illinois: Handkerchief case made from a dress which was worn by Mrs. William F. Cody about 1900. November 1948.

Winters, Wayne, Douglas, Wyoming: An aerial photograph of the site of old Fort Fetterman. November 1948.

Ford, Irene, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Oil painting; picture of the signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower. November 1948.

Governor's Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Letter written in 1869 by J. A. Campbell, first Wyoming Territorial Governor, to Mr. Norris J. Frink; also in the same frame is an explanatory letter by Amelia Frink Redfield, written in 1939; original sketch of "Bucking Horse" designed by Governor Lester C. Hunt and copyrighted by him and used on the state license plates since 1936. November 1948.

Rothwell, John P., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Arsenic healing ball found by J. F. Dillinger on the North Fork of Powder River. March 1949.

Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming: A kettle which was brought up the Texas Trail with Snyder Brothers and John Iliff herds. Found at Iliff pens south of Cheyenne by Mrs. Dean Prosser and presented by her to the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association; two branding irons used by G. H. Snyder of Snyder Brothers, Texas, in the late 1860's and 1870's, presented to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association by Mrs. John Kendrick; fly chaser, used in the old days in the hotel at Carbon, Wyoming (1860's and 1870's); prospector's pan; ox yoke used by Beckwith and Quinn, old time railroad contractors and cattlemen, used in the construction of the Oregon Shortline railroad; tree stump cut down by beavers; hitching post used in the 1870's, presented to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association by Russell Dietz Thorp. March 1949.

Anderson, Mrs. Ida B., Newcastle, Wyoming: Flute owned by Corydon C. Olney, a Civil War veteran; affidavit dated 1865, which gives a brief history of the duties of C. C. Olney during Civil War times; shoulder decoration of Colonel Barkwell, Spanish-American War officer. March 1949.

Carey, Charles D., Jr., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Four Moro knives brought to this country from the Philippines by his father, Charles D. Carey, Sr. March 1949.

Bretney, H. Clay, Jacksonville, Florida: Indian chief's coat with bead work; hand drawn roster, Company G, 11th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, reported to have been painted by either Caspar Collins or Charles F. Moellman. Brought to Wyoming by Lt. Henry C. Bretney, the donor's father, 1886. April 1949.

Rockafeld, Mrs. Bertha Bulla, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Kerosene lamp owned by Homer Skinner of Galesburg, Illinois, grandfather of Mrs. Rockafeld. Bought in 1860 and used continuously for over 50 years. April 1949.

- Petersen, Allen, Moorcroft, Wyoming: Confederate money. Five dollar bill dated February 17, 1864 bears the imprint, "The Confederate States of America." Given to Mr. Allen in 1947 by Mrs. E. W. R. Wilson, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1845. This money came into her possession while she was a maid in the White House during Abraham Lincoln's presidency. April 1949.
- Mead, George S.: Picture frame and copy of Charles M. Russell's print, 1897, "Cold Springs Harbor Hold-Up;" handcuffs presented to Mr. George Mead by a friend who used them on Big Nose George. Presented by Mrs. Lulu Goins in memory of her father, Mr. George S. Mead, Cheyenne, Wyoming. May 1949.
- Provines, Kate Ellena, New York, N. Y.: City Council cards for the years 1882, 1883, 1885, 1887; hand written appointment and official oath of W. G. Provines as Special Master, March 1876; commission of William G. Provines as Civil Engineer of the City of Cheyenne, January 18, 1887. May 1949.
- Fuller, E. O.: Nine pieces of Japanese paper money, of denominations from one cent to \$1000. June 1949.
- Caldwell, Mrs. Robert G., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Wyoming's Cow-Belle Cook Book; two souvenir pins; copy of the address Mrs. D. R. Whitaker gave at the Cow-Belle Convention in 1943. June 1949.
- Union Pacific Railroad, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Large unframed picture of the Teton Mountains, presented by W. W. Morrison. June 1949.
- "Merci" Train: Wedding gown, veil, wreath; two sabers; hand carved cabinet of the Renaissance period; iron plaque of Napoleon III era; three cork screws; glass ash tray; set of door knockers and gate ornaments; bronze plaque with this inscription: "Box Car used in Ist World War presented by the French national railroads to the State of Wyoming in gratitude for the help given to France by the American people;" Marie Bataillou style picture of 1864; pewter plate and cream pitcher; vase with red designs; hand painted platter; friendship knot made from the ravelings of an American Flag; wooden statue; musket powder horn; wine colored petit point slippers; set of scales to weigh small coins; an old oil lighter; an iron hook with rings, used in a very old fire place for cooking; hand made bracelet of the Louis Philippe era; ink-well, old padlock; original etchings by Admond La Joux, "Chaffeurs Alpains" or "Les Diables Blues;" one hundred illustrations of Paris-Lyon-Marseille Rail Road; books: Louise Dulay de Geradmer, *Antheor Poems*; *la lyre barbelle*; an edition taken from the *l'flag XXI Schubin* by Jean Bouvier; Poster, Le President. June 1949.
- Roberts, Charles D., Chevy Chase, Maryland: Picture of the officers of the 17th and 21st Infantry Garrison of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, 1888, in front of Carter store and residence; picture of the bridge in the parade ground at Fort Bridger, 1890. July 1949.

Wilde, A. E., State Director, United States Savings Bonds Division of United States Treasury Department, Federal Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Navy blue German coat; navy blue German blouse and cap; grey German coat; Minute Man banner; four scrap books; book on National Conference from 1941-1946; emblem, "schools at war;" four banners numbered 199170-3: The U. S. Flag is at the top, and below it is written an inscription in seven different languages: French, Annamese, Thai, Chinese, Korean, Japanese and Lao; three banners for a bond drive, one red and two blue; American flag; three buttons of the Defense Saving Staff; Manuscript of talks by Morris M. Townsend to Bankers Association in eleven states; five magazines: Schools at Work and at War; forty-three issues of the Minute Man Magazine; three posters, "This Time It's You!", "Speaking of Bonds" and "Willy Jeep." July 1949.

Wallace, Mrs. Hershill G.: Four pieces of paper money: ten centavos, one peso, ten pesos, one thousand pesos. July 1949.

Smalley, Edith A. (Mrs. E. J.), Cheyenne, Wyoming: Framed picture of Mrs. E. J. Smalley; framed picture of Mrs. B. H. Smalley; the Lariat for the years 1924 through 1929. July 1949.

Keith, Dr. M. C., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Frame with 136 arrow heads and three spear heads arranged in a star design; frame with 82 arrow heads and spear heads; frame with 76 arrow heads and spear heads, hatchet heads, stone charms, awls, and scrapers; frame with 10 metal arrow or spear heads, and 109 stone arrow heads, awls, scrapers, and spear heads, arranged in a tree design; frame with 57 spear heads, hatchet heads, scrapers, knives, arranged in a star design; frame with 25 spear heads, knives, and scrapers, and 38 small arrow heads arranged in a swastika design; frame with 18 large hammer heads and axes; frame with 33 scrapers and knives; frame with 13 large scrapers, hammers and knives; frame with 86 points, arrows, spears from Hell's Half Acre and 10 fleshers, 7 knives from Central, Wyoming; frame with 50 awls, scrapers and knives; frame with 126 awls and arrow heads and one charm with identification shown; frame with 65 hammer heads, axes, scrapers and knives; frame with 3 obsidian knives, 6 awls, 9 scrapers, 2 spear heads and 10 arrow heads; framed photograph of Chief Washakie; box of mixed arrow heads and scraper fragments; 7 pipes; 2 bone handled stone knives; charm (hole in stone); stone knife with handle; 16 war clubs; 5 polished axes with hammer heads; two small black grinding bowls with grinders; dish of polished stone; stone moccasin; 9 fragments of arrow heads; bottle of beads picked up in ant hills near the site of Old Fort Casper Bridge, Casper, Wyoming; 1 box of Peyote buds; beaded belt with silver buckle; beaded leather case; 2 strings of stone and bone beads; 2 woven bands; toy papoose carrier; toy hammer; 6 pairs of beaded moccasins; 1 large flat and 2 deep grinding bowls. Presented by Mrs. M. C. Keith in memory of her husband, Dr. M. C. Keith. July 1949.

DeTilla, George M., Braymer, Missouri: United States Flag with 14 stars. August 1949.



- Stephens, G. A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Badge of the Durant Fire Company No. 1, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Certificate of Membership for G. A. Stephens Duran Fire Company No. 1, of the City of Cheyenne, Wyoming, April 2, 1902. August 1949.
- Haygood, Allen W., Granite Canyon, Wyoming: Ox yoke, presented by his son Henry R. Haygood. August 1949.
- Krakel, C. D., Fort Collins, Colorado: Two pieces of petrified alga. August 1949.
- McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Bert, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Silver cowbell souvenir, designed for the 9th meeting of the Wyoming Cow Belle Association, Sheridan, Wyoming, June 1949; *Souvenir Booklet of the Midwest*, glimpses of Cheyenne Frontier Days, 1896-1902; *Cheyenne, The Magic City*, Booklet of photographs c. 1890, C. D. Kirkland photographer. September 1949.

### Books—Gifts

#### October 1948-August 1949

- Shoemaker, Floyd C. *Semicentennial History, 1898-1948*. Missouri State Historical Society, 1948. Donated by the Missouri State Historical Society.
- Eberstadt, Edward. *William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana*. Privately printed, 1948. Donated by W. R. Coe.
- Drury, John. *Old Illinois Houses*. State of Illinois, 1948. Donated by the Illinois Historical Society.

### Books—Purchased

#### October 1948-August 1949

- Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, Index 1914-1929, Vols. 1-15. Mississippi Valley Historical Association, 1932.
- Meek, Stephen Hall. *A Mountain Man*. Glen Dawson, Pasadena, California, 1948.
- Schmitt, Martin F. *Fighting Indians of the West*. Scribner's, New York, 1948.
- Adams, James T. *Album of American History*. Vol. 4. Scribner's, New York, 1948.
- Price, George F. *Across the Continent with the 5th Cavalry*. Van Nostrand, New York, 1883.
- Adams, Ramon F. *Charles M. Russell, Biography*. Trails End, Pasadena, California, 1948.
- Yost, Karl. *Charles M. Russell, Bibliography*. Trails End, Pasadena, California, 1948.
- Wyoming-Idaho Sampler*. Harbinger.

- Lavender, David. *The Big Divide*. Doubleday (Prairie) Garden City, N. Y., 1948.
- Spring, Agnes Wright. *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*. Arthur H. Clark, Glendale, California, 1948.
- Beasley, Norman. *Main Street Merchant*. McGraw-Hill, New York, 1948.
- Augspurger, Marie M. *Yellowstone National Park*. Naegele-Auer, Middletown, Ohio, 1948.
- Muller, Dan. *My Life With Buffalo Bill*. Rilly & Lee, Chicago, 1948.
- Bauer, Clyde M. *Yellowstone, Its Wonderworld*. Permission of National Park Service, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1948.
- West, Ray B. ed., *Rocky Mountain Cities*. Norton, New York, 1949.
- Tierney, Luke. *Gold Discoveries on the North Platte River*. Published by Authors, Pacific City, Iowa, 1949.
- Eyre, Alice. *Famous Fremonts and Their America*. Fine Arts, 1948.
- Clark, Dan E. *West in American History*. Crowell, New York, 1937.

## GENERAL INDEX

### Volume 21

Compiled by Mary Elizabeth Cody

#### A

- Abbott, C. S., *Recollections of a California Pioneer*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Abbott, T. D., 21:2 & 3:208.  
Abrams, Ludolph, 21:2 & 3:194.  
Across the Rocky Mountains, from New York to California, Kelly, William, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Adams, Asenath (Annie), 21:1:91; Barnabas, 91.  
Adams County, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:164.  
Adams, Dick, 21:2 & 3:160.  
Adams, James T., *Album of American History*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
Adams, Maude, 21:1:91.  
Adams, Ramon F., Charles M. Russell, *Biography*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
Advent of the railroad in the Black Hills area, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Aitken, Ruie, see Hunter, Mrs. Thomas, 21:2 & 3:232.  
Alapier Creek, 21:2 & 3:131, 150.  
Albany County, 1866 to 1880, 21:2 & 3:191, et seq.  
Alder Gulch gold discovery, 21:1:90.  
Alexandrine Brothers, religious order, 21:2 & 3:206.  
Algonquin Indians, 21:2 & 3:181.  
Allred, James, 21:2 & 3:113.  
Altman, H., 21:2 & 3:208.  
American "Freedom Train," 21:2 & 3:236.  
American Fur Company purchased Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:174, 177.  
American Sheep Trails, 21:1:86.  
"American Trails Series, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Americana, Western, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Anderson, Charlie, 21:1:82.  
Anderson, Mrs. Ida B., Gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
Anderson Land and Cattle Company. See Swan Land and Cattle Company.  
Anderson, Maybelle Harmon, 21:2 & 3:120.  
Andrew County, Missouri, 21:2 & 3:150.  
*Annals of Wyoming*, 21:2 & 3:122, 165.  
*Annual Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
Antelope Island, Utah, 21:2 & 3:214.  
Applegate Cutoff, 21:2 & 3:159, 160.  
*Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West*, 21:2 & 3:122, 147.  
*Appleton Milo Harmon Goes West*, Maybelle Harmon Anderson, 21:2 & 3:120.  
Arapahoe Indians, 21:2 & 3:181.  
Arkansas River, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Armour and Company meat and livestock industry tour, 1949, 21:2 & 3:233, 234.  
Ash Hollow, 21:2 & 3:127, 147, 223.  
Ashley, William H., on the Laramie Plains, 21:2 & 3:183, came West 1824, 172.  
Astor, John Jacob, director of the American Fur Company purchased at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:174.  
Attfield, D. Harvey, 21:1:100.



Augspurger, Marie M., *Yellowstone National Park*, 21:2 & 3:243.  
*Autobiography of Pioneer John Brown*, 21:2 & 3:117, 120.  
Ayres, George V., 21:2 & 3:227.

**B**

Badger, Rodney, 21:2 & 3:162.  
Baker, Isaac, 21:2 & 3:166.  
Baldwin & Epsy, 21:2 & 3:211.  
Bancroft's index of pioneers to California, 21:2 & 3:159.  
Bancroft's list of Oregon immigrants, 21:2 & 3:161, 164.  
Banking business, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:209.  
Baptiste, John, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Bartholomew County, Ohio, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Barry, Louise, 21:2 & 3:116.  
Batchelder, Amos, 21:2 & 3:114, 122.  
Bath, Fred, 21:2 & 3:208.  
Bath Houses, 21:1:87.  
Battic, John or Jean Baptiste, 21:2 & 3:135, 155.  
Bauer, Clyde M., 21:2 & 3:243.  
Bayard, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Bear Butte, 21:2 & 3:174.  
Bear, Grizzly, 21:2 & 3:140.  
Bear River, 21:2 & 3:165; ferry across, 119; ferry rights, 111, 119; Valley, 166.  
Beasley, Norman, 21:2 & 3:243.  
Beaver Dick Lake, 21:1:100.  
Beaver pelts, at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:171.  
Bedwell, Elisha, 21:2 & 3:158.  
"Bell of the West" dance hall, 21:2 & 3:201.  
Benson, Brother, 21:2 & 3:125.  
Benton, Thomas Hart, 21:2 & 3:179.  
Bernard, Fort, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Bidwell, Captain Elisha, his company, 21:2 & 3:137, 158.  
Big Basin, Albany County, W. T., 21:2 & 3:197.  
"Big Ed," 21:2 & 3:201.  
Big Laramie, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:187, 188, 189, 190.  
"Big Steve," 21:2 & 3:201.  
"Big Timber Creek" (La Bonte Creek or River), 21:2 & 3:131, 150.  
Binely, Brother, 21:2 & 3:144, 145, 146; John, 166.  
Birdwood Creek, 21:2 & 3:146.  
Bison, slaughter of, 21:2 & 3:214.  
Bitter Cottonwood Creek (Cottonwood Creek), 21:2 & 3:150.  
Bitterroot River (Saint Mary's River), 21:2 & 3:149.  
Blackfoot Indians, 21:2 & 3:181.  
Black Hills, 21:2 & 3:130, 132; advent of the railroad, 225; discovery of Gold, 225.  
Black Hills of South Dakota, Cheyenne Indians, 21:2 & 3:181, 186.  
Black Hills, stage line, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Blacksmithing, 21:2 & 3:135, 136, 137, 138, 142, 145.  
Blanchet, Francis Norbert, first bishop of Walla Walla, 21:2 & 3:157-161.  
Blizzard of 1949, 21:2 & 3:219.  
Blue Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Board of Equalization, 21:2 & 3:220.  
Boat, Bull hide, 21:2 & 3:132.  
Bodall, 21:2 & 3:137, 160.  
Boggs, L. W., registered at Fort Laramie in 1846, 21:2 & 3:177.  
Bolden, 21:2 & 3:160.

- Boice, Fred D., and sons P O Ranch, 21:2 & 3:233, 234; Mrs. Fred D., 234.
- Bonoir, James, 21:2 & 3:150.
- Bonser, Captain, His company, 21:2 & 3:138, 162.
- Boston Traveler, 21:2 & 3:233.
- Boswell, N. K., 21:2 & 3:201.
- Bountiful, Utah, home of Mrs. Julia Kessler, 21:2 & 3:120.
- Boyack, Hazel Noble, biography, 21:2 & 3:108; *Historic Fort Laramie*, the hub of Early Western History, 1834-1849, 21:2 & 3:170.
- Brackenbury, Richard, 21:1:86.
- Bramel, W. C., 21:2 & 3:194, 210.
- Brand Books, 21:2 & 3:221; inspection, 218.
- Brands, 21:1:28-29.
- Brannon, Sam, 21:2 & 3:160.
- Bretney, H. Clay, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.
- Bridge, across the Platte in 1849, 21:2 & 3:111, 123.
- Bridge, John Richard's, 21:2 & 3:117.
- Bridger, Fort, 21:2 & 3:137, 141, 150, 155, 163, 164, 166; Creek, 166.
- Bridger, James, 21:2 & 3:137, 150, 155, 158, 183, 185; sold Fort Laramie to American Fur Company, 174.
- Bridges, 21:2 & 3:212.
- British Ship *Modeste*, 21:2 & 3:163.
- Brooks, Mrs. Juanita, the Empey diary, 21:2 & 3:121.
- Brown, Brother, 21:2 & 3:127, 136, 137, 155, 156; Clark, Brown party, 116; Elias, 156; H. E. (Stuttering) 226; Hank, 187; party, 147; John, pioneer, Autobiography, 117, 120; John, 147, 151; J. Robert, Journal of 1856, 123; M. C., 194, 200, 203, 210.
- Bruff, Goldsborough J., 21:2 & 3:114; diary in *Gold Rush*, 122.
- Bryant, Edwin, registered at Fort Laramie in 1846, 21:2 & 3:177; *What I Saw in California*, 166.
- Buffalo, 21:2 & 3:126; in Fort Laramie area, 171; last hunt, 214; robes, shipments from Fort Laramie, 174.
- Buford station, 21:2 & 3:193, 194, 211.
- Buildings, early, in the city of Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:200; first brick, 209; in Laramie, W. T., 210; Sherman, 211.
- Bull Bear, Indian Chieftain, 21:2 & 3:174.
- Bullock, Thomas, plans for Fort Platte and Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:149.
- Burke, George, President of the Senate, 21:2 & 3:236.
- Business establishments, Laramie City, 1870, 21:2 & 3:208; Sherman, W. T., 211.

## C

- Cache la Poudre river, 21:2 & 3:186.
- Calamity Jane, 21:2 & 3:226.
- Caldwell, Dr., 21:2 & 3:114.
- Caldwell, Mrs. Robert G., 21:2 & 3:233, 240.
- Caldwell, (T. G.?) 21:2 & 3:122.
- California, 21:2 & 3:111-115, 135, 157, 166, 167, 169, 178.
- California Battalion, Fremont's, 21:2 & 3:166.
- California Historical Society Quarterly*, 21:2 & 3:159.
- California Star*, 21:2 & 3:166.
- Camp, Charles L., 21:2 & 3:158, 159.
- Campbell, Governor, 21:2 & 3:194.
- Campbell, John G., 21:2 & 3:163.
- Campbell, Robert, at Ft. Laramie, 21:2 & 3:172.
- Campbell, Samuel, 21:2 & 3:164.
- Canada, Ossanabrook, Stormont County, 21:2 & 3:118.

- Canadian Traders, 21:2 & 3:135.  
Canfield, 21:2 & 3:143, 166.  
Cannon Creek, 21:2 & 3:143, 146, 167.  
Capitol Building, Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:236.  
Carbon County, Wyoming Territory, taxable property, 21:2 & 3:187, 196, 197.  
Carbon, town of, 21:1:8; 21:1:7, 9.  
Carey, Charles D., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
Carey, Joseph M., 21:2 & 3:226.  
Carney, General, 21:2 & 3:144, 145, 146.  
Carpenter, Francis, *Women on the Range*, 21:2 & 3:229.  
Carrington, Albert, 21:2 & 3:116, 121, 146, 149, 150, 151, 155, 166.  
Carson, Kit, 21:2 & 3:183.  
Cascade fight, 21:2 & 3:158.  
Case, James, 21:2 & 3:151.  
*Caspar Collins*, Spring, Agnes Wright, 21:2 & 3:227.  
Casper, 21:2 & 3:163.  
Casper Creek, 21:2 & 3:167.  
Casper Range, 21:2 & 3:132.  
Casper, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:151, 152, 154.  
Cassa, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:150.  
Castle Bluffs, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Castle Creek, 21:2 & 3:127, 147.  
Castle Rock, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Catholic Church, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:206.  
Catholics, 21:2 & 3:161.  
Cattle rustlers, 21:2 & 3:218.  
Cazar, John, 21:2 & 3:139.  
Cazier, John, 21:2 & 3:163.  
Cedar Point, 21:2 & 3:126.  
Centennial Mining Company, 21:2 & 3:213.  
Centennial mining district in Albany county, 21:2 & 3:198.  
Central Valley, 21:2 & 3:119.  
Champoeg, 21:2 & 3:156.  
Chapman, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:143, 156.  
Chapman, Wiley, 21:2 & 3:166.  
Cherokee Trail, 21:2 & 3:186, 187.  
Chesley, Alexander, 21:2 & 3:151.  
Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:223.  
*Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*, Spring, Agnes Wright, reviewed by Lola Homsher, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Cheyenne Indians, 21:2 & 3:174, 181.  
Cheyenne Senior High School, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
Cheyenne, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:225, 226, 227, 236.  
Chicago company, going west, 21:2 & 3:156.  
Chimney Rock, 21:2 & 3:128, 148.  
Chinook, Christmas, 21:2 & 3:226.  
Chuck wagon supper, 21:2 & 3:233.  
Chrisman, J. C., 21:2 & 3:200.  
Clark-Brown Party, 21:2 & 3:116.  
Clark, Dan E., 21:2 & 3:243.  
Clark, John Hawkins, 21:2 & 3:116.  
Clark, J. J., 21:2 & 3:210.  
Clayton, William, 21:2 & 3:129, 146, 147, 148-153, 159.  
Clear Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Clyman, James, 21:2 & 3:158; eastbound company from California, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Cody, Bill, 21:2 & 3:214.  
Coe Collection at Yale, Howard Egan's diary, 21:2 & 3:120.



- Coffee, Col. C. F., 21:1:99.  
Cohn, Max D., 21:2 & 3:220.  
Collard, Captain F. A., his company, 21:2 & 3:137, 157.  
Colonna B. A., 21:2 & 3:212.  
Colorado Cavalry, first, 21:2 & 3:188.  
Colorado, Denver, 21:2 & 3:227.  
Columbia River, 21:2 & 3:162.  
Concord Coaches, old, 21:2 & 3:226.  
Conner, Johnny, 21:1:8.  
Converse County, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:197.  
Conyers, E. W., 21:2 & 3:123.  
Cooley, Sergeant of the First Colorado Cavalry, 21:2 & 3:188.  
Cooper Creek, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:187.  
Cooper Lake, 21:2 & 3:197.  
Copley Square, Boston, 21:2 & 3:234.  
Cordiner, Mrs. William, 21:2 & 3:208.  
Corlett, W. W., 21:2 & 3:194.  
Cory, L. P., 21:2 & 3:210.  
"Cotton Mission," 21:2 & 3:119.  
Cottonwood Creek (Bitter Cottonwood Creek), 21:2 & 3:150.  
Coulter, Zebedee, 21:2 & 3:125.  
Council Bluffs, 21:2 & 3:150, 160, 191.  
*Country Gentleman*, 21:2 & 3:217.  
Coutant, C. G., 21:2 & 3:165, 172.  
Covert, Dean, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
Cow-belles, 21:2 & 3:228; *Cow-belles Wow Sisters from Back East*, by Alta Maloney, 21:2 & 3:233.  
*Cow Country*, 21:2 & 3:217, 221.  
Cowley, Matthew, *Wilford Woodruff, His Life and Labors*, 21:2 & 3:120.  
Cox, Joseph, 21:2 & 3:156.  
Cox, Martha, 21:2 & 3:156.  
Cox, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:156.  
Crow Indians, 21:2 & 3:113, 148.  
Cusson, Father, 21:2 & 3:206.  
Custer City, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:227.  
Cutts, R. D., General, 21:2 & 3:212.  
Craig, John, 21:2 & 3:166.  
Crane, Arthur Griswold, Governor, 21:2 & 3:219; receives gifts in Wyoming car of "Merci" train, 21:2 & 3:236.  
Crawford, D., 21:2 & 3:211.  
Creighton, Ed., 21:2 & 3:191.  
Creighton Lake, 21:2 & 3:198.  
Crime, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:201.  
Crook County, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:196.  
"Crooked X," a brand, 21:1:29.  
Crooked X Ranch, 21:1:11-16.  
Crosby, Jesse W., 21:2 & 3:115, 167.  
Cross, Osborne, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Crow, Brother, 21:2 & 3:150; Creek, 21:2 & 3:198; Indians, 21:2 & 3:174, 179; Robert, 21:2 & 3:148.

## D

- Daily Republican Eagle, 21:2 & 3:215.  
 Dakota Territory, 21:2 & 3:192.  
 Dale City, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:212; Creek, 194; Bridge, 193, 212.  
 Dahlquist, Ernest, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Dalles, The, 21:2 & 3:162.  
 Damfino brand, 21:2 & 3:217.  
 Dances, 21:1:26-27.  
 Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Daughters of Utah Pioneers, "Diary of Albert Carrington," 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *Heart Throbs of the West*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Davenport, James, 21:2 & 3:111, 133, 135, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 153, 154, 163, 165.  
 Davis, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Davis, Albert G., 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Davis, C., 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Davis, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:141.  
 Davis, D. D., Iowa, 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Davis, Eli, 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Davis, Mrs. Essie, 21:2 & 3:231.  
 Davis, Leander L., 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Dawson & Bros., 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Dayton, T. J., 21:2 & 3:194.  
 Deadwood, freighting route from, to Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Dearcorn, Paul, 21:2 & 3:233.  
 Death of William A. Empey, St. George, Utah, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Dedication of Texas Trail Monument at Pine Bluffs. Illustration., 21:1:94.  
 Deer Creek, 21:2 & 3:114, 116, 117, 132, 135, 154, 155.  
 Defending the doctrine of plural marriage, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Denver, Colorado, 21:2 & 3:227; Gold rush, 185.  
 Deseret, State of, Legislature, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 De Smet, Pierre Jean, Missionary work among the Indians, 21:2 & 3:149, 174.  
 DeTilla, George M., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:241.  
 "Devil's Tongue," described by Empey, W. A., 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Diary, (T. G.?) Caldwell, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Diary, Albert Carrington, 21:2 & 3:116.  
 "Diary of Albert Carrington" in Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 "Diary of E. W. Conyers, a Pioneer of 1852," 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Diary, Amasa Lyman, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Diary, George A. Smith, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 "Diary of a Trip to California in 1849," Hale, Israel F., 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Dinwiddie, John (or David), *The Frontier*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Discovery of gold in the Black Hills, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Distributing committee for the "Merci" train, General Esmay, chairman, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 "Dixie" country, Utah's, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Doctrine of plural marriage, practiced by William A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Doctor Davis' rustler meetings at Greeley, Colorado, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Documentary History of the Church (Mormon), 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Dodson, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137, 158.  
 Donner Camp, 21:2 & 3:167.  
 Donner-Reed Party, 21:2 & 3:165-177.

Dostins, D. D., 21:2 & 3:158.  
 Doty, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Douglas, W. T., 21:2 & 3:213.  
 Downey, S. W., 21:2 & 3:194, 207, 210.  
 Dragoons, 21:2 & 3:146.  
 Drake, G. P., 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Drake, Captain T. G., 21:2 & 3:163.  
 Driggs, Dr. Howard R., 21:1:93; 21:1:99; 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Drought, 21:2 & 3:218, 232.  
 Drury, John, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Dry Sandy, 21:2 & 3:115.  
 Durbin, Mrs. Thomas F., 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Durkee, Governor, 21:1:91.  
 Durlacher, Simon, 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Dustin, Wesley T., 21:2 & 3:135.

## E

Eagle bakery, 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Earl, Brother, 21:2 & 3:125.  
 Eastman, Marcus, 21:2 & 3:137, 157.  
 Eberstadt, Edward, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Egan, Howard, 21:2 & 3:149; his diary in Coe Collection at Yale, 21:2 & 3:119; *Pioneering the West*, 21:2 & 3:120.  
 Eiffel Tower, 21:2 & 3:237.  
*Eighty-One Years of Frontier Life*, Mulkey, Cyrenius, 21:2 & 3:158.  
 Eldorado, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Elevation, Albany Co., 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Elk Mountain, 21:2 & 3:186.  
 Elk Mountain post office, 21:1:11.  
 Ellsworth, Edmund, 21:2 & 3:111, 112, 133, 135, 138, 142, 153, 154.  
 Emergency relief board, blizzard, '49, 21:2 & 3:219.  
 Emigrants, 21:2 & 3:132, 133, 134; for California gold mines, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Empey, Adam, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Empey, Mrs. Ida Terry, 21:2 & 3:119; granddaughter of W. A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:121; possession of biography of W. A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Empey, Margaret Steenbergh, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Empey, William A., 21:2 & 3:112, 117, 118, 133, 135, 138, 139, 153, 154, 162, 167.  
 Empey, William A., biographical sketch in possession of Mrs. Ida Terry Empey, 21:2 & 3:123; diary, 21:2 & 3:119, 120.  
 Empey, William A., his journal, 21:2 & 3:111, 119, 123, 155, 163; viticulture, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 England, 21:2 & 3:114, 119.  
 Enos, Jim, 21:2 & 3:187, 188, 189.  
 Esmay, R. L., General, 21:2 & 3:219, 236.  
 European Hotel, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Evanston, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:165.  
*Exodus from Modern Israel*, Lundwall, N. B., 21:2 & 3:120.  
*Experiences of a '49er*, Johnston, 21:2 & 3:122.  
*Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, Including a Reconnaissance of a New Route Through the Rocky Mountains*, Stansbury, Howard, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Extract from the Journal of Appleton M. Harmon, June 26-July 10, 1847, 21:2 & 3:136.  
 Eyre, Alice, *Famous Fremonts and Their America*, 21:2 & 3:243.



## F

- Faf, Aaron, 21:2 & 3:139.  
 The Far West in the '80's by John J. Fox, 21:1:3.  
 Farm, William A. Empey's at Tonaquint, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Farr, Aaron, 21:2 & 3:162.  
 Fee, Larry or Lawrence, 21:1:17.  
 Ferry, Missouri, 21:2 & 3:115, 116.  
 Ferry, Mormon, 21:2 & 3:152, 153. Ferrying over the Platte River, 21:2 & 3:116.  
 Fielding, Martha, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Finfrock, Dr. J. W., 21:2 & 3:187, 202, 208, 210.  
 Finley, Colonel William, 21:2 & 3:164; the first bicycle tour of Yellowstone National Park, 21:1:100.  
 Fire-fighting company, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:203.  
 Fire, first in Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:203.  
 First home in Ogden, Utah, built by Miles Goodyear, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 First Postmaster at Banner, 21:1:99.  
 The first sheep sheared by the steam steering method, by Mrs. J. B. Okie, 21:1:100.  
 The first steamboat, the Zillah, 21:1:100.  
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas, urges creation of military post at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:173, 174, 179, 183.  
 Flat boat, 21:2 & 3:115.  
 Flint, Thomas, diary, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Florissant, Missouri, 21:2 & 3:117.  
 Ford, Irene, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Fork River, 21:2 & 3:146.  
 Fort Bernard, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Fort Bridger, 21:2 & 3:137, 141, 150, 163, 164, 166, 178.  
 Fort John Buford, 21:2 & 3:190.  
 Fort Collins, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Fort Fetterman, 21:2 & 3:213.  
 Fort Francis E. Warren, band from, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Fort Hall, 21:2 & 3:149, 160, 163, 166, 178, 187.  
 Fort Halleck, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Fort John, 21:2 & 3:132, 133, 155.  
 Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:112, 129, 130, 133, 137, 147, 148, 149, 150, 155, 159, 160, 172, 173, 174, 177, 179.  
 Fort Laramie, a poem, Mae Urbanek, 21:2 & 3:168.  
 Fort Leavenworth, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Fort New Helvetia, founded by John August Sutter, 21:2 & 3:178.  
 Fort Owen, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Fort Platte, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Fort Sanders, 21:2 & 3:190, 192, 193, 201.  
 Fort Walback, 21:2 & 3:190.  
 Fort Wallawalla, 21:2 & 3:164.  
 Fourche Boise Creek, 21:2 & 3:132.  
 Fox, Denis L., 21:1:4.  
 Fox, John James, 21:1:3-4; portrait, 21:1:2.  
 Fox Park, 21:2 & 3:198.  
 France, sends gifts in "Merci" train to Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Frank, H., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Fredrick, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:141, 142, 165.  
 "Freedom Train," American, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Freightng teams, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Fremont, 21:2 & 3:114; California Battalion, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Fremont, Colonel, 21:2 & 3:144, 147, 175, 179.  
 French, Americans send them food in "Freedom Train," 21:2 & 3:236.

French traders, 21:2 & 3:155.  
*Frontier, The*, Dinwiddie, John (or David), 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Frontier Hotel, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Frontier living, 21:1:4, 5, 6.  
 Fuller, E. O., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Fullerton, Ellen Miller, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
 Fullmer, David, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Fur trading in Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:171.

## G

Gaines, Ruth, *Gold Rush*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Galbraith, Robert, 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Gambling devices of the early '80's, 21:1:59.  
 Garber, Mrs. Elizabeth, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Gary, George, 21:2 & 3:164, 165.  
 Gates, J. E., 21:2 & 3:193.  
 Gaylord, Orange, his diary of 1853, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Geer, Mrs. (Elizabeth Dixon Smith), 21:2 & 3:165; Ralph, 162, 164.  
 George Lake, 21:2 & 3:198.  
 Giant Hot Springs at Thermopolis, 21:1:100.  
 Gieseke, Mrs. Brenda R., Librarian of Missouri Historical Society, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Gifts in the French "Merci" train for Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Gilman & Carter, 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Gilmer, John (Jack) T., 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Glasgow, Scotland, Fox sailed from in Feb., 1885, 21:1:4.  
 Glendo, Wyoming, 21:1:89.  
 Glines, Erick, 21:2 & 3:139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 145, 153, 154, 162, 163.  
 Goddard Frederick B., 21:2 & 3:213.  
 Gold, 21:2 & 3:111, 117, 178, 225.  
*Gold Rush*, Read, Georgia Willis, and Gaines, Ruth, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Goldseekers, 1848, number of vessels, 21:2 & 3:178; in 1849, number of wagons and men crossing the Missouri River, 21:2 & 3:178.  
 Goodyear, Miles, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Gordon, Johnny, 21:2 & 3:232.  
 Gore, George, 21:2 & 3:186.  
 Gory, James, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Goshen County, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Gothenburg, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:146.  
 Government, city of Laramie, 1868, 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Governor and Mrs. Hoyt, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Governor's office, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Governor of Wyoming, A. G. Crane, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Graff, Everett D., Chicago book collector, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Gramm, O., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Grand Island, 21:2 & 3:118, 152.  
 Graves, old, marked in Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Great Salt Lake, 21:2 & 3:112.  
 Great Salt Lake City, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Great Spirit, 21:2 & 3:215.  
 Greeley, Horace, remarks about the "fabulous forties" and westward migration, 21:2 & 3:175.  
 Green Bay, Lee County, Iowa, 21:2 & 3: 164.  
 Green, Ralph C., 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Greenburg, Dan, *Sixty Years*, 21:2 & 3:216.  
 Greene, John, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Green River, 21:2 & 3:111, 139, 153, 162.  
 Greenwood River, 21:2 & 3:166.

- Grieve, James H., 21:2 & 3:150.  
 Grondahl, Jens K., biography, 21:2 & 3:108; *The Slaughter of the Bison*, 21:2 & 3:214.  
 Grout buildings, 21:2 & 3:232.  
 Grover, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:111, 133, 134, 135, 137, 138, 139, 142, 153, 154, 155, 156, 163: superintendent of the Mormon ferry, 21:2 & 3:133.  
 Groves, Jeff, 21:1:22.  
 Guadalajara, Mexico, 21:1:3.  
 Gubler, Mrs. Ruth, granddaughter of W. A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Guernsey, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Gunnison, Lt. John W., journal, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Gushurst, P. A., 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Gurrelle, John, 21:2 & 3:200.

## H

- Hadsell, Frank, 21:1:3, 7, 12, 14, 22.  
 Hadsell, Mrs. Frank, portrait, 21:1:44.  
 Hadsell, Kleber, 21:1:3.  
 Hafen, L. R., *Fort Laramie*, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Hager, Mrs. Helen, 21:2 & 3:231.  
 Hailstorm of 1878, Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Hale, Israel F., 21:2 & 3:114; "Diary of a Trip to California in 1849," 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Haley, J. Evetts, 21:1:96.  
 Haley, Ora, 21:2 & 3:194.  
 Hall, Fort, 21:2 & 3:149, 160, 163, 166.  
 Hambleton, Madison B., 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Hance, M. A., 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Hancock, Levi, 21:2 & 3:112.  
 Harmon Appleton, 21:2 & 3:111-115, 118, 120, 122, 133, 135, 138-148, 150, 152, 153, 155, 159-164.  
 Harmon & Teats, 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Harrell, James E. R., reminiscences of, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Harris, Black, 21:2 & 3:159, 160, 166.  
 Harris, Dr. William, 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Harrison, Hugh, 21:2 & 3:160; John.  
 Hartwell, S. M., 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Harty, Daniel, 21:2 & 3:164; James, N., 164.  
 "Hashknife," name of a brand and also an outfit, 21:1:28, 96.  
 Hastings, Loren B., 21:2 & 3:161, 162, 164.  
 Hatcher, Mrs. Amelia, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Hawk, Jake, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Hayford, editor, *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, 21:2 & 3:205, 209.  
 Haygood, Ruben, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
*Heart Throbs of the West*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Hickman, Bill, 21:1:19.  
 Higbee 21:2 & 3:139; Brother, 21:2 & 3:140, 143, 163; Brother John, 21:2 & 3:144; John, 21:2 & 3:133, 135, 136, 138, 151; John S., 21:2 & 3:111, 153, 154.  
 Higgs, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:136; Captain Nelson, 21:2 & 3:157.  
 Highest point on any railroad in U. S., 21:2 & 3:211.  
 "Hill Ferry," 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Hill, Henry, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 "Hillers," 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Hilton, G. F., 21:2 & 3:210.  
 Hines, Celinda E., diary, 21:2 & 3:123.



- Hinman, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Historian, Wyoming State, 21:2 & 3:227.  
Historian's Office of the Church of Latter Day Saints, diaries, 21:2 & 3:121.  
*Historic Fort Laramie, the Hub of Early Western History, 1834-1849*, by Hazel Noble Boyack, 21:2 & 3:170.  
*History of Albany County to 1880*, by Lola Homsher, 21:2 & 3:181.  
"History and Journal of the Life and Travels of Jesse W. Crosby," *Annals of Wyoming*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Hobson, Hadley, 21:2 & 3:160.  
Hockett, Captain (Holgate), 21:2 & 3:161; his company, 21:2 & 3:138.  
Hodge, Captain, 21:2 & 3:135; (possibly Jesse Monroe Hodges or his son D. R. Hodges), 21:2 & 3:155.  
Holgate, J. C., (Hockett), 21:2 & 3:161.  
Holladay, Ben., 21:1:88; 21:2 & 3:186.  
Holliday, W. H. & Co., 21:2 & 3:208.  
Holt, Reed & Rhodes, 21:2 & 3:211.  
Homsher, Lola, biog., 21:2 & 3:108; review of *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*, Spring, Agnes Wright, 21:2 & 3:225; *History of Albany County to 1880*, 21:2 & 3:181.  
Hopkins, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Hopper, Charles, 21:2 & 3:159.  
Horse Creek, 21:2 & 3:129.  
Horse Shoe Bend, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Horse Shoe Creek, 21:2 & 3:131.  
Horseshoe Creek Station, 21:1:89.  
Horticultural Commission, 21:1:3.  
Hospitals, Laramie, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:206.  
House of Representatives, Speaker, Herman Mayland, 21:2 & 3:236.  
Hoyt, Governor and Mrs., 21:2 & 3:226.  
Huber, 21:2 & 3:160.  
Hucklebee, Kittean, 21:2 & 3:163.  
Hudson Bay Company, 21:2 & 3:163.  
Hunter, Colin, 21:2 & 3:232; James, 232; Ranch, 232; Richard, 232; Mrs. Thomas, 231.  
Huntington, Henry E., Library, 21:2 & 3:119.  
Hunton, John, 21:2 & 3:183.  
Husband, Bruce, proprietor of Ft. Laramie, sells to Lt. Daniel P. Woodberry, 21:2 & 3:179.  
Huston, Al, 21:2 & 3:188.  
Hutton & Co., 21:2 & 3:208.  
Hutton, C. H., 21:2 & 3:191.  
Hutton Lake, 21:2 & 3:198.  
Hyannis, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:231.  
Hyde, Orson, 21:2 & 3:160.

## I

- Idaho, 21:2 & 3:161.  
Idaho Cattle and Horse Growers Association, 21:2 & 3:220.  
Idaho Territory, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Illinois, 21:2 & 3:131.  
Illinois, Morgan County, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Immigrants, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:111.  
*Impressions of a Bostonian*, 21:2 & 3:233.  
*Improvement Era*, 21:2 & 3:120-122.  
Indian Grove, 21:2 & 3:157.  
Indiana, 21:2 & 3:165.  
Indians, 21:2 & 3:128, 179, 181.  
Ingersol, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137.

- Ingersoll, Chester, 21:2 & 3:159, 161.  
 Ingram, Elva, grave of, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Ingram, Godfrey C., 21:2 & 3:116.  
*Instructor, The*, organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union of the L.D.S. Church, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Insurance, Medical, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:206.  
 "Interesting Items Concerning the Journeying of the Latter Day Saints from the City of Nauvoo, Until Their Location in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," Pratt, Orson, 21:2 & 3:120.  
 Iowa, Salem, 21:2 & 3:139, 162.  
 Iron County Mission, 21:2 & 3:119; journal of, Smith, George A., 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Islay, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:231.  
 Iverson, Edward, 21:2 & 3:207; Co., 21:2 & 3:209.

## J

- Jackman, Levi, 21:2 & 3:150; diary, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Jackson, General, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Jackson, William H., 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Jacob, Norton, 21:2 & 3:150, 151, 153, 159; buffalo, 21:2 & 3:146; diary, 21:2 & 3:146; important record kept by him, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 James Lake, 21:2 & 3:197.  
 Jelm area, W. T., 21:2 & 3:197.  
 Jenkins, Perry W., 21:1:88.  
 J G brand, 21:2 & 3:232.  
 John, Fort, 21:2 & 3:132, 155.  
 John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Johnny Slaughter, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Johnson, Andrew, *Latter-day Saints' Biographical Encyclopedia*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Johnson, Brother, 21:2 & 3:139, 140, 142, 143, 144.  
 Johnson County, 21:1:30-31; war in 1892, 21:1:31.  
 Johnson, Mrs. Hilda, 21:1:42.  
 Johnson, Luke, 21:2 & 3:111-112, 133, 135, 138, 147, 153, 154, 163.  
 Johnson, Ralph E., 21:2 & 3:217.  
 Johnson's Ranch, 21:2 & 3:159.  
 Johnston, *Experiences of a '49er*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Johnston, *Overland to California*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Johnston, William, 21:2 & 3:113-114.  
 Joliet, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:159.  
*Joliet Signal*, 21:2 & 3:159.  
 Jones, 21:2 & 3:163; Mrs. Belle, 21:1:42; Johnny, 21:1:13, 79; Nathaniel, 21:2 & 3:164, 166, 167.  
 Jordon, Mrs. John L., 21:2 & 3:230.  
 "Journal of the Iron County Mission," Smith, George A., 21:2 & 3:123.  
 "Journal of Lt. John W. Gunnison," 21:2 & 3:123.  
*The Journal of Madison Berryman Moorman, 1850-51*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 "Journal of a Tour Across the Continent of North America from Boston, via Independence, Missouri, the Rocky Mountains, to San Francisco, in 1849," Amos Batchelder, 21:2 & 3:122.  
*Journal of a Trip Across the Plains of the U. S. from Missouri to California, in the year 1856*, Brown, J. Robert, 21:2 & 3:123.  
*Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains*, Palmer, Joel, 21:2 & 3:147.  
*Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Journal of William A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Junction Bluff Creek, 21:2 & 3:146.

## K

- Kansas Historical Quarterly*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Kaw River, 21:2 & 3:111.  
Kearney, Col. Stephen W., 21:2 & 3:164, 166, 167, 175.  
Keith, Mrs. M. C., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:241.  
Kelly, Mrs. Nicholas, 21:2 & 3:136.  
Kelly, William, 21:2 & 3:113, 122.  
Kemmerer, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:235.  
Kendrick, John B., 21:1:97.  
Keplin, commissioned by the American Fur Company to entice the Sioux into the fur trading business, 21:2 & 3:174.  
Kerr, E. L., 21:2 & 3:210.  
Kerr, John W., 21:1:91.  
Kessler, Mrs. Julia, daughter of Appleton Harmon, 21:2 & 3:120.  
Keystone area in Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:197.  
Keystone, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:147.  
KFBC, station, 21:2 & 3:236.  
"Kid," hanging of, in Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:201.  
Kimball, Heber C., 21:2 & 3:121, 126, 132, 147, 151.  
Kimsey, Judge, 21:2 & 3:152.  
Kirtland, Ohio, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Kiskadden, James Harry, 21:1:91.  
Kiskadden, Maude (Adams) 21:1:92.  
Kiskadden-Slade, 21:1:88-92.  
Kiskadden, William, 21:1:91.  
Knuth, Miss Priscilla, Research Asst. in Oregon Historical Society, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Krakel, C. D., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
Kuster, C., 21:2 & 3:208.  
Kuykendall, Judge William L., 21:2 & 3:187, 190, 192, 226.

## L

- La Bonte River ("Big Timber Creek"), 21:2 & 3:150; trapper, 183.  
La Fayette County, Missouri, 21:2 & 3:158.  
La Grange, Wyoming, 21:1:93; 21:2 & 3:220.  
Lancaster Castle, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Land of Paradise, Lo-no-was, 21:2 & 3:168.  
Landmarks, 21:2 & 3:223.  
La-no-was, Land of Paradise, 21:2 & 3:168.  
La Porte, 21:2 & 3:165, 188.  
La Prele Creek, 21:2 & 3:150.  
La Ramee, Jacques, 21:2 & 3:168, 171.  
Laramie City, established, 21:2 & 3:193, 196, 200.  
Laramie County, 21:2 & 3:192, 193, 194, 196.  
Laramie County School Board, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
Laramie, Fort, 21:2 & 3:129, 130, 134, 137, 147, 148, 149, 155, 159.  
Laramie, hospitals, 21:2 & 3:206.  
Laramie Mountains, 21:2 & 3:181, 185, 188, 191.  
Laramie Peak, 21:2 & 3:131, 169.  
Laramie Plains, described by Ashley, 21:2 & 3:181, 186, 189, 191, 192, 198, 199, 227.  
Laramie, population, 1871, 21:2 & 3:210; in 1875, 21:2 & 3:210; in 1880, 21:2 & 3:210.  
Laramie River, 21:2 & 3:148, 149, 197.  
Laramie, Wyoming Territory, city of, 21:2 & 3:200.  
Larmier, W. J., 21:2 & 3:211.  
Larson, T. A., 21:1:3.



- Lassen Cut-Off, 21:2 & 3:157.  
Last big buffalo hunt, 21:2 & 3:214.  
Latham, 21:2 & 3:210 .  
Lathrop, A. G., 21:2 & 3:211.  
*Latter Day Saints' Biographical Encyclopedia*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Latter Day Saints Church has custody of diary of George A. Smith,  
21:2 & 3:121; diaries, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Lavender, David, *The Big Divide*, 21:2 & 3:243.  
Laws of Utah, 21:2 & 3:123.  
Layton, L. E., 21:2 & 3:211.  
Leavenworth, Fort, 21:2 & 3:166.  
Lee County, Iowa, 21:2 & 3:164.  
Lee, Daniel, early missionary of Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:173; Jason  
Lee, 173.  
Legislation, livestock, 21:2 & 3:218.  
Legislature, Second territorial, 21:2 & 3:193.  
Leigh, Richard, 21:1:100.  
Leonard, A. H., 21:2 & 3:214.  
Leroy, C. R., 21:2 & 3:207.  
Lewellen, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:147, 223.  
Lewis and Clark, Cheyenne Indians, Black Hills region, 21:2 & 3:181.  
Lewis, N. E., 21:2 & 3:187.  
Librarian, Wyoming State, 21:2 & 3:227.  
Library, Henry E. Huntington, 21:2 & 3:119.  
Lieulling, H., 21:2 & 3:139.  
Lincoln County, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Lisco, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Litchfield, H. G., Major, 21:2 & 3:190.  
Little Blue River, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Little and Coolbroth, hotel, 21:2 & 3:213.  
Little-John, 21:2 & 3:164.  
Littlejohn, Mrs. (formerly Adeline Saddler), 21:2 & 3:165.  
Littlejohn, P. B., Presbyterian missionary, 21:2 & 3:165.  
Little Laramie, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:187, 197.  
Little Sandy, 21:2 & 3:159.  
Livestock industry, women in, 21:2 & 3:230.  
Livestock Legislative Committee, 21:2 & 3:219.  
Livestock, Mormon, feeding problem created by buffalo, 21:2 &  
3:220.  
Livestock and Sanitary Board, 21:2 & 3:220.  
Lockley, Fred, 21:2 & 3:157, 166.  
Lodge Pole Creek, 21:2 & 3:185, 189, 190, 198.  
Loomis, Abner, 21:2 & 3:190.  
Lost Cabin, 21:1:100.  
Lost Creek, 21:2 & 3:127.  
Louisiana purchase, 1802, 21:2 & 3:181, 191.  
Love, Louise O'Leary, 21:1:93.  
Luddington, Brother Elam, 21:2 & 3:136.  
Luelling, Henderson, 21:2 & 3:162.  
Luellyn, planted a nursery in a wagon bed, 21:2 & 3:160.  
Lundwall, N. B., *Exodus from Modern Israel*, 21:2 & 3:120.  
Lusk, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:217.  
Lyman, Amasa, 21:2 & 3:136, 146, 147, 149, 155, 156, 160.  
Lyman, Brother Amasa, 21:2 & 3:124, 125, 136; his diary kept by  
Albert Carrington, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Lytle, Andrew, 21:2 & 3:113, 115.

## M

- "Magic City of the Plains," Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:226.  
Magone, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:138.  
Magoon, Major, 21:2 & 3:160, 161.  
Maloney, Alta, *Cow-Belles Wow Sisters from Back East*, 21:2 & 3:233.  
Mandel, Phil, 21:2 & 3:188, 192.  
Manners, 21:1:24, 25, 27.  
Manual of Rural Appraisement, See John Fox, 21:1:3.  
*March of the Mounted Rifleman*, Cross, Osborne, 21:2 & 3:122.  
Markham, Stephen, 21:2 & 3:151, 153.  
Marking old graves in Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:223.  
Marriage, plural, defending the doctrine, 21:2 & 3:119.  
Marsh, Charles, 21:2 & 3:211.  
Marshall, James W., found gold in 1848, at Fort New Helvetia, 21:2 & 3:178.  
Massac County, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:150.  
Martin, Charles, 21:2 & 3:117.  
Matlock, 21:2 & 3:166.  
Matthew, William or Benjamin, 21:2 & 3:136.  
Maverick, 21:1:48.  
Mayland, Herman, 21:2 & 3:236.  
Mead, George S., gift to the museum, 21:2 & 3:240.  
Medical insurance plan, first in Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:206.  
Medicine Bow Mountains, 21:2 & 3:181, 185, 198.  
Medicine Bow River, toll bridge, 21:1:79.  
Meek, C. P. (Dub), 21:2 & 3:226.  
Meek, Stephen Hall, *A Mountain Man*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
Merchants, Laramie, 1868, first, 21:2 & 3:208.  
"Merci" train, car received by Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:236; gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:240.  
Methodist preacher, Hastings, Loren B., 21:2 & 3:161.  
Mexico, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Military forts in the West, 21:2 & 3:177, 179.  
Miller, William L. H., 21:2 & 3:190.  
*Millennial Star*, Liverpool, 21:2 & 3:120, 160.  
Miller, A. J., 21:2 & 3:175.  
Miller, Mrs. Effie, granddaughter of W. A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Miller & Pfeiffer, 21:2 & 3:208.  
Miners, keeping them out of the Indian territory, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Mining, 21:2 & 3:213.  
Minitare, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Missionaries at Fort Laramie after 1832, 21:2 & 3:173.  
Mississippi River, 21:2 & 3:130, 191.  
Mississippi Saints, Mormons, 21:2 & 3:147, 148, 155, 157, 163.  
*Mississippi Valley Historical Review, Index*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
Missouri companies going west, 21:2 & 3:151, 152.  
Missouri Historical Society, 21:2 & 3:121, 167.  
*Missouri Republican*, 21:2 & 3:117, 123, 163.  
Missouri River, 21:2 & 3:111, 112, 117, 125, 133, 152, 153, 158, 178.  
Mizner, Captain Henry R., 21:2 & 3:189, 190.  
Modeste, British ship, 21:2 & 3:163.  
Monument at La Grange, 21:1:99.  
Monument at the mouth of Rawhide Creek, 21:1:99.  
Monuments, 21:2 & 3:220.  
Moore, Asa, 21:2 & 3:201.  
Moorman, Madison Berryman, 21:2 & 3:115, 116.  
Moran, Mrs. Ellen, 21:2 & 3:231.

- Morgan, Dale L., biography, 21:2 & 3:108; editor of the journal of William A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:111.  
Morgan County, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:155.  
Morgan, Mary Ann, 21:2 & 3:119.  
Mormons, 21:2 & 3:112, 118, 120, 137, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 159, 162, 164, 165, 176, 220.  
Mormon Battalion, 21:2 & 3:162, 166.  
Mormon Battalion, Sick Detachment, 21:2 & 3:147, 155, 162.  
Mormon ferry, 21:2 & 3:111, 113, 114, 115, 116, 123, 147, 152, 153, 154, 155, 163; superintendent of, 21:2 & 3:134; Mormon monopoly of, 21:2 & 3:111.  
Morrill, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Morrison, New Jersey, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Morrison, W. W., 21:2 & 3:223.  
Mother Xavier Rose, Sister of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, 21:2 & 3:206.  
Mulkey, Cyrenius, 21:2 & 3:158.  
Mulkey, Frederick W., 21:2 & 3:158.  
Mulkey, Johnson, 21:2 & 3:158.  
Mulkey, Marion F., 21:2 & 3:158.  
Mulkey, Westley, 21:2 & 3:158.  
Muller, Dan, 21:2 & 3:243.  
Murphy, Lavinia, 21:2 & 3:167.  
Murrin, Col. Luke, 21:1:92.  
Museum collection of Wyoming historical items, 21:2 & 3:221.  
Museum, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:223.  
Mutton Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Myers, Lewis B., 21:2 & 3:148, 150.

**Mc**

- McCay, 21:2 & 3:157.  
McClay, 21:2 & 3:157.  
McCoole, J. S., 21:2 & 3:213.  
McCoy, 21:2 & 3:157.  
McFadden & Bishop, 21:2 & 3:208.  
McGee, Mrs. Bert, 21:2 & 3:234.  
McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Bert, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
McGee, Captain, 21:2 & 3:139, 140.  
McIntosh, Marguerite, (see Boice, Mrs. Fred D.), 21:2 & 3:234.  
McKee, Captain Joel, his company, 21:2 & 3:163.  
McKinney, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137.  
McKinney, Rev. John, 21:2 & 3:160.  
McKinney, Matilda, 21:2 & 3:160.  
McKinney, William, 21:2 & 3:160.  
McClay, Captain, (possibly McCay), 21:2 & 3:157.  
McLeod, John, 21:2 & 3:202.  
MacLeod, R. E., 21:2 & 3:223.  
McMinnville, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:155.  
McMurtrie, Douglas C., *Overland to California in 1847*, 21:2 & 3:159.



## N

- Nagle, E., 21:2 & 3:200.  
Napa County, 21:1:3.  
National Guard Headquarters, Cheyenne, 21:2 & 3:236.  
National Monument, Scottsbluff, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nauvoo, 21:2 & 3:118, 147.  
Nauvoo, expulsion of Mormon Saints, 21:2 & 3:150.  
Nauvoo, Illinois, Mormon exodus, 21:2 & 3:176.  
Nebraska, Bayard, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nebraska, Lewellen, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Nebraska, Minitare, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nebraska, Morrill, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nebraska, Northport, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nebraska, Sandhills, 21:2 & 3:231.  
Nebraska, Scottsbluff, 21:2 & 3:148.  
Nebraska, Scottsbluff Museum, 21:2 & 3:223.  
Nebraska, Sidney, 21:2 & 3:225.  
Nebraska Territory, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Nevada State Cattle Growers Association, 21:2 & 3:220.  
New York House, 21:2 & 3:207.  
Nighthawk, 21:1:49.  
*Niles' National Register*, 21:2 & 3:160.  
Nimrods, 21:2 & 3:214.  
North Bluff Fork, 21:2 & 3:146.  
North Park, 21:2 & 3:185.  
North Platte, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:146.  
North Platte River, 21:2 & 3:111, 150, 198.  
Nuckolis, President, 1871 Council, 21:2 & 3:194.  
Nye, Bill, 21:1:77.

## O

- Ohio, 21:2 & 3:133, 155; Regiment, 158.  
Okie, J. B., 21:1:100; Mrs. J. B., 100.  
Opdyke, Bill, 21:2 & 3:187.  
Operation Snowbound, 21:2 & 3:219.  
Oregon, 21:2 & 3:111, 130, 157, 158, 159, 161, 169.  
Oregon-California Trail, 21:2 & 3:178.  
Oregon City, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:164.  
Oregon emigrants, 21:2 & 3:112.  
Oregon Historical Quarterly, 21:2 & 3:161, 166.  
Oregon Historical Society, 21:2 & 3:121, 158.  
Oregon Immigration, 21:2 & 3:157.  
Oregon Immigrants, 21:2 & 3:113.  
Oregon Spectator, 21:2 & 3:158, 159, 164.  
Oregon, *To Oregon by Ox-Team in '47*, Lockley, Fred, history of the Hunt family, 21:2 & 3:121.  
Oregon Trail, 21:2 & 3:147, 186.  
*Oregon Trail and Some of Its Blazers*, The, Rucker, Maude A., 21:2 & 3:166.  
Oregon Trail, strategic location of Fort Laramie on, 21:2 & 3:170.  
Oregon Trail, first movement of U. S. troops over in 1845, 21:2 & 3:176.  
Organic Act creating Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:192.  
Oskaloosa, 21:2 & 3:156, 166.  
Ossanabrook, Stormont County, Canada, 21:2 & 3:118.  
Otter Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
Outlaw bands, plague the stage lines, 21:2 & 3:225.

*Overland to California*, Johnston, 21:2 & 3:122.  
*Overland to California in 1847*, McMurtrie, Douglas C., 21:2 & 3:159.  
 "Overland to the Gold Fields of California in 1852," 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Overland journals, 21:2 & 3:112, 116, 117.  
 Overland Stage Company, 21:2 & 3:187, 189, 190.  
 Overland Trail, 21:1:89; 21:2 & 3:111, 149, 183, 187, 189.  
 Overland travel, 21:2 & 3:111.  
 Owen Fort, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Owen, Major John, his letters and journals, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Owens, W. W., 21:1:100.  
 Owhyhee, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Oxen, 21:2 & 3:113, 114, 115.  
 OX outfit, 21:1:96.

## P

Paden, Irene D., *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Palmer, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137, 147, 158.  
 Parker, Samuel, early missionary at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:173.  
 Parkman, Francis, refers to Indian insolence, and urges establishment of military post at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:179.  
 Paris, 21:2 & 3:237.  
 Parkman, Francis, registered at Fort Laramie in 1846, 21:2 & 3:177.  
 Parowan, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Patterson, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:136.  
 Party, pioneer, Mormon, 21:2 & 3:111.  
 Pattison, Elijah, 21:2 & 3:157.  
 Pattison, Rachel E., grave of, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Paul, Ethel, 21:1:91.  
 Paulus, Father, 21:2 & 3:206.  
 Pawnee Indians, 21:2 & 3:147, 160, 174; Nebraska, 146.  
 Peak, Laramie, 21:2 & 3:131.  
 Pease County, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:196.  
 Pease, L. D., 21:2 & 3:202, 209.  
 Penitentiary, State at Rawlins, completed in 1898, 21:1:15.  
 Pennington, Mrs. Julia Ann, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
 Persimmon Bill, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Petersen, Allen, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:240.  
 Phelan, Elizabeth, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
 Pike County, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, 21:1:93.  
 Pine Valley, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 "Pioneer Diary of Eliza R. Snow," 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Pioneer journey, Mormon, of 1847, 21:2 & 3:123, 137.  
 Pioneer Party, Mormon, 21:2 & 3:154; Pioneers, Camp of, 21:2 & 3:139.  
 Platte, 21:2 & 3:125, 129, 132, 133.  
 Platte Bridge, 21:2 & 3:112, 116, 117.  
 Platte ferry (Mormon), 21:2 & 3:159, 163.  
 Platte, Fort, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Platte, North, 21:2 & 3:112, 113, 114, 117.  
 Platte, North, River, 21:2 & 3:150.  
 Platte River, 21:2 & 3:118, 147, 148, 149, 152, 155, 157, 158, 164, 165, 167, 225.  
 Platte River, Coal discovered for first time, 21:2 & 3:150.  
 Platte River, ferrying, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Platte Valley, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Polley, Peter, 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Pomeroy, 21:2 & 3:154.

- Pomeroy, Francis M., 21:2 & 3:111, 112, 133, 135, 137, 153.  
 Pony Express, Father of, W. H. Russell, 21:2 & 3:177.  
 Population, city of Laramie, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Population, Laramie, 1871, 1875, 1880, 21:2 & 3:210.  
 Population, Sherman, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:211.  
 P O Ranch, 21:2 & 3:233.  
 Porter, Mary Harriet, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Port Pierre, South Dakota, 21:2 & 3:214.  
 Postmaster, at Banner, first, 21:1:99.  
 Potter, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Powell, William, 21:2 & 3:214.  
 Prairie Dog Creek, 21:1:99.  
 Pratt, Brother Orson, 21:2 & 3:124, 146, 147, 148, 149, 151, 159, 177, 214.  
 Pratt, Orson, "Interesting Items Concerning the Journeying of the Latter Day Saints from the City of Nauvoo, Until their Location in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," 21:2 & 3:120.  
 President of the Senate, George Burke, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Prettyman, Dr. and family, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Price, George F., *Across the Continent with the 5th Cavalry*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Prices of merchandise purchased in 1885 by John Fox, 21:1:3.  
 Priedeaum, Gabriel, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 "The Prodigal Son," topic of sermon given by Rev. Henry Spaulding at Fort Laramie, on July 17, 1836, 21:2 & 3:173.  
 Professional services, Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:209.  
 Provines, Kate Ellena, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:240.  
 Prudhomme, Gabriel, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Pueblo, 21:2 & 3:147, 148, 155.  
 Pugmyer, Johnathan, 21:2 & 3:136, 138, 157.  
 Purbelow, 21:2 & 3:135.  
 Purbelo, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Putman, Captain Daniel, his company, 21:2 & 3:137, 158.

## Q

- Quaker, 21:2 & 3:138, 139, 162.  
 "Quarter Circle F," 21:1:18.  
 Quarter Circle V ranches, 21:2 & 3:231.  
 Quarters, Winter, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Quealy, Mrs. P. J., 21:2 & 3:234.  
 Quelling, H., 21:2 & 3:138.  
 Quote and Unquote, biog. of Russell Thorp, 21:2 & 3:216.

## R

- Rafts replaced by ferry boats, Mormons, 21:2 & 3:152.  
 Railroad in the Black Hills area, advent of, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Ranch, Frank Hadsell's, Illustration, 21:1:10.  
 Ranches and ranching, women managers, 21:2 & 3:230.  
 Rattlesnake Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Raw Hide Buttes, 21:2 & 3:217.  
 Rawhide Creek, 21:1:93.  
 Raw Hide Creek, 21:2 & 3:130; River, 148.  
 Rawlins, State Penitentiary, completed in 1898, 21:1:15.  
 Rawlins, Wyoming, 21:1:3, 52.  
 Ray County, Missouri, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 R-Bar-T ranch, 21:2 & 3:217.



- Rea, William, 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Read, Georgia Willis, *Gold Rush*, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Real Property, value in Laramie, W. T., 1875, 21:2 & 3:201.  
*Recollections of a California Pioneer*, Abbott, C. S., 21:2 & 3:122.  
*Record Stockman*, 21:2 & 3:229, 230.  
 Red Buttes, 21:2 & 3:167, 213.  
 Redding, J., 21:2 & 3:151.  
 Red Hills, 21:2 & 3:132.  
 Red Wing Daily Republican, 21:2 & 3:215.  
 Reed, Donner-Reed Party, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 "Regulators" in Illinois, 21:2 & 3:150.  
 Relay stations, stage lines, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Religious orders in Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:206.  
 Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce, 21:1:91.  
 Remittance Men, 21:1:83-84.  
 Remsburg Ranch, near Lisco, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Renceleur, William, 21:2 & 3:117.  
 Reni, Jules, 21:1:89.  
 Retford, 21:2 & 3:137, 160.  
*Revenue Cutter*, the Mormon's leather boat, 21:2 & 3:151.  
 Richard, John, 21:2 & 3:117.  
 Richards, H. H., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Richards, Brother Willard, 21:2 & 3:126.  
 Richardson, Joseph, 21:2 & 3:205.  
 Richardson, Warren, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Richmond, Utah, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Ricketts, Dr., referred to as Dr. R., an Englishman and Frontier  
   Dr. in Carbon, 21:1:8, 9.  
 Rickreal Valley, 21:2 & 3:159.  
 River, Bear, ferry across, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 River, Laramie, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Roberts, Charles D., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:240.  
 Robertson, John, gift to the museum, 21:2 & 3:238.  
 Robinson, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Rockafeld, Mrs., Bertha Bulla, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Rock Creek, 21:2 & 3:213.  
 Rock River, 21:2 & 3:187, 188.  
 Rock Springs Cattle Growers Association, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Rocky Mountains, 21:2 & 3:111.  
 Rocky Mountain States, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Rockwood, Col. Albert, commanding the second division of Mor-  
   mons in the migration, 21:2 & 3:153.  
 Rogers and Co., 21:2 & 3:207, 209.  
 Roosevelt, Theodore owned a ranch in South Dakota, 21:1:82.  
 Root, Frank A., 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Root, Riley, *Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon*, 21:2  
   & 3:112, 122.  
 Rothwell, John P., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Roughing it, 21:2 & 3:89.  
 The Roundup, 21:1:46, 52.  
 Ross Country, Ohio, 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Rubber tire rustlers, 21:2 & 3:218.  
 Rucker, Maude A., *The Oregon Trail and Some of Its Blazers*,  
   21:2 & 3:166.  
 Rulo, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:117.  
 Russell, W. H., registered at Fort Laramie in 1846, 21:2 & 3:177.  
 Ruxton, George F., described the Laramie Plains, 21:2 & 3:183.

## S

- Saddler, Adeline (Mrs. P. B. Littlejohn) 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Salaries of officials of early government in city of Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Salem, Iowa, 21:2 & 3:139, 162.  
 Salem, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Salt Lake, 21:2 & 3:143, 150.  
 Salt Lake City, 21:2 & 3:112, 119, 191.  
 Salt Lake Country, Great, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Salt Lake Valley, 21:2 & 3:114, 118.  
 Sand Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Sanders, W. P., Brig. Gen., 21:2 & 3:190.  
 Sanderson, Major Winslow F., arrived at Fort Laramie on June 16, 1849, 21:2 & 3:179.  
 San Diego County, California, 21:1:3.  
 San Marino, California, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Santa Clara River, Junction with the Virgin River, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Sarpy, John B., official of the American Fur Company, after whom Fort Laramie was rechristened Fort John, 21:2 & 3:174.  
 Saunter, Captain, 21:2 & 3:136, 156, 166.  
 Sawyer, Lorenzo, 21:2 & 3:115, 116, 122.  
 Schmitt, Martin F., *Fighting Indians of the West*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Schoolhouse, 21:1:62.  
 Scoon, Alfred, 21:2 & 3:232.  
 Scott, Mrs. Anna Maxwell, 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Scott, Levi, 21:2 & 3:159.  
 Scottsbluff National Monument, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Scottsbluff Nebraska Museum, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 Senate, President of, George Burke, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Settle, Raymond W., 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Seven Mile Creek, 21:2 & 3:191.  
*Seventy Years*, by Agnes Wright Spring, 21:2 & 3:216, 227.  
 Shawnee River, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Shepherders, 21:1:63.  
 Sherburne, Major J. P., 21:2 & 3:189.  
 Sheriff, first in city of Laramie, W. T., 21:2 & 3:201.  
 Sherlock, Richard, 21:1:87.  
 Sherman, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:194, 211.  
 Shoemaker, Floyd C., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Shuler & Spindler, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Shumway, Charles, 21:2 & 3:113.  
 Sidney, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Sierras, 21:2 & 3:160, 167.  
 Silverstein Bros., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Sioux Indians, 21:2 & 3:128, 147, 160, 174, 179, 181.  
*Sixty Years*, by Dan Greenburg, 21:2 & 3:216.  
 Slack and Webster, firm, 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Slade family, 21:1:88-92.  
 Slade, J. A., 21:1:90.  
*Slaughter of the Bison*, The, Grondahl, Jen K., 21:2 & 3:214.  
 Smalley, Mrs. E. J. (Edith A.), gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:241.  
 Smith, Alice, 21:2 & 3:233.  
 Smith, Captain Cornelius, 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Smith, Captain (Doctor), father of Moses Ira Smith, 21:2 & 3:152  
**157.**  
 Smith, Elizabeth Dixon (later Mrs. Geer), 21:2 & 3:165.  
 Smith, Elizabeth, see Whitaker, Mrs. Dugald, 21:2 & 3:233.  
 Smith, George A., 21:2 & 3:121, 123, 178.

- Smith, Joseph, Mormon Prophet, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Smith, Moses Ira, 21:2 & 3:152, 153.  
 Smith, Nancy Scott-Wisdom, 21:2 & 3:152, 157.  
 Smith, Wisdom, 21:2 & 3:152.  
 Snook, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137.  
 Snooks, Captain, 21:2 & 3:158.  
 Snow, Eliza R., 21:2 & 3:112.  
 Snow, Erastus, 21:2 & 3:120, 149.  
 Snyder, D. H. & J. W. and families of, 21:1:93.  
 Sobriquet, 21:1:71.  
 Soda Lakes in Sweetwater County, 21:1:100.  
 Soda Spring, 21:2 & 3:163.  
 South Dakota, Port Pierre, 21:2 & 3:214.  
 South Pass, 21:2 & 3:159, 167, 178.  
 South Platte River, 21:2 & 3:186, 198.  
 Spalding, Eliza, first white woman to cross Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:173.  
 Spalding, Rev. Henry, at Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:173.  
 Spanish, 21:2 & 3:144.  
 Spanish bayonet, Oose, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Spanish soap weed, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Spanish in Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:181.  
 Speaker of the House of Representatives, Herman Mayland, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Spicer, N. F., 21:2 & 3:203.  
 Spotwood, Bob, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Spring, Agnes Wright, *Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes*, 21:2 & 3:243.  
 Spring Creek, 21:2 & 3:189.  
 "Stage coach King," 21:1:88.  
 Stage lines, plagued by outlaw bands, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Stanley, Catherine, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Stanley, Larkin, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Stansbury, Captain Howard, 21:2 & 3:114, 116, 122, 185.  
 State of Deseret, legislature of, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 State Historical Society, Utah, 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Station KFBC, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Steamboat, the first, 21:1:100.  
 Steamboat Lake, 21:2 & 3:198.  
 Steele, John, 21:2 & 3:155, 156.  
 Steeves, Sarah Hunt, 21:2 & 3:121, 157, 160, 166.  
 Stephens, G. A., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Stephens, Roswell, 21:2 & 3:136, 155.  
 Steward, Jim, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Stewart, Benjamin F., 21:2 & 3:111, 112, 133, 135, 153.  
 Stewart, Sir William Drummond, member of party led by John C. Fremont in the 1843 migration, 21:2 & 3:175.  
 St. George, Utah, Death of William A. Empey, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 St. John, 21:2 & 3:135.  
 St. Joseph, 21:2 & 3:160, 164.  
 St. Joseph Gazette, 21:2 & 3:155, 161, 162.  
 St. Joseph's hospital, Laramie, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 St. Louis Daily Union, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 St. Louis, Missouri, fur emporium of the West, 21:2 & 3:178.  
 St. Mary's River, Missionary station on (Bitterroot River), 21:2 & 3:149.  
 St. (Mormon), 21:2 & 3:111, 112, 114, 118, 119, 147, 150, 165.  
 St. (Mississippi), 21:2 & 3:147, 148, 155, 157, 163.  
 Stonewall Jackson, 21:1:16-20.



Storment County, Canada, 21:2 & 3:118.  
 Stout, Hosea, 21:2 & 3:112, 122.  
 Stratton, John, 21:1:92.  
 Streeter, Thomas W., 21:2 & 3:121.  
 Stuart, B. F., 21:2 & 3:138.  
 Sublette County Cattle Growers Association, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Sublette Cutoff, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Sulphur Springs, 21:2 & 3:188.  
 Summit House, 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Sutherland, Nebraska, 21:2 & 3:146.  
 Sutter, John August, founded Fort New Helvetia, 21:2 & 3:178.  
 Sutter's Fort, 21:2 & 3:159.  
 Swain, A. G., 21:2 & 3:209.  
 Swan, Alex, 21:2 & 3:226.  
 Swan Land and Cattle Company. (See Anderson Land and Cattle Company), 21:1:82.  
 Sweetwater County, 21:2 & 3:196.  
 Sweetwater River, 21:2 & 3:164, 166.

### T

Talbot Hall, 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Taylor, 21:2 & 3:136, 157, 162.  
 Teats, J. H., 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Tennessee, 21:2 & 3:160, 166.  
 Teton County, 21:2 & 3:192.  
 Texas Trail Drivers, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Texas Trail Monument, near Lusk, 21:2 & 3:220; near Rawhide Creek, 223; in Wyoming, 21:1:93, 99.  
 Thayer, Governor, message to the Fourth Legislative Assembly, 21:2 & 3:196.  
 Thermopolis, 21:1:100.  
 Thomas, L. Thomas, Bvt. Maj. General, 21:2 & 3:189.  
 Thomkins family, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Thompson, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Thorp, Mr. Russell, 21:1:95; 21:2 & 3:216, 217, 218, 221, 227, 239.  
 Tierney, Luke, *Gold Discoveries on the North Platte River*, 21:2 & 3:243.  
 Tie Siding, Wyoming Territory, 21:2 & 3:212.  
*Times and Seasons*, journal of Mr. Kimball, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Tippetts, John H., 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Tomlinson, Miss, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Tonaquint, Empey's farm, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Tonn, M. G., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Tooley, P. H., 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Torrington, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Towns and villages, Albany County, to 1880, 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Townsley, M., 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Traders, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Trail Drivers, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Train, "Merci," with gifts for Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:236.  
*Transactions of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1901*, address of welcome by Frederick W. Mulkey, son of Marion F. Mulkey and grandson of Mulkey pioneers of 1847, 21:2 & 3:158.  
*Transactions of the Thirty-Third Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:123.  
*Transactions of the Thirty-Fifth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:165.

- Transactions of the Forty-Fifth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:123.
- Transactions of the Forty-Sixth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:123.
- Transactions of the Forty-Seventh Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:123.
- Transactions of the Forty-Eighth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, Zeiber, John S., 21:2 & 3:123.
- Transactions of the Fifty-First Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:161.
- Treute, 21:2 & 3:166.
- Trimble, Edward, 21:2 & 3:147.
- Trout, D. W., 21:2 & 3:211.
- Trubody family, 21:2 & 3:159.
- Truesdale, 21:2 & 3:166.
- Truitt, Samuel, 21:2 & 3:166.
- Tucker, William, 21:2 & 3:150.
- Tullis, Squire, 21:2 & 3:163.
- Turner, 21:2 & 3:166.
- Turpens, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:137.
- Turpin, Captain William, 21:2 & 3:157, 158.
- Tustin, Caleb, S., 21:2 & 3:155; Wesley, 155.
- Twain, Mark, 21:1:89.

## U

- Udimore, Sussex, 21:1:3.
- Uinta County, 21:2 & 3:192.
- Uncle John & Co., 21:2 & 3:211.
- Underwood & Co., 21:2 & 3:211.
- Union Pacific, 21:2 & 3:213; depot, 236; railroad, 211; used buffalo meat to feed crews, 214; hospital service in Laramie, W. T., 206; gift to museum, 240; entered Laramie, W. T., 200.
- University of Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:227; buildings, 191, 207.
- Upper Missouri Agency, 21:2 & 3:191.
- Urbanek, Mae, *Fort Laramie, a poem*, 21:2 & 3:108, 168.
- Utah, 21:2 & 3:112, 116, 119; Bountiful, home of Mrs. Julius Kessler, 21:2 & 3:120.
- Utah's "Dixie" country, 21:2 & 3:119.
- Utah Expedition, 21:2 & 3:151.
- Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, diary of Heber C. Kimball, 21:2 & 3:120.
- Utah Historical Quarterly*, Lorenzo and Harriet Young, 21:2 & 3:120, 123, 125, 155.
- Utah Historical Society, Norton Jacob, diary of Amasa Lyman kept by Albert Carrington, 21:2 & 3:121.
- Utah Humanities Review*, diary of Erastus Snow, 21:2 & 3:120.
- Utah, Panguitch, 21:2 & 3:121; parowan, 21:2 & 3:119; Payson, 21:2 & 3:121; pioneers, Daughters of, 21:2 & 3:118; Saint George, 119, 121; State Historical Society, 21:2 & 3:121.

## V

- Van Tassell, Mrs. R. S., 21:2 & 3:230, 231.  
 Vagn, (Vaughn), Captain William, 21:2 & 3:135, 155.  
 Vigilance committee, City of Laramie, 1868, 21:2 & 3:201.  
 Vigilantes, 21:1:90, 92; 21:2 & 3:201.  
 Villages, Albany County, to 1880, 21:2 & 3:200.  
 Vine, James, 21:2 & 3:202, 208.  
 Virginia Dale, 21:1:89; 21:2 & 3:186, 187, 188.  
 Virginian, The, 21:1:27.  
 Virgin River, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Viticulture, 21:2 & 3:119.  
 Vogelseng, A., 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Voorhees, Luke, 21:2 & 3:226.

## W

- Wabash River country, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Wager, Con, 21:2 & 3:201.  
 Wagner and Dunbar bank, 21:2 & 3:209.  
 Wagner, Henry, 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Wailatpu, 21:2 & 3:156.  
*Wake of the Prairie Schooner, The*, Paden, Irene D., 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Waker, William, 21:2 & 3:139, 162.  
 Walla Walla, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Wallace, Mrs. Hershill G., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:241.  
 Ward, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:138, 161.  
 Warm Spring, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Washington, 21:2 & 3:161, 225.  
 Water, city of Laramie, 1874, 21:2 & 3:203.  
 Watt, Mrs. Joe H., 21:2 & 3:228.  
*Wayside Sketches*, Sawyer, Lorenzo, 21:2 & 3:122.  
 Webber, N. T., 21:2 & 3:211.  
 Webster, T. J., 21:2 & 3:202.  
 Wellesley College, 21:2 & 3:234.  
 Wendover, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:149.  
 Wentworth, E. N., 21:1:86.  
 Weppner, Joseph, 21:2 & 3:223.  
 West, Ray B., Editor, *Rocky Mountain Cities*, 21:2 & 3:243.  
 Western Americana, 21:2 & 3:225.  
 Western Department of the U. S. Army, 21:2 & 3:191.  
*What I Saw in California*, Bryant, Edwin, 21:2 & 3:166.  
 Whitaker, Mrs. Dugald, 21:2 & 3:229, 231, 232, 233.  
 Whitcom, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:138; Lot, 161.  
 White, Captain, his company, 21:2 & 3:138, 162.  
 White, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Whitehorse Creek, 21:2 & 3:146.  
 Whitetail Creek, 21:2 & 3:147.  
 Whitman, Dr. Marcus at Ft. Laramie, 21:2 & 3:173.  
 Whitman Massacre, 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Whitman, Narcissa, 21:2 & 3:165, 173.  
 Whitney, Horace K., extracts from the diary of *Improvement Era* 1947, 21:2 & 3:121.  
*Why Cow-Belles?* by Mrs. Joe H. Watt, 21:2 & 3:228.  
 Wilcox, L. T., 21:2 & 3:207.  
 Wild Life, 21:1:75.  
 Wild Life Federation, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Wilde, A. E., gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:241.



- Will County, Illinois, 21:2 & 3:155.  
 Willamette River, 21:2 & 3:161.  
 Willamette Valley, 21:2 & 3:160.  
 Williams, A. T., bakery, 21:2 & 3:207-208.  
 Williams, Bill, 21:1:64.  
 Williams, Ezekiel, first white man in Albany County area, 21:2 & 3:181.  
 Williams, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:136.  
 Williams, Velina A., diary, 21:2 & 3:123.  
 Willow Springs, Wyoming, 21:2 & 3:187.  
 Wilson, Posey S. & Co., 21:2 & 3:209.  
 Winchester, Ohio, 21:2 & 3:156.  
 Winter Quarters, 21:2 & 3:118, 132, 143, 152.  
 "Winter Quarters," name of city founded in 1846 by Brigham Young, 21:2 & 3:177; half-way station between, and Salt Lake City, 21:2 & 3:177.  
 Winters, Wayne, gift to museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Wister, Owen, 21:1:27.  
 "Wolf Creek," 21:2 & 3:147; River, 164.  
 Wolsey, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:136.  
 Wolves, 21:2 & 3:124.  
 Woolsey, Thomas, 21:2 & 3:155.  
*Women of the Range*, by Francis Carpenter, 21:2 & 3:230.  
 Woodberry, Lieutenant Daniel P., authorized to purchase Ft. Laramie, 21:2 & 3:179.  
 Woodrie, James, 21:2 & 3:150.  
 Woodruff, Brother, 21:2 & 3:125.  
 Wilford Woodruff, *His Life and Labors*, Cowley, Matthew, 21:2 & 3:120.  
 Woodward, George, 21:2 & 3:139, 162.  
 World War II, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Worth, N. C., 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Worth's Hotel, 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Wright, John, 21:2 & 3:208.  
 Wyoming, Custer City, 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Wyoming, Governor, A. G. Crane, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission, 21:2 & 3:223.  
*Wyoming-Idaho Sampler*, 21:2 & 3:242.  
 Wyoming, receives car of "Merci" train, 21:2 & 3:236.  
 Wyoming-Nebraska state line, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Wyoming station, 21:2 & 3:213.  
 Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 21:1:93, 95, 97; 21:2 & 3:228, 233.  
 Wyoming Stock Growers Association, (Russell Thorp), gift to the museum, 21:2 & 3:239.  
 Wyoming State Farm Bureau, 21:2 & 3:220.  
 Wyoming State Historian, 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Wyoming State Librarian, 21:2 & 3:227.  
 Wyoming State museum, 21:2 & 3:221.  
 Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 21:1:93, 95, 97; 21:2 & 3:216, 221, 228, 233, 239.  
 Wyoming Stock Growers Association, records, executive orders, letters, brand books, relics, 21:2 & 3:221; gift to museum, 239.  
 Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 77th annual convention, Sheridan, Wyoming, June 1949, 21:2 & 3:216.  
 Wyoming Territory, boundaries, 21:2 & 3:192, 193.  
 Wyoming, Torrington, 21:2 & 3:148.  
 Wyoming, University of, 21:1:4; 21:2 & 3:227.

## X

XIT trail herd, 21:1:96.

## Y

Yakima, war of 1856, 21:2 & 3:158.

Yale University, Coe Collection, Howard Egan's diary, 21:2 & 3:120.

Yamhill, Oregon, 21:2 & 3:158.

Yellowstone National Park, 21:2 & 3:192, 243.

Young, Brigham, 21:2 & 3:111, 118, 124, 126, 128, 129, 132, 133, 134, 137, 146, 147, 148, 151, 152, 153, 155, 164, 176, 177.

Young, F. M., Fort Laramie, 21:2 & 3:149.

Young, Harlan-Young Party, 21:2 & 3:165.

Young, Harriet, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 21:2 & 3:120.

Young, John, 21:2 & 3:119.

Young, Joseph, 21:2 & 3:119.

Young, Lorenzo Dow, 21:2 & 3:120.

Young, Phineas, 21:2 & 3:162.

Young, Phineous, 21:2 & 3:139.

Yost, Carl, 21:2 & 3:242.

Yucca, 21:2 & 3:148.

## Z

Zeiber, John S., *Transactions of the Forty-Eighth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 21:2 & 3:116, 123.

Zillah, 21:1:100.

Zion's Camp, 21:2 & 3:147.







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Photo by W. H. Masters, Cheyenne, 1878

PICTURE OF CHEYENNE 1878

Cheyenne as it looked during the first winter of  
Governor Hoyt's administration.

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Cheyenne, Wyoming

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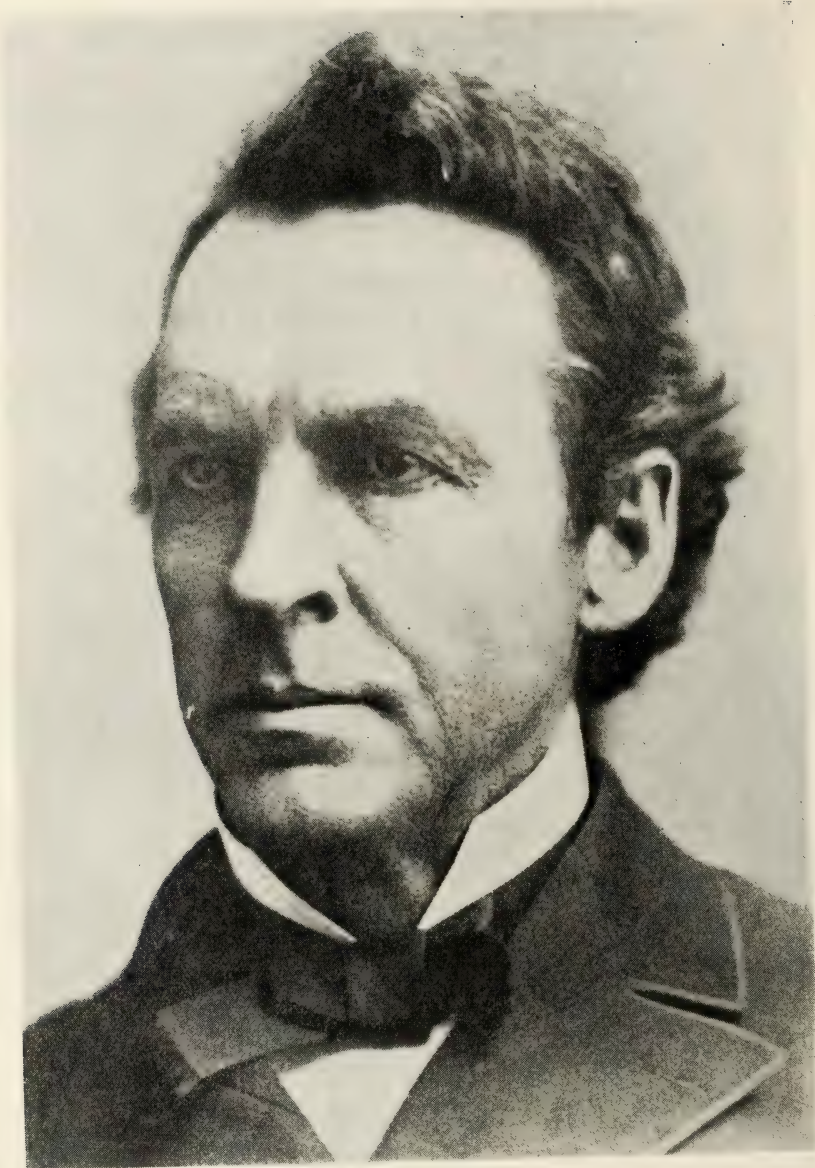
## *Contents*

JOHN WESLEY HOYT, TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR OF WYOMING.....	3
Dr. Henry J. Peterson.	
PIONEERING WESTERN TRAILS.....	69
Clarence B. Richardson.	
THE MIDWEST OIL COMPANY.....	84
Ben H. Pelton.	
BOOK REVIEW: YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, By Marie M. Augspurger.....	93
Reviewed by Mary Lou Pence.	
THREE RARE WYOMING BIRDS.....	95
WHERE THE PAINTBRUSH GROWS, poem.....	96
Laura Allyn Ekstrom.	
O WYOMING, WONDERFUL AND WIERD!.....	97
Arthur C. Hodgson.	
ACCESSIONS .....	98

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Cheyenne 1878 .....	Cover
John Wesley Hoyt.....	2
Stage Coach and Six Horses.....	70

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JOHN W. HOYT

# *John Wesley Hoyt\**

Territorial Governor of Wyoming  
1878-1882

Edited by Dr. Henry J. Peterson

## 1. Pre-Wyoming Years of John Wesley Hoyt.

Whether a man is the product of the circumstances which develop about him or he is the force which moulds the happenings has been debated long and vigorously over the years. In reviewing the life of John Wesley Hoyt we see clearly the proof of both arguments. His high ideal for character, his driving urge for knowledge, his unusual personality, his tremendous capacity for work, his belief that the public servant can accomplish good for society and take joy in that accomplishment, all these he brought to the opportunities which opened for him in various fields. Those opportunities determined the direction of his efforts but his personal qualities determined the results achieved. That this man came to Wyoming seems a peculiar quirk of fate but her citizens can be grateful for the steps in progress taken in the 1880's due to his influence.

John Wesley Hoyt's parents were New England born. Stories of the rich farming lands and extensive forests of Ohio, to be had for a low price, attracted them to that state. In the new home John Wesley, their second son, was born October 13, 1831. His early years on the family farm made him a lover of nature and a student of agriculture and agricultural methods. He thoroughly enjoyed farm activities and, as a member of a very cooperative family, did his share of the farm work and of helping to pay off the farm mortgage. He shared with the family the prevailing American ambition of acquiring more and more land.

Sentimental and always a loyal member of the family, inclined also to rather extreme statements, he refers in his autobiography to his parents as being "as noble and beautiful souls as have found place on the earth since Adam and Eve."<sup>1</sup>

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\*In preparing this paper use was made of a copy of a manuscript autobiography of John W. Hoyt. It was typed by his son, Kepler Hoyt, and is bound in a volume with a manuscript biography of John W. Hoyt's life for the years 1904-1912 by his son, Kepler. The volume is the possession of the Wyoming Historical department. References to the volume in this paper will be by Hoyt Autobiography.

1. Hoyt, Autobiography, pp. 1-2.



Attending country school it soon became known, he says, that his motto was, "First in the school and first in the field", for, he continues, "I was an ardent lover of my studies, and, when these had been provided for, found a supreme pleasure in out-running, out-jumping, out-wrestling and out-somersaulting any and all of the boys of about my age."<sup>2</sup>

It was the time of big political rallies with barbecues. A rally of this sort was advertised for Dayton, only 21 miles away, with Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden and Tom Corwin as orators of the day. Young Hoyt could not resist the temptation to find his way to the rally. Zacchaeus like, he chose a precarious seat in the fork of one of the four great maples which supported the speakers' platform. He was discovered by Henry Clay, who called him to the platform with the words, "And you, too, I see are a protectionist, my dear boy, and quite likely will support our cause on the platform, one of these days".<sup>3</sup>

Returning to school the following day John stood before the teacher and pupils to apologize for his escapade but in so doing he made so graphic a picture of what he had seen and heard, that he [the teacher] "glowed all over with pardons", and the whole school appeared to regret that they had not followed his example.

Following his public school attendance and some home study the family decided that John Wesley was to attend the newly established Ohio Wesleyan University. Here he was more than welcomed since his father was an influential member of the Methodist Church.

Telling of the completion of his college course and the breaking of home ties, Hoyt suggests the close relation between the members of the family. In spite of the separation, he writes, "The golden cord that hitherto had made us as truly one as the members of any family ever were, in any land or age—that could never be broken".<sup>4</sup>

Young Hoyt now decided to study law and entered a Cincinnati law school. Salomon P. Chase, later a member of Lincoln's cabinet and of the Supreme Court, was one of his teachers and perhaps influenced him in his anti-slavery sympathies. He says he found pleasure in the law as a science founded on the broad foundation of justice and would have completed his course but for the fact that his visits to the local courts so disturbed him that he often queried whether a lawyer's life would be agreeable.

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2. *Ibid.*, p. 3.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

Turning away from law after his year's study he decided to take up medicine. With the possible choice between an "old" and a "new" school Hoyt characteristically decided to attend classes at both institutions so as better to judge and make his choice. After the test his decision was in favor of the "new" school.

Hoyt lived in a period when new ideas were pressing accepted beliefs and established institutions. The old theory that the chosen few alone had the right to rule and to enjoy the good things of life was being questioned. Jacksonian democracy, a product of the frontier, was based on the theory of equality of opportunity for all men. Moreover, women, under the leadership of Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, were beginning to rebel against masculine supremacy. Hoyt heard Lucy Stone argue for equal rights for women and "felt the force of her invincible argument in favor of better opportunities and requisite freedom of women"<sup>5</sup> and became a staunch supporter of the idea. The Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, on his promotional trip through the United States for Hungarian independence, came to Cincinnati at this time. Hoyt attended his lectures, became acquainted with the man, and was duly impressed by his ideals and his program for the establishment of an independent Hungary. Like so many Americans of the time Hoyt felt that Kossuth not only represented the democratic struggle in Austria-Hungary but expressed the protest of rising democracy against the despotism of the European continent. It was in such a time and under such conditions that John W. Hoyt had his training and his early public experience. A man of inquiring mind, willing to accept facts and favor changes which to him appeared to be right, he became an advocate of the acceptance of these new ideas and policies.

After the completion of his medical course Hoyt accepted the chair of Chemistry and Medical Jurisprudence at the college from which he was graduated. Horace Mann, the educational reformer, was at this time elected president of the newly organized Antioch College. Looking for teachers in sympathy with his educational theories he visited Hoyt's classes and, as a result, offered him a position at Antioch as Professor of Chemistry and Natural History. After some consideration it was decided that a plan could be worked out which would make it possible for him to hold both positions since Antioch was only sixty miles away.

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5. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

Hoyt thus came into intimate relation with the most progressive educator of the period and so became interested in education and educational problems, a field which was to challenge him until the time of his death. At this time it was also arranged that he might lecture at a second medical school in Cincinnati.

As a college teacher Hoyt carefully wrote his first lecture and proceeded to read it to his class. Having little success with this method he threw away his written notes and gave his lecture extemporaneously. His students, who had about decided that he was a failure as a teacher, changed their minds. Hoyt tells us that "There was now a roar of applause, clapping of hands, stamping, and cries of 'Bravo!'—". The experience of that morning put an end to the use of manuscript, and made of me an off-hand speaker for life, no matter what the theme, or the occasion".<sup>6</sup> His University of Wyoming teachers testify to the fact that as President of the University Hoyt seemed always, with his vast fund of information, able to address the students at the weekly assemblies.

As the unpleasant feature of trying cases in justice courts turned him away from law as a profession so the routine of the medical profession seems to have discouraged his practice of medicine. While teaching at the Eclectic Medical Institute the other professors urged him to go into practice. Hoyt finally decided to follow their suggestion and hung out his sign. Hoyt tells his story in the following words, "The first day, as I was closing my office to go home for the night, I saw a man coming on a round trot and beckoning to me. Of course I halted, learned the delicate as well as vital nature of the case, and went with him to his home. The night was one of deep anxiety as well as trial of skill, but the morning brought gladness and rejoicing, and, at an early hour as would do, I took leave and started for breakfast by way of the office, when, lo, a man who had been trying the door for admission saw me coming around the corner and by entreaties many made me forget both supper and breakfast and constrained me to join him on a like mission precisely. Like trials and like issue ended at 2 p. m.; and, having shared in the gladness of the household, I hastened to my office, tore down the modest little sign and put it in the fire!"<sup>7</sup>

It was in the year 1854 that Hoyt married Elizabeth Orpha Sampson. Like Hoyt Miss Sampson was of New England ancestry and Ohio born. With his usual senti-

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6. *Ibid.*, p. 26.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 26-27.



mental and perhaps exaggerated terms Hoyt describes her as "the most rarely endowed, practically wise, generous, devoted and heroic, as well as eventually most learned woman I have ever known".<sup>8</sup> Strong minded and determined in her ways she had great influence on Hoyt from the time of their marriage and dominated the family. She was in rather poor health and partly blind, due to the use of her eyes in the study of Greek and mathematics by firelight.

Ohio was in a state of political upheaval at this time. It was a center of agitation against the spread of slavery and Hoyt was one of those interested in such restriction. Writing in *Transactions*, annual publication of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Hoyt says that while a student and medical professor in Cincinnati he had "oftentimes looked across the Ohio river to the shadows on the Kentucky side, and now and then by sympathy, felt the smart of a driver's lash on Freedom's shore". There, too, he says he "had earnest part in forming the great political party solemnly sworn to resist extension of the damning curse of human bondage, and thence had gone out, as one of Freedom's advocates on more than a hundred 'stumps' in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin".<sup>9</sup> While active in the formation of the Republican party in Ohio his relation to the educational institution of Cincinnati kept him from accepting the active post in the national convention offered him. After the nomination of Fremont, however, at the request of the state and national committees, he took part in the campaign in the middle west states. His political activities, however, led to his resignation or perhaps dismissal from his teaching positions.

Having suffered from "fever" from early childhood Hoyt decided to leave Ohio for the "rugged, picturesque and cooler Wisconsin, where fevers were unknown, where fertile soils, vast pine forests and mines of iron formed rich possession, and where it was easy to make for my dear wife and self a home in the most charming little city of America, the capital city of Madison, in the midst of lakes many and most beautiful".<sup>10</sup>

Established in Madison he bought an interest in an agricultural journal, the *Wisconsin Farmer and Northwestern Cultivator*, and was made editor. He thought he was well-fitted for this position on account of his early farm experience, his study of the sciences, his fondness for ming-

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8. *Ibid.*, p. 28.

9. *Transactions*, Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Vol. 16, Part II, pp. 1305-1307.

10. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

ling with the people in a practical way and his ambition to lead the whole Northwest into the best methods of agricultural and other industrial pursuits. After he became established as the editor of the paper he believed "it was not too much to say that the Journal, after a little time, became the leading agricultural publication of the entire West".

An incident of this time strengthened his opposition to slavery and its further extension. He was chosen as one of the vice presidents of the United States Agricultural Society. While serving in this capacity he attended the 1856 United States Exhibition at Richmond, Virginia. During his Richmond visit he attended a slave market which he says was to him "a tragedy — the sale of human beings, like cattle, in the market". Being much aroused by the familiarity shown by the buyers to female slaves on sale his sympathy for those put on the auction block became quite apparent to the group. Asked where he was from Hoyt replied, "I'm from Wisconsin, Sir, where we don't sell women like that as we sell hogs in the market". But for his official badge Hoyt thought he "might have been rudely dealt with for there was swearing, with ugly faces".<sup>11</sup>

During his second year in Madison he was chosen secretary of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society which really made him the agricultural official for the state, with rooms in the State Capitol Building. This position also made him responsible for the state fair and the publication of the annual report of the society.

In those days the state fair program of Wisconsin, as of other middle west states, included a speaker of national reputation. Since the fair attendance was usually from fifty to seventy-five thousand, representing all parts of the state, politicians of national note were glad to accept an invitation to be the speaker of the year. It was the year 1859 and the Lincoln-Douglas debates of the previous year had given Lincoln national recognition. Indeed he was beginning to be mentioned as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination.

Hoyt writes that his interest in Lincoln was due to "his manifestations of opposition to any further extension of slavery over the Territories of the United States — an opposition in which I believe I shared as any American".<sup>12</sup> His presence would enable the Wisconsin people to evaluate his possibilities as a presidential candidate. Moreover, a friendly relation with candidate Lincoln would not be bad

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11. *Ibid.*, pp. 32-33.

12. Transactions, Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, Vol. 16, Part II, pp. 1305-1307.

politics for Hoyt and his Wisconsin political friends. Then, too, with Lincoln as a speaker the fair attendance would be materially increased. Hoyt accordingly placed Lincoln's name before the executive committee of the agricultural society. The committee at once approved Hoyt's suggestion and authorized him to make a trip to Chicago in order to invite Lincoln personally to be their speaker.

According to Hoyt, Lincoln received him very cordially and invited him to his private apartments in the Sherman House, where they "spent a very interesting, I may say delightful, evening together. The invitation was received with a gracious bow expressive of his appreciation of the compliment, coupled with a smile which meant that he knew full well that it was a stroke of policy. He accepted, though with some manifestation of distrust of his competency to meet the demand."<sup>13</sup>

The state fair was in a suburb of Milwaukee and the date for Lincoln's address was September 30, 1859. A few days before the event Hoyt engaged "handsome quarters" for the guest in the Newhall House, Milwaukee's leading hotel of that day. He checked with the hotel's record and felt sure the arrangements were safely made.

Without notice, however, Lincoln arrived just after midnight instead of on the early morning train as arranged. No room was available at the hotel. After some hesitation the night clerk gave him a cot by the side of the office, placing a screen around the more open side.

Meantime Hoyt met the early morning train. Imagine his worry and disappointment when Lincoln failed to appear. He hurried to the hotel to see if, by any chance, Lincoln had changed his plans and had come in during the night. The hotel clerk received him "with flushed cheeks and awkwardly proceeded with the story of the great blunder made, and pointed to the improvised quarters furnished the distinguished guest".<sup>14</sup> Hoyt writes that he could not recall what he said but did remember how he felt.

Hoyt tells the story of his early morning call on Lincoln in the following words, "It was not too early to make my call, since we were to breakfast together. I rapped on the frame of the figured screen. 'Come in' was the simple and emphatic response. The place of entrance was directly in the rear of Mr. Lincoln, whom I found half dressed and in the act of shaving himself, as was his custom. Instead of moving his chair, so as to get an easy view of the intruder, he turned his head directly back over the chair-top, so that

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13. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 36.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 36-37.



I saw him with his great, strong face upside down, with one cheek only free of lather, and his well tried razor in hand for the finish. We each voluntarily broke into a laugh, which, so far as he was concerned, still further increased the picturesqueness of the scene. The exchange of ejaculations once over — the 'Good Morning Mr. Lincoln' and 'How are you?' in return, I began to express my mortification and indignation at the blunder of the hotel, but was unable to finish because, in his inimitable manner, he put matters to rest in [a] moment by saying, 'No apology, if you please. This nice, soft cot was so much better than the trunk of a fallen tree that lets a fellow roll off two or three times in the night, or even the soft side of a flat rock, both of which have served me many a time, that, sleepy and a little tired, as I was, I crept in with pleasure and slept like a top until a pretty late hour, as you see. How is the State Fair going?' "15

According to Hoyt the breakfast was much enjoyed but even much more, the interchange of ideas, the rare good humor on both sides, and the amusing stories of which he was always the main fountain-head wherever he went.

After Hoyt had attended to his duties as fair official he returned to the hotel to conduct Lincoln to the fairgrounds. After the address and lunch Hoyt and Lincoln had a typical trip about the state fair. Farm products, farm implements and machinery were inspected and the stables and pens where were exhibited the blooded stock were included in their tour. Nor was the race track forgotten. "The dining at the hotel in the evening, and the seeing of Mr. Lincoln off at the railway station made a happy conclusion of one of the most interesting and delightful of days ever enjoyed by the writer and by many others.<sup>16</sup> It was also very happily spent by Mr. Lincoln himself, as he afterwards told me with enthusiasm, in the executive chamber at Washington, where I often had the pleasure of meeting him by invitation — pleasure perhaps all the greater because, notwithstanding the vigorous canvass of several States for his election, I frankly said, upon occasion of my first call upon him, in the White House, that I had patriotically striven for the

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15. *Ibid.*, p. 36.

16. Mamie E. Rehnquest, Chief, Reference Dept. of the Milwaukee Public Library, examined the Milwaukee Sentinel for that period and reports the following item from the paper for October 1, 1859: "The Hon. Abram Lincoln of Illinois, addressed a large crowd at the Newhall House, last evening, on the leading political topics of the day. Mr. Lincoln is an exceedingly interesting and effective speaker and commanded the earnest and respectful attention of his numerous hearers."

success of a cause [I] believed to be vital to the future of the country, and should make no request for personal favors.”<sup>17</sup>

At the beginning of the Civil War Governor Saloman offered Hoyt a commission as Lieutenant Colonel but he failed to pass the physical examination. In spite of his exemption, on being drafted later, he paid the government the usual \$300.00 for a substitute.

In 1862 the World's London Exhibition was held and Hoyt was chosen by Wisconsin as well as by the national government as Commissioner.

After witnessing the opening of the exhibition Hoyt started on a trip of the mainland. Arriving at Geneva, Switzerland, he decided on a night journey across the Alps on foot. “That,” he writes, “ was a glorious night—without weariness—because my thoughts were not of myself, and without loneliness because I felt companionship as never before with God and all that He had made.”<sup>18</sup> About midnight he arrived at a small tavern where farmers were stopping for midnight refreshments on their way to the Geneva market. “Providing myself with like comforts, with the help of the landlord, I was soon in the midst of the happy group ,telling them such marvelous stories of farms and farming in America as filled them with wonder and made them loath to let me off when I was ready to resume my journey.”<sup>19</sup>

After this trip which took him through France, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, he returned to London for the exposition. He was made a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and gave an address to the members on “Industrial Education in Europe and in America”. In this address he expressed the belief that the only sure way to make a nation prosperous and happy was to educate the laboring class as thoroughly and practically as possible. This plan would break down the class system as found in society by increasing their producing power, improving their living conditions as well as broadening their interests. The following day he volunteered to speak to the same group as a representative of the New World in favor of equal rights for women.

For the Fourth of July a special program was arranged by the Americans in London at which the American Consul presided. The occasion was used by the government to suggest to the British government that we were very much

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17. *Ibid.*, pp. 44-45.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 58.

19. *Ibid.*, p. 57.

interested in the British attitude to the United States which, as we thought, was unduly friendly to the South. Hoyt attended the celebration and was one of the speakers.

On his return trip to the United States Hoyt toured Great Britain and Ireland to observe their educational systems and farming methods. He was especially interested in their system of industrial education.

After his trip through Ireland, on departing from Queensland, where he had taken notice of economic conditions of Ireland under English rule he exclaimed: "Goodby, say I, also, Goodby to Erin, land of crushed hearts and hopes. May the God of mercy and of justice bless thee with the early recovery and wisest use of thy long-lost liberty and independence".<sup>20</sup>

On arriving home he exclaimed, "Madison! Aye, the little capitol of my beloved State, with its surrounding lakes of a beauty unsurpassed by anything yet seen in the Old or New World".<sup>21</sup>

The Republican party was organized as a party of middle west farmers to advance their interests by opposing the extension of slavery and providing free homesteads, thus making the federal domain a land for free farmers. The platform of the party of 1860 accordingly opposed the extension of slavery and favored free homesteads. As a part of the promised agricultural legislation the Morrill bill for the endowment of State Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was introduced in Congress. This proposed legislation was strongly supported by Hoyt who was in favor of agricultural and industrial education. He traveled through the mid-western states making speeches in favor of the bill, gave the bill much publicity in his farm journal, distributed petitions for voters to sign and send to their congressmen, and also personally urged congressmen of that section to vote for the proposed law.<sup>22</sup>

With the Morrill act on the statute books Hoyt believed that Wisconsin ought to have an agriculture and mechanic arts college. He visited all the states which had established such institutions or were preparing to provide for them so as to get information to aid Wisconsin in planning. He traveled all over the state explaining the advantages of an institution of this type and urging the people to take advantage of the national government's offer. While he found

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20. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 126.

22. "It may properly be said," he wrote, "that, in the support of the Morrill Bill, I probably did as much hard work as any man in the country." Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 46.



little opposition among the people to the proposed project the legislature did not take favorable action until the legislative session of 1866-67 on account of conflicting claims for the location of the college. Due primarily to Hoyt's influence it was finally located at Madison as part of the University.<sup>23</sup>

It was now time for the Paris Universal Exposition. Hoyt was appointed by the governor of Wisconsin as chairman of a commission of twenty-seven men to stir up interest in the state's participation. Afterwards he went to Paris to arrange for the proper showing of the exhibits and was later asked to represent the national government as well as Wisconsin. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, asked him to write a report for the government on "Education in connection with the Exposition". He agreed to write such a report on condition that he be given sufficient time to tour Europe and America for personal study and inspection of educational methods and procedures. While he expressed his willingness to undertake the task he says it took him nearly three years of travel, research, study, and preparation of the material for publication "besides several thousands in money".

As the representative of the United States Hoyt was authorized to receive distinguished visitors who were interested in the American exhibits. He tells us that one morning he had the good fortune to meet the beautiful Empress Eugenie and an attendant in the grand court of jewels, with its many alcoves, representing every part of the world. "It was in the morning, before the incoming of the multitude

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23. During the preceding years charges of inefficiency had been made against the university. These charges and the part played by Hoyt in reorganizing the university and getting it established on a good foundation as well as making the agricultural college an integral part of the university are discussed and explained by Joseph Schafer in his Editorial Comments in the **Wisconsin Magazine of History**, of which he was editor 1922-41. Schafer writes as follows "His [Hoyt's] best years were spent here [in Wisconsin], and he made the State Agricultural Society a power in state affairs. Through if he effected the reorganization of the university in 1866-67. . . . But it is the second division of the Robbins Report which should engage our special attention. Here appears the transition from an accountant's findings to a statesman's proposal. At this point by some inference, we begin to feel the influence of the man who, more than any other, was responsible eight years later for securing to the university the agricultural college grant, and for compelling the reorganization which today everybody acknowledges to have made a new and hopeful starting point for the development of the great modern institution. I refer to John Wesley Hoyt, at that time associate editor of the **Wisconsin Farmer**, later also secretary of the State Agricultural Society." *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Vol. 23, 1939, pp. 207-236.

—before the opening of the Exposition for the day. . . . It so happened that the alcove which I had chosen to enter first was the very one the Empress had especially in mind, and so, while I was in a dreamy delight over the rare scene, the rustling of silk and the sweet voice of Her Majesty startled me and prompted me to a bowing of myself out. But no; the Empress, to whom I had been formally presented at a reception, and who, to my surprise, remembered me, requested that I remain. Did I decline, with many thanks? It was not in my power! No hour could have been more delightfully spent.”<sup>24</sup>

Leaving the Exposition Hoyt now undertook a trip through Europe to gather information for his report on education for the government. In his Autobiography he reports that “it is needless to say that, after so extended a tour, embracing all the countries of the European continent, except little Portugal and decrepit old Spain, covering observations upon their natural resources, and upon their industrial, social, educational and religious life, with special examinations of every one of their most important schools and universities, the months of my absence seemed like so many years; so that I was really surprised, on my return, to find the great Exposition, . . . still in progress and now only in the zenith of its glory. A good tour. But, if anyone envies me, let him remember the fatigue, the sleepless nights, the severe tax of brain and muscle it cost.”<sup>25</sup>

Hoyt’s Report on Education, a Bulletin of 398 pages, was published by the government in 1870 as part of the Reports of the United States Commissioners to the Paris Universal Exposition. It was favorably reviewed by many educational journals and newspapers.

On his return to the United States from the Paris Exposition we find Hoyt in 1868 again active in national politics. General Grant was the Republican candidate for the presidency and at the request of the Republican National Committee Hoyt made several speeches in Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey in favor of Grant’s election.

Hoyt had always been interested in education. He had been a medical teacher and had been associated with Horace Mann at Antioch College. He had been influential in the reorganization of the University of Wisconsin and the location of the agricultural college at Madison as part of the university. At the request of Secretary Seward he had made a study of European and American education. As a result of all this background and particularly this study he

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24. *Ibid.*, p. 173.

25. *Ibid.*, pp. 195-196.

had come to the conclusion that America's need was a national university.

Attracted by Hoyt's general interest in education and especially by his investigations for the State Department the National Education Association asked him to give an address at its annual meeting in 1869 at Trenton, N. J. He accepted and chose as his subject "University Progress". In this address he says he "not only presented a concise review of university education in all times, but also included an appeal that led to the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, that, in the opinion of the Association, a great American University is a leading want of American education, and that, in order to contribute to the early establishment of such an institution, the president of this Association, acting in concert with the president of the National Superintendent's Association, is hereby requested to appoint a committee, consisting of one member from each of the States, and of which Dr. J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, shall be Chairman, to take the whole matter under consideration, and to make such report thereon at the next annual convention of said association as shall seem to be demanded by the interests of the country."<sup>26</sup>

After a preliminary report to the Cleveland Convention of the N. E. A. the following year, which was unanimously adopted by the convention, the committee was continued for further investigation. The St. Louis Convention of 1871 accepted the final report of the committee which favored the establishment of a national university. A permanent committee with Hoyt as chairman was selected by the convention to urge Congress to pass a law which would provide for the creation of such an institution as a capstone for our educational system. After consultation with leading educators and an astonishing number of outstanding men who favored a national university a bill was drawn and introduced in both houses of Congress. The House Committee on Education gave a unanimous report in favor of the passage of the bill and at the opening of the next session the president, in his annual message, favored the "establishment, in the District of Columbia, of an institution of learning or university of the highest order".<sup>27</sup> However, Congress took no action.

Having served for ten years as secretary to the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society Hoyt now thought it was time to resign. His salary had been small and the needs of his family "had outgrown the present means of supplying

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26. *Ibid.*, p. 202.



them". An offer of a position from a neighboring state would more than double his present income. Governor Dewey, however, suggested that he continue his position with the Agricultural Society with the condition that they let him accept the offered position with the Chicago Historical Society. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad also gave him free transportation, with facilities for working on his trip between Madison and Chicago. This arrangement being mutually acceptable he continued in his Wisconsin position. His work with the Historical Society called for the installation and management of the library in their new building.

It was also at this time that Hoyt with a group of friends "interested in original research and investigation" organized the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Hoyt was made chairman of the group and served in that capacity for six years. The society was given charge of the museum and library which Hoyt had built up during his years as secretary to the Board of Agriculture. This organization has continued during the years with "**Transactions**" as its annual publication.

Hoyt now felt the need for a vacation. Also he wanted to look around for possible investments in the fabled west. With this double purpose in mind he planned with friends a trip to the Rocky Mountain country. Arriving at Graymont, Colorado, at midnight Hoyt proposed that they make their climb of Gray's Peak. In reply to the objections of his companion who felt the need of a night's rest, Hoyt said, "Did we not set out for Gray's Peak . . . and did you ever know me to abandon an enterprise?"<sup>28</sup> Twice he said he had crossed the Alps on foot and alone and in the night and he proposed to make the climb. Alone and in the dark night he ascended the peak, arriving at its top in time for rest and a view of the glorious sunrise before returning for a late breakfast with his friend.

In 1873 the Vienna Universal Exposition was planned. There is no suggestion that Hoyt was asked to represent our country at this exposition but he says that "in view of the fact that considerable numbers of American exhibitors were to take part in the great Exposition and might need my assistance, I pushed right on from Washington, so as to take it all in".<sup>29</sup> Like the proverbial small American boy he could not keep away from the circus. And he was one of the notable figures of the Exposition! It seems that

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27. *Ibid.*, p. 230.

28. *Ibid.*, pp. 223-228.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 231.

the American exhibitors could not agree and there was danger of their "becoming unbearably conspicuous". With this situation he was asked, because of his "much experience in expositions", to act as umpire. He says he carefully inquired into the matters of difference and his decisions, promptly reached and delivered in person, were unanimously accepted. On account of his satisfactory handling of this delicate situation he was appointed by the government as a member of the executive commission which was charged with the general management of the American department and the promotion in general of American interests at the exposition. Before the exposition closed two of the members of the American commission returned to the United States, leaving Hoyt to make final settlements of accounts and to provide for the re-shipment of the American exhibits. This work he did so well that the American exhibitors passed a resolution expressing unanimously their gratitude as follows:

"The undersigned exhibitors and others interested in the success of the American Department at this World's Exposition, would, on the eve of its termination, express their heartfelt regards as a token of gratitude to the Hon. Professor J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, U. S. Commissioner to this Exhibition, in order that it may be known that arduous labor, high sense of honor, and sterling integrity in the performance of duty, which at all times have been the highest harbingers of success at home, were practiced here by the Hon. Professor J. W. Hoyt, to the credit of our Republic, to the honor of the Government of the United States, to the interest and benefit of exhibitors, and to the success of the American Department of this Exhibition."<sup>30</sup>

At this Exposition Hoyt was also signally honored by the Austrian government. He was appointed as "President of the International Jury for Education and Science, a body composed of the most distinguished representatives of all civilized lands, in the various departments of science and learning".<sup>31</sup>

The Austrian Director-General of the Exposition wrote to thank him for himself and on behalf of the Imperial Commission "not only for your valuable services in assisting to secure to an important Department of the Exposition the respect and recognition it really deserves, . . . but also for the efforts you have so consistently and successfully made in support of the great purpose of the Imperial Commission to secure justice to all exhibitors and to all interests.

"I have pleasure in further saying that His Majesty

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30. *Ibid.*, p. 234.

31. *Ibid.*, p.231.

has not been unmindful of your services, and that it is his purpose to recognize them in fitting manner . . .

"His Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty, in his own high name and under his own imperial and royal hand, has graciously decreed the bestowal upon Dr. John W. Hoyt, North American Commissioner, the Commander's Cross of the High Order of Francis Joseph."<sup>32</sup>

It might be added that during his stay at the Exposition he was much wine and dined by the officials in charge.

While Hoyt was in Europe at this time he made a trip to Italy and was received by the king. He made a special trip to Turin for a visit with Louis Kossuth who was living in that city. Altho more than twenty years had passed since Kossuth's visit to America he still remembered Hoyt and on seeing him exclaimed, "You are the radiant young man whom I first met at Cincinnati . . . who was so quick to respond with sympathy, and whom I have all these years . . . gratefully and lovingly remembered. You are thrice welcome."

"When at length the time for saying farewell had fully come," writes Hoyt, "the General again did me the honor to take my hand in both his and say, 'I thank you warmly, sir, for this visit. It has been to me one of the most interesting, refreshing, and comforting that I have had for many a year. I trust it may not be the last.'"<sup>33</sup>

After a hurried trip through France Hoyt returned to the United States. At the Madison station he was met by the governor of the state, William R. Taylor, who insisted on taking him to his office for a conference. The railroad situation in the state was bad. The railroads had grown increasingly arrogant and were charging excessive rates. Moreover, they had engaged in wholesale bribery of legislators as well as certain executive officers, including even the governor, in order to secure favorable legislation. The result had been that the aroused voters had swept the Republican party out of office and put a combination of Democrats and liberal Republicans or so called Grangers into power. A drastic law for lower rates had been passed but the railroads refused to obey the act and threatened to "roll every wheel out of the state". The legislature, at the suggestion of the governor, had created a railroad commission to inquire into the whole subject and report the result of its investigation to the governor.

Such was the situation when Governor Taylor met Hoyt at the station. After he had explained the state of affairs

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32. *Ibid.*, pp. 235-236.

33. *Ibid.*, pp. 255-256.



the governor asked Hoyt to accept membership on the commission. Said Governor Taylor, "‘Dr. Hoyt, this commission must be accepted before you get out of here! Say ‘Yes’ and I will promptly drive you to your home.’" Needless to say it was a problem that appealed to Hoyt and he accepted the position.

The members of the railroad commission concluded that the investigation could best be carried on by one man and it was agreed that Hoyt should assume that responsibility. His preliminary report was well received by the press, the legislature and the governor and he was authorized to continue his study for another year. On the basis of Hoyt's final report the state legislature amended the drastic law it had previously passed by a unanimous vote of both houses. Hoyt writes that the announcement of this fact marked the proudest day of his life up to the Centennial Year of American Independence.<sup>34</sup> Governor Taylor wrote Hoyt that "it is, perhaps, as high commendation as I can bestow to say that you have been equal to the emergency. Apparently incapable of partisanship in a matter where judicial qualities were so largely in demand, you have been true to the interests of the people, while respecting the rights of the railroad companies and have fairly earned the confidence of both. More than this, I believe that, with a good fortune as rare as it is deserved, you have actually won the respect and confidence of all parties to the conflict; while your reports and your able discussions of principles before the Legislature must remain enduring proofs of such ability, large information, industry, and practical wisdom as cannot fail in the future to command for you yet wider fields of usefulness and honor."<sup>35</sup>

The presidents of the railroads concerned also wrote him appreciative letters in regard to his work as commissioner. The president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company wrote that, "I am glad of the opportunity to express my appreciation of your endeavors to so discharge your duties while Commissioner as to convince me of your wish to be not only faithful as a public officer, but fair and just to the railroads".<sup>36</sup>

Having completed his work as Chairman of the Railroad Commission Hoyt was chosen as United States Commissioner to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The jury members having disagreed in their work and resigned Hoyt was also appointed as acting Chairman of the International

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34. *Ibid.*, p. 267.

35. *Ibid.*, pp. 267-268.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 269.

Jury for Education and Science, a field in which, from past experience, he felt quite at home. In this position his task was to finish the work of the resigned jury members and prepare a Report on Education, as found in the countries participating, for the United States government.

Before writing his Report on Education, however, he was asked by the National Republican Committee to take part in the campaign of 1876. The Republican party was in a bad way. Grant's administration was discredited. The party was split into factions. The Liberal Republicans who had supported Greeley in 1872 must be won back to support the party. As an "available" candidate the usually astute Ohio organization had secured the nomination of Rutherford B. Hayes as the Republican presidential candidate. Hoyt was a loyal Republican and the promises of both Hayes and the party platform of reform in the party appealed to him. Moreover, his Wisconsin friends were in favor of Hayes and the Republican party. We find Hoyt saying that he had been "accustomed to take part [in the Republican political campaigns] on purely patriotic grounds, believing as I most sincerely did that the country would as yet be safer in the hands of the Republican party". He was first asked to make a thorough canvas of Wisconsin. His speeches, he says, were "prolonged according to the circumstances and demands of the occasion, from one or two to several hours".<sup>37</sup> In those days people seemed to enjoy political speeches.

An interesting illustration of political methods of that time and of Hoyt's ability as a campaigner is the incident of his appearance at Friendship, county seat of Adams county. Several counties had arranged for a grand joint barbecue with speeches from a number of campaign orators. Coming from a Portage meeting by stage a heavy rain caused the stage to become mired in the mud and further progress was impossible. Being near a country tavern his companions decided to wait for the storm to stop. Hoyt, however, says that "coming, as I did, of a stock that scorned to be counted among failures, and myself endowed with a persistency which had for its motto, 'Perseverentia omnia vincit', I hired the best saddle horse to be had, mounted him, regardless of the storm, and went through, to the surprise and delight of the gathering crowds at Friendship".<sup>38</sup> No other speakers appearing Hoyt talked from two until six in the afternoon to a group estimated at 15,000 to 20,000.

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37. *Ibid.*, p. 271.

38. *Ibid.*, pp. 271-272.

After the inevitable barbecue, parade and music, with the other expected speakers still missing, Hoyt was urged to continue his speech. Not at all averse he continued his address from a little before nine o'clock until "when mercy demanded relief for the thousands, most of whom had stood for seven hours, listening to one man, a conclusion was made, accordingly, at the midnight hour".<sup>39</sup> The local newspaper gave a very favorable report of Hoyt's address and said that "his peroration was eloquent beyond description, grand beyond measure. Few persons could have left without feeling deep down in their hearts that the salvation of the country depended upon the election of Hayes and Wheeler."<sup>40</sup>

Several newspapers made very favorable comments on Hoyt's participation in the campaign of 1876. **The Badger State Banner** reported that "he held his audience until nearly midnight when they were loath to let him off even then . . . [Hoyt is] a most scholarly and thoroughly posted man. He is probably the most accomplished orator in the Northwest."<sup>41</sup> Hoyt reports his political friends as saying that his campaign was the "most thorough, exhaustive and effective canvass from the platform ever made in Wisconsin". He also campaigned in a number of other states that year.

In introducing Hoyt to President Hayes after the inauguration Carl Schurz said, "Here is a man who has worked with a vim I have never seen equalled."<sup>42</sup> Hoyt says that his visit to the President at this time was not to ask him for an office as a reward for his efforts but simply to offer him his congratulations and best wishes for the success of his administration. Hoyt's friends, however, had different ideas on that subject. The United States senators of Wisconsin and General Jeremiah Rusk, later Secretary of Agriculture, who "with common voice declared their appreciation of 'my remarkable work in the late presidential campaign' demanded to know what place in the president's gift was desired by me. The answer, 'not any, I thank you, my good friends,' was as much of a surprise to them as their visit had been to me, for I was probably the only man they had ever seen who did not crave a public office of some sort, and they sincerely desired to see me recognized and duly honored. And hence it was that Gen-

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39. *Ibid.*, p. 272.

40. *Adams County Press*, quoted in Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 273.

41. *Badger State Banner*, quoted in Hoyt, *Autobiography*, p. 274.

42. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 275.



eral Rusk ('Jerry', we used to call him) who was a man of strong will and great earnestness, took up the matter with his usual determination, saying: 'Now, look here, Dr. Hoyt, this won't do. You did more hard work and effective work in the late campaign than any other citizen of Wisconsin, or, I believe it safe to say, in the country. The Senators will agree with me that in the Wisconsin fight you were the most gallant and conspicuous figure. And so it has been right along from the day of Lincoln till now. We want you for our own satisfaction to name some prominent federal office that you would accept if offered you.'

"It was an earnest speech, and so much like an appeal that I was of necessity moved by it. And, after the Senators had heartily endorsed the General and added words of their own of a like complimentary character, I finally said, 'Well, I am too sensible of the high appreciation manifested to make a stubborn refusal. If I must, I must. Should the Austrian mission be open, send me to Vienna. It is one of the most charming places in Euorpe, while Austria-Hungary is an empire of high rank. Besides, you know it is but a few years since I represented my country there, am personally known to the Emperor, who conferred upon me the highest honors conferred upon any foreign commissioner, and in my capacity of president of the international jury, made the special acquaintance of a multitude of the most distinguished of the imperial city. You may send me to Vienna. I would be welcome there.'

"'By George, we'll do it!' said the resolute Jerry, and the three foremost men of Wisconsin, also among the very first in Congress, made their way to the White House,"<sup>43</sup> Unfortunately for Hoyt as well as for our country the Vienna post had already been promised to John A. Kasson of Iowa as a reward for his help in guiding the Electoral Commission in its decisions in the Hayes-Tilden election dispute. President Hayes offered Hoyt the choice of a number of other diplomatic posts but he felt no position of lesser importance and dignity would satisfy his sense of what was due him in return for his services to the party.

A major problem of the Republican party following the mal-administration and corruption of the Grant regime was civil service reform. It was on the promise of a house cleaning in the party that the liberal Republicans had returned to the fold and supported Hayes for President in the

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43. *Ibid.*, pp. 276-278.

44. Stanwood, *A History of the Presidency, 1788-1897*, p. 370.

campaign of 1876. Moreover, the Republican platform of that year favored civil service reform.<sup>44</sup> In his Letter of Acceptance Hayes had likewise expressed his strong opposition to the spoils system. Being one of the forward looking members of the party Hoyt now made a study of the civil service and its problems. As a result he says he "soon became more deeply than ever convinced of the necessity of a new departure".

Calling on President Hayes one day Hoyt expressed his interest in the problems of the civil service. President Hayes was at once interested and wished to know if he had ever written anything on the subject. Hoyt replied that he had just written two papers. The President immediately asked him to come to the White House for lunch the following day to be followed by a ride during which Hoyt might read the papers to him so that "I shall learn what you think concerning a matter that profoundly interests me." Considering the attitude of the average American to the Hayes family and remembering Hoyt's European experiences it is interesting to note that Hoyt says that he "had been received at table by some of the most distinguished men of the world, even by princes, kings and emperors, but never had a more agreeable lunching than this with President Hayes and the lovely and queenly first lady of the land, who so handsomely and with rare independence did the honors of the White House in those days".<sup>45</sup>

As they were driving toward the Soliders' Home after their luncheon their carriage stopped at the entrance gate. Hoyt noticed the driver's problem and proceeded to get out of the carriage to open the gate. "But the President . . . proved himself the master by pulling me back into the seat, placing the manuscript in my lap: (saying politely but firmly, 'You are my guest, sir'): opening the door on his side of the carriage, and opening, as well as holding, the gate, while I, under salute from his lifted hat, drove through in state."<sup>46</sup>

On the following day Hoyt again had lunch at the White House and during a second ride finished the reading and discussion of his second civil service paper. After their drive President Hayes said, "Those two papers have deeply interested me. They are truly valuable. Won't you let me have them for publication?"<sup>47</sup> Later Hoyt's civil service papers were published by the government.

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45. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 291.

46. *Ibid.*, p. 292.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 292.

## II. John Wesley Hoyt, Governor of the Wyoming Territory, 1878-1882 — Appointment

Hoyt was now living with his family in Washington, promoting the establishment by Congress of the proposed national university in which he was greatly interested. He had refused the various diplomatic posts offered him by President Hayes as not being commensurate with his experience abroad or his services to the party. Indeed there is no reason for believing that he was interested in any political appointment except to the diplomatic post at Vienna.

He was very much astonished, therefore, one day when, "like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came the announcement in the morning paper that my name had gone to the Senate for its approval of my appointment to the office of Governor of Wyoming!"<sup>48</sup> Governor Thayer, who was serving the Territory, had become involved in a local political situation which threatened to add to the soiled record of the Republican party and to discredit President Hayes' proposed reform of the much abused civil service. To save the situation President Hayes removed Governor Thayer from office and appointed Hoyt, whose character and standing he hoped would clear the party name.

Hoyt writes that the appointment did not appeal to him at all. He wanted to stay in Washington to work for the national university. His wife was none too well and not at all prepared for a life under pioneer conditions. Then, too, Wyoming was an unknown wilderness far away, inhabited by a few thousand white people interested only in exploiting the new country and by Indians who were ready to cause trouble.

Perhaps the fact that he had not been consulted before the announcement of his appointment also influenced his reaction. With his varied experience and national and international reputation, the position must have seemed to him a very unattractive one, to say the least. According to Hoyt President Hayes blushed "as I entered the executive chamber, for the expression of my face, as he afterwards told me, gave instant proof that he had failed of the mark . . . a fact made very certain when, after such acknowledgements as both courtesy and good-will demanded, I said to him: 'But Mr. President, why did you not give me a chance to decline? I do not wish to go to Wyoming. Please withdraw my name at once.'"<sup>49</sup>

To Hoyt's request President Hayes replied: "I am

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48. *Ibid.*, pp. 300-301.

49. *Ibid.*, p. 301.



indeed sorry: first, because I thought you were just the man for the place, and, secondly, because your appointment has seemed to me the surest means of disposing of the present incumbent, whose course as Governor is not approved. He was a member of the Senate for six years, and is already here to rally his friends in that body to the end of preventing the confirmation of any appointment of a successor. A withdrawal might be misunderstood and might injure you. Your character, public career, and superior service in successive political campaigns all give assurance that your confirmation cannot be defeated; and, accordingly, I ask, as a favor, that you remain quiet, with this understanding, that, if confirmed, as I am confident you will be, you go out and look the country over to your own satisfaction, and, if you should then not care to remain, I will repay all your expenses out of my own pocket. I am told that Wyoming is a magnificent territory, vast not only in its area of nearly 100,000 square miles, but also in the character, variety and extent of its resources, agricultural, grazing, forestal and mineral, to say nothing of its grand and beautiful scenery."<sup>50</sup>

Hoyt was one of the organizers of the Republican party, had taken part in every Republican presidential campaign, was a very loyal party member who believed that, in spite of the bad record of the Grant administration, the welfare of the country could still be best promoted by the party. Moreover, he was a member of the faction which was trying to purge the party of its exploiters and restore it to its former glory. In view of these facts and the present situation he decided that he could not refuse the urgent appeal.

However, when the Senate Committee on Territories, responsive to the pressure of Governor Thayer, the opposition of the anti-administration Republicans, and the Democratic members of the committee, gave an unfavorable report on his appointment and the senate confirmed him only by a small majority, he hesitated in accepting the position. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel** reported that Hoyt wrote Judge Andrews, an old friend, that he did not seek or desire the appointment and that he had not yet agreed to accept the position although the commission had been in his hands for several days. In his letter Hoyt gave as reasons for his hesitation his wife's health, Governor Thayer's popularity in Wyoming and the peculiar circumstances of his removal, which could result in an "uncordial" welcome for a new man. **The Sentinel**, however, believed

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50. *Ibid.*, p. 301.

that, from the tenor of the letter, he would accept and come out to investigate.<sup>51</sup>

Indeed the Wyoming situation was not encouraging for Hoyt. Governor Thayer had made many friends in the Territory and they felt that President Hayes had not given Thayer a square deal. During the controversy in the Senate over the approval of Hoyt's appointment the **Laramie Weekly Sentinel** had written that "a general feeling of surprise was manifest among all our citizens when the news was received that a new governor had been nominated to succeed Governor Thayer, and not only surprise, but regret and disappointment were freely expressed. If the new governor, Mr. Hoyt, shall be confirmed, we shall have a most excellent executive. But the people of this Territory did not desire a change. Governor Thayer had outgrown the feeling of hostility and prejudice which every new Federal officer has to encounter from the pioneers when he first comes among them and everybody had come to like him. Besides Governor Thayer was a western man . . . for many years a resident of Nebraska. He knew the ways and the wants of the West. His splendid record in the army, his services in the United States Senate and his influence and acquaintance with our national statesmen put it in his power to do much for our young Territory.

"Under Governor Thayer's wise and judicious influence all personal and political feuds have been healed and peace and prosperity has been secured, as far as it depended upon the influence of the Chief Executive. We hope the move may be reconsidered by the National authorities and Governor Thayer be permitted to remain and in this sentiment we believe nearly all our people will **unite**, irrespective of party."<sup>52</sup>

The **Cheyenne Daily Leader** declared that "we regret to lose Governor Thayer as Chief Executive as he has endeared himself to our people whose friend he has ever been since the organization of Wyoming Territory."<sup>53</sup>

More mildly the **Cheyenne Daily Sun** suggested that "The removal of Governor Thayer, if it was due to the action in the Peck matter is an act of injustice, for in this he was more to be commended then censored. But his successor is not responsible for the rebuke administered, and, if a worthy man, should receive the confidence of our people."<sup>54</sup>

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51. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, May 4, 1878.

52. *Ibid.*, March 18, 1878.

53. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, April 12, 1878.

54. **The Cheyenne Daily Sun**, April 11, 1878.

Into such an atmosphere came Mr. Hoyt. According to the *Cheyenne Daily Sun* he arrived on May 29, 1878, in company with A. H. Swan. He was met at the station by Governor Thayer "and others". "Our first impression of the gentleman," said the *Sun*, "is that he has marked characteristics, possesses a strong will, and has had a varied experience in the world's affairs. He is evidently fond of conversation and during the brief time that he has been here, he has manifested a disposition to become acquainted with the resources of the Territory and the inhabitants thereof."<sup>55</sup>

Commenting on the arrival the *Cheyenne Daily Leader* suggested that Hoyt "is very pleasing in conversation and manners and evidently a gentleman of culture and scholarly attainments who will make his mark in the honorable position to which he has been appointed".<sup>56</sup>

In spite of his cautious statements before coming to Wyoming it seems likely that the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* was correct in suggesting that Hoyt had made up his mind to accept the governorship. Governor Hoyt did say, however, that on arrival he "was so captured by what the President had justly styled the magnificence of the country, that I surrendered and took the oath of office",<sup>57</sup>—an event which took place May 29, 1878 with Chief Justice Fisher of the Territorial Supreme Court administering the oath.<sup>58</sup>

That Hoyt left Wisconsin with the good wishes of the people of that state is indicated by a quotation from the *Madison State Journal* as given in the *Laramie Weekly Sentinel*. "Hon. John W. Hoyt, the newly appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory, is spending the day in this city and received a cordial welcome from his many friends here. Dr. Hoyt is on the way to assume the duties of his new position in the far West, and the people of Wyoming are to be congratulated on having sent them a Governor so thoroughly qualified, from eminent ability, ripe scholarship, and long and varied experience, as is our old friend Governor Hoyt. In uprightness of character, and in energy of action, he will be found all that any people can wish. In a day or two he will leave for his mountain home. Success to him."<sup>59</sup>

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55. *Ibid.*, May 29, 1878.

56. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, May 29, 1878.

57. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 302.

58. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, May 30, 1878.

59. Quoted in *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, June 1, 1878.



### Preparation for the Governorship

John Wesley Hoyt was now launched upon a new career. It was characteristic of him that he at once tried to understand and master the job which he had undertaken. He decided to explore the area which he was to govern so that he might intelligently and wisely consider its problems and plan for its development. Perhaps even a greater motive for his decision was the fact that the Secretary of the Interior had asked for a report on the resources and needs of the Territory. While he had seen general accounts of the character of the region he was "nevertheless desirous of proving their correctness by my own observations, and of gaining such definite knowledge of the Territory's resources as would enable me to report upon them to the general government on first hand information."<sup>60</sup>

Since the Cheyenne office seemed to need little attention for some time he decided to undertake, as soon as the weather permitted, a "series of geographical, geological, natural history, and practical surveys, on horse back and alone, returning to the capital from time to time for the discharge of any duties that might await me".<sup>61</sup> He says that he knew before coming west that Wyoming was, with but few exceptions, larger than any other political divisions of the country but he had not realized that between all these mountainous elevations were valleys and plains so well watered by many streams as to afford extended ranges for livestock and for the cultivation of crops common to the northwestern region of the country.

For his trips he "procured the finest saddle horse and equipment to be had and took the field, determined to know the whole of Wyoming, from east to west and from north to south . . . plains, mountain ranges, and the valleys between. When mounted for a month's absence, with an outfit including everything an explorer might want . . . means of protection from the rain; a change of clothing; a narrow oil blanket to lie on, and a rubber pillow for the night; modest supplies of the more portable kinds of food, with conveniences for cooking a bird, squirrel, or rabbit, a lariat for my horse; hatchet, geological hammer, and one of Remington's best rifles, kindly sent me with the manu-

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60. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 303. Governor Hoyt must share with Robert E. Strahan the credit for a detailed report on the resources of Wyoming. Strahan, an official of the Land Office of the Union Pacific Railroad, spent several months in the territory before Hoyt's arrival and wrote the *Hand-Book of Wyoming and Guide to the Black Hills and Big Horn*, published in 1877.

61. *Ibid.*, p. 302.

facturer's compliments; the latest map of Wyoming and the means of recording my observations . . . with all these so skillfully provided for that they did not seem to burden the horse, I was so much of a curiosity, when mounted and sitting under my sombrero, that my neighbors gathered to wish me God-speed and to receive my parting salute".<sup>62</sup>

That Governor Hoyt's explorations of Wyoming and its resources were approved by the people is apparent from a reading of the newspapers of the time. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel** reported that "Governor Hoyt has traversed the Territory east, west, north and south as well as the lines of communication would permit and sometime astride of a horse he has ventured into the very haunts of renegade bands of hostile Indians. Fortunately he escaped to tell the story of the fertile lands and delightful streams he beheld, and this he is now doing with much care, having visited the various mining camps, the soda lakes, the iron mountains, the coal mines and traversed the cattled hills and streams, likewise those which should have cattle utilizing the grass going to waste. He is well prepared to make a full statement setting forth the advantages offered by Wyoming to the capitalist and the pioneer. His long experience as the editor of a journal devoted to national resources admirably qualifies him for this self-imposed task, and we are certain that the publication of this official document and its circulation as designed will contribute largely to increasing the population of the Territory. We are glad to see the Governor putting his shoulder to the wheel."<sup>63</sup>

A few weeks later the *Sentinel's* editor again emphasized the importance of Governor Hoyt's explorations and his forthcoming report to the Secretary of the Interior. "Our present governor, is, we believe, the first to inaugurate the procedure of making an official report of the Territories, their condition, prospects and resources. The document will be printed by the government and widely circulated and must of necessity result in much good to our Territory.

"No Executive we have ever had has taken so much pains to make himself familiar with all parts of our Territory and its resources as Governor Hoyt."<sup>64</sup>

### Relation with the Legislature

Governor Hoyt rather prided himself on his ability to get along with people, a feeling which was, on the whole,

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62. *Ibid.*, pp. 303-304.

63. *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, November 16, 1878.

64. *Ibid.*, January 10, 1879.

justified. As a student of government he had certain opinions as to the proper relation between the legislative department and the chief executive in a democratic commonwealth. He had studied the needs and the problems of the Territory in general as well as those of the various groups making up the population. His messages to the Legislative Assembly reflect his beliefs and his conclusions.

It was November 4, 1878 and time for the meeting of the Sixth Legislative Assembly. To a joint meeting of the two houses the president of the Council, H. Garbanati, acting as presiding officer, introduced Governor Hoyt, who then delivered his message, a communication quite lengthy, with many suggestions for improvement in legislative procedure as well as for legislation.<sup>65</sup>

"In compliance with law and custom," said the governor, "I am here to greet you as the honored representatives of the people, and to unite my efforts with yours in the important work of legislating for their welfare."<sup>66</sup>

Calling the attention of the legislators to the prosperous condition of Wyoming as compared to other sections of the country Governor Hoyt suggested that now, at the dawn of a new day, they were ready for the great task of territorial advancement, 'with energies all unimpaired and with the enkindling of a new hope. I congratulate you on the brightness of the future that now opens before us.

"I also congratulate you, gentlemen of the Assembly, on the unanimity and promptness with which you have organized the two Houses, respectively. This augurs well for harmony and productiveness of your labors. They confirm the hope that you are each duly impressed with the responsibilities imposed and have taken up your task in the spirit of a patriotic devotion."

Since the Territory was yet in its pioneer stage he thought that perhaps they lacked the experience in public affairs of the older commonwealths and so mistakes and errors would no doubt be apparent in their work. "We have to work at the foundations of the future State," he said, "and upon the wisdom, fidelity, and completeness of our labors will depend in a great measure the perfection of the superstructure in coming years. What greater incentive to conscientious and faithful effort could be presented to men who really have at heart the future well-being of the

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65. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

66. *Ibid.*, p. 3.



commonwealth?"<sup>67</sup>

Having called the attention of the legislators to the problems of procedure and the difficulty of proper consideration of proposed legislation in a session limited to forty days he warned against hasty action. He reminded the members of the fact that as governor he was responsible with the Legislative Assembly for the enactment of good laws and he would not feel at liberty to approve measures which had not been allowed sufficient time for careful scrutiny.

After he had explained what he considered the necessary program for the legislators Governor Hoyt declared that he had the fullest confidence that, though they would hardly agree with him on all points, they would give his recommendations the consideration they merited. He trusted, therefore, that wise and useful legislation would be the result of their deliberations, "in the interest of their beloved Territory, so vast in its resources and glorious in its possibilities".<sup>68</sup>

After listening to Governor Hoyt for more than an hour W. J. Hardin introduced House Joint Resolution 2, tendering "a vote of thanks to Governor John W. Hoyt for his able message". With one member absent the House passed the resolution by unanimous vote.<sup>69</sup> Later similar action was also taken by unanimous vote of the Council.<sup>70</sup>

Commenting on Governor Hoyt's message the **Cheyenne Daily Sun** referred to it as "a lengthy but carefully considered message . . . [in which Governor Hoyt] made many valuable suggestions to our law makers. He dwelt more particularly upon the resources of the Territory, in which he has from the date of his arrival manifested a commendable zeal. . . . All will admit that he expressed [his opinions] with admirable candor and clearness."<sup>71</sup>

Governor Hoyt's relation to the Seventh Legislative Assembly was as happy as had been his relation to the Sixth. His term of office was drawing to a close. President Garfield's death had brought to the presidency Chester A. Arthur, a member of the Grant-Conkling wing of the Republican party. Arthur was not friendly to Governor Hoyt. Learning that he would not continue Hoyt as governor the legislators decided that he should be made aware

67. *Ibid.*, p. 4.

68. *Ibid.*, p. 39.

69. Territory of Wyoming, Sixth Legislative Assembly, 1879, House Journal, p. 18. Wyoming Session Laws, 1879, p. 167.

70. Territory of Wyoming, Sixth Legislative Assembly, 1879, Council Journal, pp. 58, 70, 71. Wyoming Session Laws, 1879, p. 167.

71. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, Nov. 7. 1879.

of their wishes in the matter. At this time the Council was Democratic while the House of Representatives was Republican.

Taking action first the House passed by unanimous vote the following resolution:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives of Wyoming Territory:

"That the representatives of the people of this Territory without distinction of party take pleasure in bearing testimony of the wisdom, fidelity and integrity with which His Excellency, John W. Hoyt, has administered the duties of the office of Governor during the last four years and to the fact that he enjoys the confidence and respect of the representatives and of the people of this Territory.

"I hereby certify that the above resolution passed the house by unanimous vote, March 8, 1882.

Wm. C. Lane, Speaker of the House."72

The resolution passed by the Council reads as follows:

"Be it Resolved by the Council of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming:

"First, That John W. Hoyt has administered the duties of his office with fidelity, integrity and wisdom, that he has acquainted himself with the resources of the Territory and the wants of the people, and has thereby prepared himself for greater usefulness, that the best interests of the Territory require his retention in the office, and his reappointment by the President of the United States would be heartily applauded by the people of the Territory.

"Second, That the Honorable Secretary of the Territory is hereby requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to Hon. M. E. Post, Delegate of the Territory who is hereby requested to present the same to the President of the United States, and to personally urge the reappointment of John W. Hoyt as Governor of Wyoming Territory.

I. P. Caldwell, President of the Council.  
J. R. Whitehead, Secretary of the Council.  
Council Chamber.  
Legislative Assembly.  
Wyoming Territory,  
Cheyenne, March 10th, 1882."73

Such action was said to be without parallel in the history of the Territories of the United States.74

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72. Session Laws of Wyoming Territory, passed by the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 220.

73. *Ibid.*, pp. 221-222.

74. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 330.

### Governor Hoyt and the Indians

On a reservation in the western part of Wyoming Territory lived two Indian tribes, the Arapahoes and the Shoshones. In the summer of 1879 word reached Governor Hoyt that the Indians were showing signs of unrest. It was feared that they were planning to attack the neighboring settlers. A report from the Indian agent confirmed the rumor and the agent requested that federal troops be sent at once. Believing that the threatening attitude of the Indians was due to real or fancied wrongs they had suffered the governor decided that no soldiers should be sent, since the result might be a war with the loss of many lives and homes. Instead he would first meet with the Indians, find out what their grievances were and try to pacify them. He therefore replied to the agent, "not a soldier until I have seen the chiefs face to face. Will start immediately."<sup>75</sup>

Calling his attention to the dangers of such a plan friends tried to persuade him not to make the trip. Hoyt, however, believing it was his duty to make the attempt to conciliate the Indians before using force, did not heed their warning. A railroad trip on the first train to Creston and a horseback ride of more than a hundred miles by trail brought him to the Agency in such a short time that the agent was "startled as by a sudden appearance from ghost-land".

Without a rest and after a hurried breakfast he sent a message to the Indians, who were encamped three miles from the reservation boundary, to tell them that the governor had come as a friend and was on his way to discuss their grievances with them. With an Indian interpreter he arrived at the tent of Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, at the appointed time. According to Hoyt's story he approached and "with doffed hat and a friendly smile he saluted the two stately sub-chiefs, who stood on either side of the entrance, and who, to their honor, returned my salute in a style that would do credit to a French diplomat at the most exacting of foreign courts. To me it was a welcome omen, due, as I afterwards learned, to the respect and confidence my message and personal presence had inspired."<sup>76</sup> As Hoyt and his interpreter entered the tent all the Indians present "rose to their feet, with signal of welcome, while, from his throne-like dais of many skins, at my left, the noble old Washakie came forward to meet me half-way with a friendly grasp of the hand, and to conduct me to a huge

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75. *Ibid.*, p. 309.

76. *Ibid.*, p. 310.



bear-skin at the center of the tepee, from which I was to address them".<sup>77</sup>

Motioning them to be seated Governor Hoyt addressed them as follows:

"Most able and noble Great Chief of the Shoshones, and you, his supporting chiefs, faithful and valiant:

"As you have learned already, I came, something over a year ago, by the earnest request and official appointment of the Great Father at Washington, to preside over this vast and magnificent region, known as Wyoming . . . . to execute the laws enacted by the great Council at Washington and the lesser council at Cheyenne, to foster and encourage all right endeavors, to insure the prosperity and happiness of all who dwell within our borders. To this end, I have explored Wyoming in nearly every part, recommended to the council at Cheyenne such measures as seemed to me wise, and reported to the Great Father all that I have seen and done.

"That I have not earlier come to you and learned all about your condition and needs is because of the great distance and of my understanding that you had been well provided for and were contented and happy. I am here today because of information that the contrary is true . . . so true that you have resolved upon severe measures of some sort, as a means of securing a just recognition of your claims upon the Government. For the present, then, please consider me the Great Father's representative, anxious to hear in its fulness all that you would say if you stood before him at Washington."

After universal exclamations of "How! How!" all around the circle of eager listeners, the majestic Washakie, slowly and with deep but well restrained emotion, rose to make his response, saying:

"Sir, . . . We are glad that you have come among us, and thank you with all our hearts.

"In the time of our fathers, the Shoshones were a great people, occupying a vast extent of country, limited only by other tribes of the same great race of Red Men, who for the most part kept within their own boundaries and let others alone. They grew Indian corn and other kinds of grain for bread, ate the flesh of many wholesome birds, fishes and beasts, and also feasted on the many delicious fruits. They knew well how to tan the skins of the wild animals killed for food, and both they and their loving squaws had the art of making clothes that served them

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77. *Ibid.*, p. 310.

well. The bow-and-arrow, the knife, and the tomahawk served them well for both hunting and war, in which they were masters surpassed by none. For the little ones they had games and songs which made them glad.

"More than all, the country they so freely roamed over was their own, as it had been from a time far beyond the knowledge of any. There was no one above them, save the Great Spirit. They were proud and happy.

"But how is it with us, their children? Alas! (sadly laying his hand upon his heart, and looking upward, as an appeal to the Great Father in Heaven) Alas! The White Man, with better weapons and hearts of flint, came from we know not where and began his cruel work of killing and driving our own fathers and their families further and further back with the plain purpose of killing them all unless they should lay down their arms and accept such terms as he chose to grant them. And these white men were not alone companies of settlers, against whom we might have defended our country. But armies of soldiers—sent out by the Government at Washington, joined the settlers, and they all were too strong for our fathers. So it is that, in this small part of what once was theirs, you find us. We are not allowed to go beyond the Big Horn Valley, on the one side, or the Wind River Mountains on the West.

"This limited region, however, was to be all ours, it was said, and white men could not come in and kill our game or in any way disturb us. But the great men at Washington did not keep their word.

"It was also provided that, if we would stay inside of what they call our reservation and make no trouble, we should have generous provision for all our wants. But the antelope, the deer, the elk, and the buffalo are not so many as once, and promised supplies of food and clothing do not come. Hence it often happens that our squaws and children are nearly starved, and that we must go half naked, as you see us.

"What, then, shall we do but, in some way, force attention to our unhappy condition? We cannot endure it longer, and must break away, in hope of finding among the whites outside the things not furnished us here. If we kill a lot of them, in getting what belongs to us, the fault will not be ours."<sup>78</sup>

Washakie's speech was endorsed by all present by the usual expression, "How! How!"

In reply Hoyt told the Indians that he had always sym-

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78. *Ibid.*, pp. 310-313.

pathized with them and deplored the wrong which they had suffered. The Great Father at Washington was a kind man, intent on fair dealing. He was a good friend of Hoyt's and when he learned of their mistreatment he would at once attend to their needs. Hoyt gave Washakie his word that supplies would soon come if they would remain quietly on their reservation. "I speak to you," said Hoyt, "and to these your brave chiefs out of my heart, and ask the Great Spirit, whom we all worship, to witness my vow."<sup>79</sup> Loud applause greeted Hoyt's promises and with deep emotion, in shaking hands with Hoyt, Chief Washakie said, "We believe you, and will wait as you desire."

With the lesser chiefs approving the agreement Hoyt was escorted by all the chiefs to his horse and assisted to mount by Chief Washakie himself.

His meeting with the Arapahoes was even more cordial, due, perhaps, to reports of his agreement with the Shoshones. A similar agreement was made with them.<sup>80</sup>

Messages were sent by Governor Hoyt to the President and to the Secretary of Interior urging that supplies be sent at once, after which he had his long delayed night's rest.

"It was indeed a night's rest, for I had averted a war with the Indians, and fell asleep, perfectly confident that all my promises to both tribes would be made good as early as possible.

"And so it was. The supplies of every sort were soon moving westward as fast as the railway wheel could carry them, and every means adopted to reassure the Indians of the sincerity and good-will of the Government."<sup>81</sup>

In his message to the legislature Governor Hoyt reviewed his experience with the Indians. As a result of his meeting with them, he said, there had been no complaints during the past season on the part of the settlers. In fact, following the rumor of a union between the Utes and Shoshone bands to attack the settlers Washakie had sent a telegram to the commissioner of Indian Affairs giving assurance that his people were quietly attending to their affairs with none but the most peaceful and friendly intentions.

### **The Governor and the People**

Governor Hoyt had always been interested in people and taken active part in the social and religious activities of the group of which he happened to be a member. During

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79. *Ibid.*, pp. 314-315.

80. *Ibid.*, pp. 315-317.

81. *Ibid.*, p. 317.



his term of office as Governor of Wyoming Territory he showed this same interest in the usual social activities, in the schools, and in the churches.

Shortly after his coming to Wyoming Laramie was laying the cornerstone of a new school building. Governor Hoyt was orator of the day. In his address he made an appeal to community pride. According to the **Laramie Weekly Sentinel** he expressed great surprise at "their immense procession" and at the great public interest in the occasion. He saw in that gathering of all classes and occupations to dedicate the school building the manifestation of a spirit that would one day make Wyoming Territory a great state. He was finding everything so different from what he had expected that he could hardly believe his eyes. He thought he was coming to a frontier community with children attending school in log houses and people living in wigwams. Instead he had found thriving cities with elegant and substantial buildings and people intelligent, cultivated and refined. Looking for the Great American Desert he had found hills and plains covered with countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

The same year saw him again in Laramie, one of the guests at the Grow-Ivinson wedding, Laramie's social event of the year.<sup>82</sup> Many speeches were made, as seemed the custom of the time. In his Governor Hoyt expressed himself in regard to the equality of sexes in government as practiced in Wyoming. He presented the bride with a "beautiful silver basket and flowers".

When he was unable to attend a reception given by Judge and Mrs. M. C. Brown in Laramie in honor of the new Presbyterian pastor, Mrs. Hoyt and son went over from Cheyenne to represent him.

The **Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, commenting on Governor Hoyt's community spirit, suggested that "Governor Hoyt who takes a lively interest in everything which pertains to the welfare of our Territory and particularly to educational matters paid our city a handsome compliment upon our achievement in the success of our Literary and Library Association and expressed a desire to do something for it.

"To this end he volunteers to deliver one or more lectures here this winter. Governor Hoyt's high rank as a scholar and his years of experience as a college professor and educator will insure us some literary entertainments vastly superior to those of the traveling brethren who come

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82. The **Laramie Weekly Sentinel**, September 28, 1878.

along here.”<sup>83</sup>

In Cheyenne Governor Hoyt was often called on for school commencement and Fourth of July addresses as well as talks for other occasions.

Both Governor and Mrs. Hoyt had been reared in the Methodist church and had taken very active part in its work. Later, he says “we attended religious service as we found it most agreeable, or most helpful to the cause of religion, and were glad to receive the welcome always accorded us by each and all of the churches where we for the time resided”. He thought it was on account of their not being regular members of any one church in Cheyenne that the Reverend Dr. Saunders, pastor of the Congregational Church, asked him to take charge of his Sunday School class of thirteen young men and women while he was in Florida for his health. Governor Hoyt was much surprised and replied, “Why, Dr. Saunders, this is an astonishing proposal. I would do almost anything within my power for your relief, but have you not all this while known that I am a heathen? With something of a smile, yet with an earnestness not to be thwarted, he replied, ‘Yes, but then you are just the sort of a heathen that I want to teach my Bible class! Will you not say, Yes?’ Doctor, these earnest words and that sorry face are too much for me. I will consent to do my very best, but on these two conditions: (1) That I shall be privileged to adopt my own scripture subjects and methods without any regard to the International Lessons, which you doubtless have been using; and (2) that you shall be present on the occasion of my first trial.”

Dr. Saunders agreed to the conditions and the following Sunday Governor Hoyt took charge with all members present.

He says that his purpose had been to limit himself to “that supreme body of ethical and religious teaching, Christ’s Sermon on the Mount; and on this first occasion we began at the beginning: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

“In answer to my prayer for spiritual insight and power of impression, I seemed to have inspiration out of Heaven, for new and tender and, my hearers said, beautiful thoughts came to me like whispering angels from on high, so that, ere the conclusion of the discourse, there were tears on nearly every cheek, and, as I had reason to hope, a new resolve in every heart.

“Thus it was right on through the period of my teaching from the matchless discourse of the Christ, with the

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83. *Ibid.*, November 16, 1878.

result that, at the expiration of my time, twelve out of the thirteen members of the class joined the church.”<sup>84</sup>

The relationship with people who differed in political thought is rather difficult to find. In his autobiography Mr. Hoyt makes no mention of conflict with individuals and gives no hint of feeling against those who differed with him, not even toward men who were loud in denouncing him. He seemed to believe enough in himself and the course he was taking to enable him to let attacks pass.

Perhaps the most trying incident of the governorship was the visit of ex-President Grant, his wife, and party in Cheyenne in 1880. It will be recalled that there was a deep split in the Republican party at the time, Hoyt joining with the liberals to rid the party of the corruption of the Grant-Conkling regime. He had campaigned for Hayes and had received his appointment from him. The bitterness extended from party leaders on down to local voters. From all accounts the decision of the Grants to include a stop at Cheyenne on their way home from a world tour was made late so their arrival had short notice. The Hoyts both hurried home from out of town to welcome the guests and prepare for their entertainment. The governor seems to have extended the invitation but whether the military staff of Fort D. A. Russell or the citizens took charge is not clear. However, General Brackett seems to have assumed some responsibility. At least **The Leader**, a Grant organ, reported with obvious relish that “The governor was conspicuous by his absence” from the luncheon, so apparently he was not included in that plan. **The Leader** seems to have enjoyed adding that when the luncheon was over General Brackett asked General Grant if he would step up on the balcony in order to be seen by all present. “Is that governor up there?”, asked General Grant quickly.

“I believe not,” replied General Brackett.

“Then let’s go up.”<sup>85</sup>

The local rancor was evident the following day when **The Leader** held forth on the theme that the governor was no representative of Wyoming people.

President Hayes was expected to visit Cheyenne in the near future. “We desire,” said **The Leader**, “to utter a note of warning: The arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the president must be made by the people, or their representatives. Our citizens will not consent to play puppets, with a supercilious, conceited official turning the crank as on another occasion. . . . The officious per-

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84. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 327-329.

85. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, August 24, 1880.



sonage referred to is in no sense a representative of the people—he simply represents the federal government. His petty, brief authority emanates from Washington; not from the body of the people in Wyoming, nor with their consent. He has no right to welcome anybody here in the name of the people of Wyoming, and he transcends the bounds of his circumscribed privileges when he extends a welcome ‘for and in the name of the people of Wyoming.’”<sup>86</sup>

When President Hayes and his party came to Wyoming Governor Hoyt was a member of the group to welcome the president and he made a brief speech to the assembled crowd but the formal introduction was made by the mayor of the city.<sup>87</sup> In his address Governor Hoyt spoke in part as follows: “I have the honor this day to introduce to you the chief magistrate of the nation, equally regardful of all sections of the union, and desiring now to acquaint himself by observation more fully with the resources, conditions and wants of the new and remote states and territories. He pauses at this gateway of the mountains for an hour, that he may extend friendly salutations to all the people. Mr. President, speaking not alone for this multitude here assembled, but for all who dwell within our borders, for myself, and in their name, I extend to you the most sincere and hearty welcome. . . . We stand at this moment, as it were, in the midst of what but yesterday was known as the great American desert. You see that the desert was a creation of the fancy; that this is in fact a region of vast resources, whose extended plains afford the best stock regions in the world, and whose many rich valleys are capable, with irrigation, of producing abundant harvests, and whose mountains are vast storehouses of mineral wealth; and when you have seen more of this wild Rocky Mountain region, you cannot fail to call to your intelligent mind that we are the germs of great states, designed to contribute much to the future grandeur and glory of our common country.”

Following this the mayor took over and formally introduced President Hayes. Local independence and pride were thus satisfied.

### Territorial Problems

#### LEGISLATIVE ORGANIZATION AND PROCEDURE.

The proper legislative organization and procedure have re-

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86. *Ibid.*, August 25, 1880.

87. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, September 5, 1880.

ceived much attention from those interested in effective government. Governor Hoyt had given these problems much thought and consideration. In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly, he shared his conclusions with the member.<sup>88</sup>

"It is a maxim of the wisest statesmen," he said, "that the world is too much governed." Laws should be framed so as to interfere as little as possible with the natural rights of the individual citizen consistent with the best interests of the whole community. Proper legislation should be carefully considered and discussed before enactment. Due to excessive legislation the statute books of nearly all states and territories were filled with useless laws or laws that were injurious to the people. Having been carefully considered and solemnly enacted all laws should be allowed sufficient time to prove their wisdom or unwisdom—their suitability to the ends proposed. Only when it was clear that the laws were unnecessary or inadequate should they be amended or repealed.

Local and special laws he thought a great cause of excessive legislation. In many situations which seemed to call for such statutes wise general laws would bring better results. The legislators must remember that they had a two-fold responsibility—the welfare of their local groups or special interests and also the general welfare. In case of conflict the general interest must have first consideration. Nor must the representatives consider the immediate situation alone but rather the future and permanent welfare of the people.

Then, too, he thought a representative should be able to "approach every legislative question with a judicial mind, prepared to weigh every consideration involved with a statesman-like breadth and impartiality". Such an attitude would save the community both time and money. The interest of special groups or localities as well as that of the public at large would then be considered fairly, the evil of log-rolling would be eliminated and the evil practice of leaving local legislation to the judgment of local representatives alone would be discontinued.

The governor believed that "no wise legislator will lose sight of this important truth, that in every community there is a correlation of interests, even where not at once apparent—that the true policy of classes and sections is that of friendly and hearty cooperation, to the end that all

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88. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

may advance and each one rise with every other. This is especially so in a new community like ours. There may well be a generous rivalry, for this promotes activity, increase of energy, and greater rapidity of development. But there should be none of that blind and selfish strife which surely leads to waste and demoralization.”<sup>89</sup>

Hasty legislation was also a fault to be avoided. With a legislative session limited to forty days he thought it would be well if bills, and especially appropriation measures, were prepared in advance of the legislative meeting, or at least with as little delay as possible after the opening of the session, so that proposed laws might receive careful consideration before final action.

He reminded the legislators of the American theory of the proper relationship between the legislative body and the executive department as represented by the Governor. As Governor he was jointly responsible with the Legislative Assembly for the enactment of good laws. He would not feel at liberty to approve measures which he had not had sufficient time to scrutinize. Governor Hoyt, in other words, did not propose to shirk his responsibility in the enactment of laws.

**TAXATION.** Governor Hoyt had lived his formative years a member of a thrifty pioneer family in Ohio where economic conditions called for prudence in the use of money by the individual as well as by public authorities. His Wisconsin years had added to his caution in financial matters. As a public official in Wyoming Territory he showed the same characteristics. He believed in economy in spending as well as in the avoidance of debt. “Pay as you go,” he thought, was a good motto for the state as well as for the individual. The auditor’s report for 1879 disturbed him as it indicated a territorial debt of more than \$17,000.

In his message to the Legislative Assembly he suggested the damage which debts kept afloat on account of no provision for their payment would cause the credit of the Territory.<sup>90</sup> Since there was no subject in which the people felt a deeper interest than in that of taxation they must not fail to give the most laborious and conscientious effort to the planning and perfection of measures calculated to lighten and equalize the burdens of the taxpayers.

To secure a fair system of taxation the legislators must consider the following problems: the prevention of

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89. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.  
90. *Ibid.*, pp. 8-12.



tax dodging, a fair system of equalization, the advantages of a low evaluation with a high rate as compared to a full cash valuation with a very moderate rate, reduction of public expenditures, and a more efficient system of collection of taxes in the counties. County officers must be held responsible for the collection of taxes as levied. Wyoming being a cattle area the taxation of cattle was a chief problem. There must be not only an enumeration of cattle, but they must be classified as to age and breed, with separate valuations.

Addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly Hoyt was more optimistic in regard to the financial condition of the Territory.<sup>91</sup> Wyoming was sharing the general prosperity of the country. With this more favorable financial situation there came to them, as the people's representatives, new opportunities for promoting the territorial interests but also increased responsibilities for guarding against the natural tendency to extravagant expenditures in time of plenty. Although they were clearly privileged to engage in some of the undertakings which, because of the newness and poverty of the Territory, had been denied their predecessors it behooved them to act not only with exceeding care and prudence but also with that wise foresight and courage which was demanded by the needs of the present and the future. The finances of the Territory, he reported, were in excellent state; their debts had been taken care of; the tax valuation for 1881 was \$13,866,118.06 as compared to \$11,835,563.40 for the previous year. Indeed, he believed that approximately \$20,000,000 was the more correct valuation of their general property. It was evident, therefore, that a large amount of taxable property was escaping the assessor. While this was true of all taxable property he believed it was especially true of cattle. Discrepancy between the returned and the real number of cattle needed explanation, so that owners would be acquitted of attempts to defraud the treasury, for the returns were sworn to by as honorable and upright a class of men as could be found in any community of the world. He thought the reasons for the situation were the uncertain county and territorial boundary lines and the time of the year when assessments were made. A requirement that owners make legal location of their herds in such a way as to make conflict of claims between assessors impossible would remedy the first situation; the second problem would

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91. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 3-32.

be taken care of by making the assessments after the round-ups when owners could make an accurate count of cattle.

**ELECTION PROCEDURE.** The most direct popular control of government in a democracy is through the use of the ballot. Unfortunately the value of the ballot has not always been appreciated by the voter. There are not a few citizens who still fail to realize the fact that the privilege of choosing men to public office was gained only after centuries of struggle. As in other states and territories there were in Wyoming Territory charges of election fraud and corruption. In fact, with Wyoming but recently organized as a territory, with men and business interests seeking favors more openly than in older communities, election conditions were, very likely, worse than in the earlier settled areas.

In his first message to the legislature Governor Hoyt called attention to election conditions in the Territory.<sup>92</sup> He believed that, in a government aiming at the largest freedom of the individual and the highest welfare of the whole people, there would be found an earnest purpose on the part of all good citizens, regardless of mere party considerations, to preserve the purity and independence of the ballot. The ballot box must represent the verdict of the people or the state would sooner or later become a "rudderless ship on a tempestuous and treacherous sea". While he did not think that election frauds such as colonization and fraudulent counting of ballots were worse in Wyoming than in other states, there were hazards which must be guarded against with the greatest possible care. He favored registration of voters as a means of maintaining the purity of elections.

He also made another recommendation which he thought would tend to improve election conditions. He favored cutting down their number and frequency to save expense and also avoid "that great evil of American politics—that perpetual ferment of political excitement in which the people were kept from the beginning to the end of their lives". If there were any good reasons why the election of delegates to Congress, members of the Assembly and local officers should not be held on one and the same day, he did not know what they were.

**THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY.** The live-stock industry was the first stable industry of early Wyoming. The

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92. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 35 and 36.

topography of the Territory and the character of the men in the industry, combined with the fact of its early start, gave the live-stock group a dominating position which has tended to continue even to the present time. The vast extent of free public grazing land offered inducements which were attractive indeed. Wyoming, especially in its territorial days, has been referred to as the cattlemen's commonwealth. A reason for this is the fact that of the live-stock group the cattlemen have usually been the more aggressive. Recognizing the close relationship between economics and politics the cattlemen or their representatives became members of the Legislative Assembly where they usually secured the legislation they desired.

With his agricultural back-ground Governor Hoyt took great interest in the welfare of the cattle group and in legislation which was desired by that interest. The section of his first report to the Secretary of Interior which deals with the live stock business indicates an extensive study of its methods and sympathy for its problems. The friendly relation between Governor Hoyt and the cattlemen is suggested by the fact that at the meeting of the Wyoming Livestock Association in 1879 he was the principal speaker and, following his address, he was elected to honorary membership. In addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly he referred to the Association as having a membership that "for number, high character and amount of capital employed is believed to be without rival in this or any country".<sup>93</sup> However, he did not hesitate to protest when the cattlemen were too arrogant, as men with so much power and little feeling of responsibility are apt to be.

In his first report to the Secretary of Interior he discussed at length the condition and importance of the "pastoral resources of the Territory".<sup>94</sup> Pastoral activities were, he wrote, the present great source of income for Wyoming. Careful inquiries concerning stock raising and grazing in other states and territories had led him to the conclusion that the advantages of Wyoming as a pastoral region were "without parallel". Wyoming had the advantages of a fertile soil and a "tempered climate" while almost the entire surface of the region was "clothed with the most nutritious grasses". This area, larger than the whole of New England, was capable of sustaining and fattening mil-

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93. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 9.

94. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1158-1166.



lions of domestic animals. The remarkable distribution of water made it possible to open innumerable ranches and cattle-ranges, which made almost every square mile of pasturage available. The surface was of such a character as to protect the herds from storms and at the same time, with the wind blowing away the snow, cattle and sheep were never long without easy grazing. Finally, the fall season was such that rich grasses were cured so gradually and perfectly that all winter long they were as standing hay and even much better since the ripened seed which they retained on the stalk made the grass more like grain. With such unequalled conditions Wyoming was without doubt the finest pastoral region in the world. Also, along the streams grew taller grasses suitable for hay, which could be used for winter feed.

The geographical location of Wyoming was fortunate for stock raising. The Union Pacific, the only transcontinental railroad at this time, gave the cattlemen access to markets and to the grain of the Missouri river corn belt. He believed that the Wyoming stockmen would soon find it profitable to send their nearly-matured cattle to Nebraska or even farther east for finishing for market.

As to the profits in the cattle industry, there were several factors to consider. They depended on choice of location, terms of purchase, skill of management and marketing shrewdness. In the past enormous profits had been realized—in some cases even fifty to one hundred per cent on the investment. However on account of the increasing number of herds introduced, the advance in price of cattle purchased, and, above all, the present low price of beef, the profits now were more likely to range between twenty and forty per cent. Nevertheless the live-stock business in Wyoming, for security and profit, was still unequalled by any other business of the west of which he had any knowledge.

Looking to the more distant future, Governor Hoyt believed that the time was near when, in the more favored pastoral districts, the encroachment of herds and flocks upon each others' accustomed ranges on the public domain would make it necessary for Congress to pass legislation to enable proprietors of stock to acquire, on reasonable terms, either ownership in considerable bodies of pasture lands or renters' rights to their exclusive use. Such a law would be an advantage even now to the cattlemen in some localities. After a while it would become a necessity. Wyoming was finding that the Homestead Act, passed for middle west farmers, could not be applied under western conditions.

In an area having insufficient rainfall the problem of water is an ever pressing one. The early cattlemen had taken over the public land adjacent to streams and fenced it, thus making access to water for later comers difficult. In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly Governor Hoyt called the attention of the legislators to this situation.<sup>95</sup> "In some localities so much of the valley land has been taken up," he said, "under one act or another, and fenced, that stock not within the enclosure thus made, are, for miles up and down the streams, excluded [from access to water]. Humanity unites with the common interest of stock growers in requiring immediate legislation on this subject."

As a possible solution to their water problem the governor called attention to the fact that Congress had recently authorized the sinking of test artesian wells in Colorado, and Wyoming should have these experiments extended to their Territory.<sup>96</sup> He believed the legislature ought to join him and their delegate to Congress in urging such action.

In his journeys through England and Scotland Governor Hoyt had been much impressed by the high quality of the cattle. He was interested now in noting that Wyoming cattlemen were taking action to improve the quality of their herds.<sup>97</sup> Fewer cattle were being brought in from Texas and more from the western states where considerable attention was being given to the improvement of the native stock by the infusion of better blood. Local cattlemen were importing bulls of the best known breeds from the east and even from Great Britain.

In his second report to the Secretary of Interior Mr. Hoyt warned against "unreasonable expectations".<sup>98</sup> When he made his first report to the Secretary of Interior there were between 250,000 and 300,000 cattle in Wyoming. Now there were not less than 540,000. It must be understood, therefore, that the best localities, those more convenient to shipping points and nearest to settlements, had been appropriated. But areas were vast in Wyoming and there was still room if one looked around. On his explorations of

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95. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, p. 13.

96. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, p. 13.

97. Report of the Secretary of the Interior, 1880, Vol. II, pp. 525-526.

98. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. II., p. 526.

the Territory he had travelled whole days through sections of northern Wyoming, in every way desirable for grazing, without seeing a single animal.

Next to the cattle business ranked the sheep industry as a source of profit and it seemed well established.<sup>99</sup> While sheep needed more care than cattle and the loss from storms, disease, and accident was somewhat greater, less capital was needed to start in the business and some who raised both cattle and sheep claimed that sheep were the more profitable.

**AGRICULTURE.** Governor Hoyt had spent his boyhood days on a successful Ohio farm. For a number of years he had been editor of the middle west's leading farm journal. He had always shown great interest in state and national legislation to promote the interest of farmers. As Governor of Wyoming he displayed the same interest and favored legislation that would advance Wyoming as an agricultural commonwealth. After his exploration of the Territory he came to the conclusion that the popular notion of sterility of the area was not at all correct.<sup>100</sup> In fact the rock formations underlying its plains were of the very character to produce fertile soil. Moreover, contrary to general belief, the climate of the plains of Wyoming, both east of the mountains and within them, compared favorably with that of the middle states. He admitted that agriculture was not possible in the Territory without irrigation and that corn and the larger fruits such as apples and pears could not be produced. However, Wyoming could grow and had actually produced excellent crops of about every other product of the soil commonly grown in the northern states. As an example of the possibilities of small grain production he reported that on his recent explorations he had seen, in the Lander valley, "wheat standing over five feet high and so thick that I walked through it with difficulty".<sup>101</sup> The owner later reported a yield of more than fifty bushels per acre. Garden products were simply marvelous for size and yield.

As to the amount of land suitable for agriculture he concluded that "calculating with carefulness the length and average width of the principal valleys proper . . . the aggregate area of lands that can be brought under cultivation is probably not less than 11,000 square miles or say

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99. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-79, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1164-1166.

100. Executive Documents, Third Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of the Interior, Part I., pp. 1166-1168.

101. *Ibid.*, pp. 1166-1168.



eight million acres. It may be ten million acres." In fact he thought that with the progress that was being made production would very soon "render our population self-dependent, as far as the food staples are concerned". A good beginning had been made and the assessors' books of 1878 reported 42,638 acres of land as being "improved".

Dairying was also a profitable branch of husbandry. It could be carried on without irrigation and, with their most nutritious grasses, could produce a superior quality of butter and cheese. He was surprised that more did not follow the example of the enterprising farmers of the southwestern part of the Territory.

In his message to the Sixth Legislative Assembly, however, Governor Hoyt admitted that agriculture had advanced but slowly in the Territory.<sup>102</sup> For a prosperous agriculture Wyoming must have a large population and accessible markets. Immigration must be encouraged through publicity of the area's advantages, mines must be opened and manufacturing must be developed. Agriculture would bring to Wyoming a stable class of people, who would give security to their laws, institutions, and the good order of the community. He believed that their failure to attract settlers was due to the assumed superior profitableness of the live stock industry and lack of confidence in the possibility of a successful agriculture at so great an elevation.

The struggle between the cattlemen and the farmer for the land was in its early stage. The cattlemen had taken possession of the public domain as theirs of right. Control of water carried with it control of the land. Already many of the streams and valleys were being fenced so as to exclude the farmer. In his report to the Secretary of Interior the governor wrote that there was nothing in existing laws to prevent a monopoly of water-privileges by a comparatively few owners of large herds of cattle and sheep, to the practical exclusion of the agriculturalist.<sup>103</sup> This was a matter of great importance, not so much in the actual present as in the early future. It was clear that if stockmen were permitted to acquire absolute control of the valley lands, not with a view to their cultivation but rather as a means of preventing it, agricultural development would be impossible. He hoped that the subject would have the early attention of Congress.

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102. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 16-17.

103. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. II., pp. 531-533.

Governor Hoyt also called attention to the failure of the general government to push the survey of public lands.<sup>104</sup> Settlers were repeatedly appealing to him for help in this matter and he hoped Congress would appropriate more money for this purpose. He thought it was a strange sort of economy which refused to open the public lands to settlers who desired to improve them, simply because it would cost a few farthings per acre to fix a boundary line. He hoped that the day was not far in the future when agriculture would become an important element in their wealth and prosperity.

**MINERAL RESOURCES.** Prospecting has always been a fascinating adventure. The possibility of finding riches without too much effort has a great appeal for many as has the desire to take a chance. The gold discoveries of California and Colorado aroused interest in neighboring communities. If gold was found in Colorado why not in Wyoming? South Pass and its brief history seemed to confirm the hopes of prospectors in search of precious metals.

Interested as he was in all economic activities in Wyoming Governor Hoyt on his exploration tours of the Territory, gave much attention to the mineral possibilities. Occupied as Wyoming had been until recently by hostile Indians, the mineral resources, he wrote the Secretary of Interior, had been but little developed or even ascertained with any great definiteness. Enough had been found out, however, to determine that they were "vast and varied". Moreover, the mineral resources were widely distributed.

In addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly, the governor called the attention of the legislators to the importance of mining for Wyoming, not only on account of the mineral resources as such but also because other industries essential to the future prosperity and greatness of Wyoming were to a large extent dependent on the development of mining.<sup>105</sup> Unless mining was first developed neither a vigorous agriculture nor a prosperous manufacturing industry would be established. He thought that especially in coal, soda and petroleum Wyoming was destined to pre-eminence among all the states and territories, if not indeed among all the countries of the world. These industries alone could insure to Wyoming a large population, varied

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104. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1178-1179.

105. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 14-16.

opportunities for the citizen, and all those conditions of a high social status upon which the well-being of the Territory must depend.

He believed that gold and silver mining had good possibilities. The only questions that remained to be settled were those of extent and richness of ore. He was convinced that great loss had been suffered by the people through the incompetence and dishonesty of men claiming to be assayers who had no qualifications for such work or who, having knowledge of the methods, for a little gain were ready to make a favorable and incorrect report. Cases could be cited in which large investments, based on false reports of assays or pretended assays that were never made at all, had been totally lost. Proper assays later made showed the so-called "rich ores" contained not so much as a trace of either gold or silver. To correct the situation he had secured for the Territory a competent assayer, who was also an analytical chemist, metallurgist and mining engineer, to furnish reliable mining information.

Governor Hoyt also reported to the Secretary of Interior that great quantities of copper, iron, graphite, sulphur, petroleum, asphalt and "vast accumulations" of soda were to be found in many localities, while material such as granite, sandstone, fire clay, limestone and marble were to be found in all parts of the Territory.<sup>106</sup>

It was, however, in regard to the coal deposits of Wyoming that the governor was especially enthusiastic. From all the minerals he had mentioned Wyoming would benefit but little if they were without corresponding supplies of coal. There must be coal for the smelting of ores, for the processing and refining of crude materials, and for the generating of motive power. Wyoming was the possessor of coal fields hardly second in extent to those of Pennsylvania and superior in quality. With the geographical position and other advantages possessed by the Territory the coal guaranteed a supremacy which needed only the "wisdom of practical statesmanship" to achieve. The Territory was practically "one vast coal basin". Certainly it would hardly be extravagant to say that nearly one-fifth of the whole area was underlaid with more or less continuous beds. Considering the quantity and quality of the coal as well as their other minerals they were justified in hoping for a great and prosperous future for the Territory. <sup>107</sup>

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106. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I, pp. 1144-1154.

107. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 1-11.



Of coal about 300,000 tons were being mined each year. Petroleum was being used by the Union Pacific as a superior lubricating oil. Their other mineral resources, however, were still untouched. Capitalists were either ignorant of them or claimed that on account of bulk and cheapness of the products they could not profitably be utilized until they could get lower freight rates.<sup>108</sup>

**MANUFACTURING.** Governor Hoyt visioned Wyoming as the leading manufacturing area for the Rocky Mountain region.<sup>109</sup> He believed the Territory had many advantages which would aid its development as that center, such as natural resources necessary as a basis of great industries, inexhaustible supplies of coal and potential water power, conveniently distributed, exceptional geographic position, and an excellent transportation system. With mountains of iron lying side by side with excellent coal, Wyoming people would not always import their railroad iron, their merchants' iron, their stoves and heavy hollow wares, and their ponderous machinery from less favored localities one and two thousand miles away. While they had at present only small factories, their natural resources suggested great manufacturing possibilities. No pains should be spared to give those resources a vigorous expansion.

Their great present need was cheaper transportation. The Union Pacific Railroad ought to adopt a more liberal policy in regard to rates and such a policy, with the resulting greater volume of freight, would increase the company's income. It would aid manufacturing and also give mining and grazing new life and prosperity. He was glad to report that some railroad officials had indicated their intention to encourage industries for the Territory by rate concessions of the most liberal terms within their power.<sup>110</sup>

**TRANSPORTATION.** The value and importance of good transportation for a community cannot be over estimated. It means access to markets, schools, church, neighbors, places of recreation. In his first report to the Secretary of Interior, Governor Hoyt shows a good understanding of the need for a solution of the transportation problem for the Territory and suggests some interesting ones.

He first considered the importance to Wyoming of the Union Pacific Railroad. The settlements established, the

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108. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. 2, p. 527.

109. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., pp. 1157-1158.

110. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, p. 17.

improvements made and developments begun in the region were due to its construction. Without the Union Pacific Wyoming would still be as wild and unproductive as it was a hundred years ago. The railroad ought not to be considered merely as a means to handle international or even transcontinental traffic. It ought to be the policy of the company, by the lowest possible rates and a guarantee of such rates for a period of years, to encourage the investment of capital all along its line. Even if there were no immediate returns to the company it would subtract nothing from the profits now made on through business and would result in the early creation of local industries and consequent local traffic that would eventually be a far greater source of revenue.<sup>111</sup>

With the main line built it was very desirable to build branch lines to develop the interior of the Territory. The immediate need was a branch from Cheyenne to the mining region of the Black Hills, to take the place of the very expensive wagon road transportation. If the road were built by way of Ft. Laramie that part would mean the first link in the eventual road to Montana. Until the time of building the railroad into Montana it would serve the needs of both the Territory and the national government to convert the present trail to Ft. Custer into a good military wagon road and mail route. The saving to the national government would pay the whole cost of such improvement in a very few years. Such a project would open to settlers the whole magnificent section of Wyoming lying east of the Big Horn mountains.

Governor Hoyt also had a plan for opening up the western part of the Territory for the benefit of the mining region and the agricultural areas there. He would have the national government construct a first class wagon road from a point on the Union Pacific into the Sweetwater mining area and along the east side of the Wind River mountains to the Yellowstone Park and on into Montana.<sup>112</sup>

In his second report to the Secretary of Interior, he discussed the proposed railroad into North Park.<sup>113</sup> This area was inaccessible from the settled portions of Colorado while it did open into Wyoming. In fact it was a natural tributary to Wyoming. It was very desirable as a summer range for stock and was rich in coal.

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111. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878, Vol. 9, **Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I**, pp. 1179-1181.

112. The possibility of constructing a wagon road to Yellowstone Park is discussed more fully in the section on Recreation.

113. Report of the Secretary of Interior, 1880, Vol. 2, p. 529.

**CONSERVATION.** In his travels through Europe Governor Hoyt had observed the careful use of the soil and its products by the people. After centuries of cultivation the soil seemed more productive than the virgin soil of America. The forests, instead of being despoiled as in the United States, were cultivated and cared for more carefully than the cultivated crops here.

In his government report he exclaimed, "How long it will be ere we come to look at practical questions with a wisdom that embraces the future in its calculations. I shall not assume to say, but I am certainly safe in asserting that unless we amend our course in forestry matters, as well as in agriculture and many other departments of American industry, the future will have just cause to reproach us with a recklessness and prodigality unparalleled in the history of enlightened nations."<sup>114</sup>

Governor Hoyt, however, was not an extremist in conservation. Addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly he discussed the desirability of supplying settlers with their needed forest products.<sup>115</sup> He believed that settlers ought to be permitted to purchase timber lands in small tracts and at fair prices. If surveys had not been made the settlers ought to be permitted to cut timber at moderate prices under government regulation. Green timber, however, ought not to be cut if sound dead timber suitable for their purpose was available. The freest use of down timber for domestic purposes ought to be permitted both to supply the needs of the people and to prevent forest fires.

There had been much destruction from cupidity and recklessness of persons engaged in speculating in the products of the forest. "The preservation of our forests", he said, "is a matter of very great moment not only because of the constant necessity we shall have for timber, as population increases and industries develop, but also for climatic reasons; since forests both promote the fall of rain and snow, and, by detaining the accumulated moisture for gradual drainage into the valleys, insure to the streams a perpetual flow. So grazing, agriculture, mining and manufacturing, as well as the lumbering interests, demand a most serious consideration of this subject. At the present rate of destruction our splendid forest will soon have been swept

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114. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1177.

115. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, Nov. 4, 1879, pp. 17-18.



from our mountains.”<sup>116</sup> He favored legislation which would penalize any carelessness in regard to fires since the law on that subject was wholly insufficient.

It is probable that his hearers and his correspondents did not become much excited over Mr. Hoyt’s warnings and predictions, at least no legislation indicates it. But now that seventy years of rapid depletion of our soil resources have brought most of the people to a dismayed realization of what has happened, we appreciate deeply the foresight of this keen and devoted public servant and only wish that his suggestions had been followed then.

**RECREATION.** As a boy Governor Hoyt had enjoyed games and sports and athletic contests of all kinds. He liked horseback riding and had in mind being a horse man. He was an excellent swimmer. He loved to tell about his exploits in mountain climbing. As Governor of Wyoming Territory he delighted in its scenery and possibilities for outdoor life and outdoor sports. Its plains, plateaus, forests and mountains intrigued him.

“Many a Wyoming herdsman”, he wrote in his report to the Secretary of Interior, “grazes his cattle, and many a shepherd watches his flock in the midst of scenery that would challenge the genius of a Turner or Salvator. He is the better for it, and the children who play about his cabin door and gambol on the bank of the beautiful stream flowing past will be the better citizens for these silent lessons. I cannot here attempt even to locate these glories of the landscape; one finds them on every mountainside and in nearly every valley. When better known they will make of Wyoming, including that ‘wonder-land’ the Great National Park, a region of resort for pleasure-seekers from every part of the world.”<sup>117</sup>

Dreaming of Wyoming as the playground of the nation, if not of the world, he believed that Yellowstone Park must be made more accessible. Entrance to the park was at that time by the round about way through Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana. Why not have the national government build a road from some point on the Union Pacific Railroad directly through Wyoming to the Yellowstone Park? Such a road would save tourists hundreds of miles of travel and offer, on the way, the enjoyment of magnificent scenery with the finest hunting and fishing for the

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116. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne. January 2, 1882, pp. 14-15.

117. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1172.

sportsman. Besides it would head off any tendency to make Montana the entrance gate to the park and retain control of it in the hands of Wyoming, where it rightfully belonged. There was already a wagon road to Ft. Washakie. An extension to Yellowstone Park could be built at very low cost.

Early in June, 1879, Governor Hoyt applied to the War Department for such a detail of soldiers from Ft. Washakie as would enable him to make an investigation of the intended route.<sup>118</sup> General Sheridan, to whom the request went, favored the plan so Major Julius F. Mason and a few privates were assigned to work with the governor. On July 23 the expedition was on its way.

On entering the park the group was taken in charge by the park officials. He says that Yellowstone Park far exceeded his expectations and he thought that, without doubt, it was destined to attract a constantly increasing number of visitors from all parts of the world.

The party entered the park by the Wind River Valley route and returned by the Stinking Water route. Either, they decided, was entirely practicable for a good wagon road, each having advantages, and the cost would be very moderate.

Not only did Wyoming have much to offer the vacation bound tourist, but it also had unusual attractions for the sportsman. "The fauna of Wyoming", the governor reported, "includes vast numbers of the most valuable species; and, to the sportsman, is one of the most attractive fields on the continent, as is manifest from the great numbers, both from various portions of the United States and from Europe, who resort to its plains and mountains for the pleasures of the chase and the angler's art."<sup>119</sup> The streams everywhere abounded in fish of choice varieties including the speckled trout. There had been wanton destruction of fish and game by non-residents who liked to boast about their big kill. More stringent laws must be passed to prevent such destruction and interested citizens must help in the enforcement of such legislation.<sup>120</sup>

**PUBLIC EDUCATION.** Governor Hoyt was a product of public schools. He believed in public education as the basic foundation of democracy. No community, he thought, could hope to maintain a free government unless the people

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118. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 318-327.

119. Executive Documents, 3rd Session, 45th Congress, 1878-1879, Vol. 9, Report of the Secretary of Interior, Part I., p. 1156.

120. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 3-39.

were well educated. He not only believed in general education as a preparation for participation in popular government and as a training for a richer life but also favored agricultural and industrial education as a means of preparing people for making a better living and breaking down any caste system which might tend to develop. He was well prepared to discuss with the Wyoming legislators their educational needs and problems. He had been a teacher at Antioch College under Horace Mann. At the request of the State Department he had made a study of the educational systems of Europe and the Americas. This report had been highly praised by American educators as well as by laymen familiar with educational problems. Addressing the National Education Association on "University Progress" his advocacy of a national university had met with the approval of the association and he had been appointed chairman of a committee to promote the establishment, by the national government, of such an institution in the District of Columbia.

The educational system he had found in Wyoming had been a surprise to him, he reported to the Bureau of Education, and later to the Secretary of Interior. With his usual enthusiasm he declared that after a careful inspection of nearly every school in the Territory and attendance upon some of the examinations and public exercises he was constrained to say that the graded schools gave evidence of an efficiency that would do honor to the older schools of the East.<sup>121</sup> Looking forward to the establishment of a university for the Territory he reported that the gradation was complete from the lowest primary to the end of the high school so that when the university was established it would rest directly upon a firm foundation.

It was also worthy of note that the public at large felt a great pride in the public schools and was ever ready with liberal means, as well as with active moral influence, to promote their advancement. In fact he had never known a community in this country or in Europe more zealously devoted to the cause of popular education than the people of this new Territory.

The schools were directed and taught by persons well qualified for their responsibilities by study in the academies, colleges, and, in several instances, normal schools of

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121. Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1877, pp. 296-297. A Bureau of Education footnote to Governor Hoyt's report is somewhat doubtful of the general correctness of the statement. It suggests that "Governor Hoyt seems to have the schools of Laramie and Cheyenne in view in making these remarks and comparisons."



the East and in general were doing excellent work. The school buildings were good, showing that the people were ready to spend their money freely for the comfort and culture of their children. He regretted that no provision had been made by Congress to allow territories some of the advantages in aid of education with which they were favored when they had been admitted into the union.<sup>122</sup>

In his message to the Seventh Legislative Assembly Governor Hoyt expressed the opinion that the counties were fortunate in their choice of school superintendents who were unusually competent and deeply interested in education. He thought, however, that their work could be advantageously supplemented by the services of experienced educators.<sup>123</sup> Just what official place these "educators" were to have is not made clear.

As a further aid in the education of the people he favored the establishment of libraries.<sup>124</sup> There ought to be established and maintained a strong and flourishing free public library at the chief center of population in each county. In the adoption of such policy, however, great care must be taken to guard the rights and interests of the neighboring villages and outlying settlements in their use of the libraries. A tax of only a fraction of a mill, together with gifts from interested people and organizations, would soon produce results that would richly compensate every contributor. Some of the communities had reading rooms which were much frequented and were doing excellent service "by attracting young men from the haunts of vice or places of trifling amusements to those means of intellectual culture and social refinements". He also favored a better exchange system for the territorial library with other states and territories as well as with foreign countries.

The Territory needed an historical and scientific museum housed in its own building.

When he was a resident of Wisconsin he had fathered the organization of an Academy of Science, Arts and Letters. Such an organization, he believed, promoted the culture and educational development of a community. He reported to the legislators that he had organized a similar group in Cheyenne.<sup>125</sup> The club had for its object the encouragement of historical and scientific research, the promo-

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122. Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1877, pp. 296-297.

123. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming, to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 12, 1882, pp. 21--22.

124. *Ibid.*, pp. 23-25.

125. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

tion of the practical industries of Wyoming, the collection and preservation of authentic records of territorial history, the formation of historical, scientific and industrial museums, and the enlargement of the territorial library.

**PUBLIC HEALTH.** With his love for the outdoors and his medical background, it is no surprise to find that Governor Hoyt considered it a duty for the community to assume some responsibility for the physical welfare of the people. Addressing the Sixth Legislative Assembly he admitted that even Wyoming "with its undulating surface, affording natural drainage, its rapid streams of crystal water, its pure mountain air and ever sunny skies" requires an intelligent, watchful and efficient supervision of public health.<sup>126</sup> He thought, however, that a public health program would be too great a financial burden for local communities and would therefore need to be planned as a part of the Territorial program. He would have a Territorial Board of Health, made up of professional men of high standing, which would have the functions common to such a board. In addition he would have the members act as public instructors in hygiene as well as in the duties of citizenship in regard to sanitary laws and regulations. Finally, he would have the board collect vital and social statistics. The board should be paid by the Territory, their services being free to the public.

**EQUAL SUFFRAGE.** Equal rights for women was beginning to be advocated by some pioneer leaders in that movement when Governor Hoyt was a young man. He heard Lucy Stone "argue for equal rights for women and felt the force of her invincible argument in favor of better opportunities and requisite freedom of women".<sup>127</sup> The First Legislative Assembly of Wyoming had given women the right to vote, an action which pleased the governor. In his message to the Seventh Legislative Assembly he reviewed the results of the law. "It was a bold and gallant stroke on the side of reason and justice long delayed, that act of our first legislative assembly, and what wonder that the eyes of the world have been turned on Wyoming ever since—under it we have better laws, better officers, better institutions, better morals and a higher social condition in general than could otherwise exist, . . . that not one of the predicted evils, such as loss of native delicacy and disturbance of home relations, has followed in its train, . . . that the great body of our women, and the best of them, have accepted the elective franchise as a precious boon and exercise it

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126. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

127. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

as a patriotic duty, . . . in a word, that, after twelve years of happy experience, woman suffrage is so thoroughly rooted and established in the minds and hearts of this people that, among them all no voice is ever uplifted in protest against or in question of it. For these reasons, also, there rests on us the obligation to so guard and elevate the social order as to make of Wyoming an ever-brightening star for the guidance of this new grand movement in the interest of human freedom."<sup>128</sup>

**PUBLIC MORALS.** Much discussed is the question of the right or desirability of the state to legislate regarding morals. Governor Hoyt believed that it was the function of the legislature to consider not only economic problems but moral ones as well. Addressing the Seventh Legislative Assembly he suggested that it was the duty of the legislators to consider and adopt every proper measure for the suppression of vice and the encouragement of virtue. Such a program would determine to a great extent "not only the personal security and happiness of the individual but also the stability, prosperity and glory of the State".<sup>129</sup>

#### **THE NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION**

Denver had for some time considered a mining exposition. It was not until the spring of 1882 that a board of directors was organized to consider and carry out the plan. A general invitation was issued to possible exhibitors. The Legislative Assembly of Wyoming had adjourned before plans were completed so no financial provision for participation was made. Governor Hoyt's term of office had expired and he was only awaiting a successor. Nevertheless the governor felt that Wyoming must be represented. Besides the governor did enjoy expositions. Accordingly he issued a proclamation calling for the financial assistance of county commissioners and private citizens so that Wyoming might have a creditable showing of its resources at the exposition. Personally he traveled over the Territory to collect desirable exhibits.

On July 29 *The Cheyenne Daily Leader* reported that "Governor Hoyt returned yesterday afternoon from a trip to Rawlins, Ft. Steele and the Seminoe mountains in the interest of Wyoming's exhibit at the Denver exposition. The Governor's trip was a hard one, embracing eighty miles in the saddle for one day's work besides the harder work at Seminoe camps in looking over the ground for sample of

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128. Message of John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming to the Seventh Legislative Assembly, January 12, 1882, pp. 26-27.

129. *Ibid.*, p. 25.



ores from that section. . . . The obstacles which had to be surmounted to make any kind of an exhibit of Wyoming resources in this exposition can scarcely be computed or comprehended."<sup>130</sup>

That he was more than successful in his efforts to secure and arrange a creditable showing of Wyoming's resources is indicated by the news stories of the Denver papers. As a matter of fact Governor Hoyt stole the show and the Denver papers admitted it. The **Denver Tribune** of August 19 states that "every day shows a big improvement in the Wyoming exhibit, which will be one of the most interesting in the exposition when it is completed".<sup>131</sup>

A few days later the **Tribune** was even more enthusiastic. Referring to the difficulties in arranging for Wyoming's participation in the exposition the paper continued, "How well he [Governor Hoyt] has succeeded in his efforts to make known the many wonderful resources of this Territory is shown in the remarkable and beautiful display of her ores, economic products, industrial material and vast resources in the tasty pavilion at the north end of the main building. On each corner of the square occupied are monuments from eight to ten feet in height; one of the rich red hematite ore found near Laramie City and used by the Union Pacific Railroad rolling mills, one of pine, larch and spruce, excellent representatives of 15,000,000 acres of forest, one of gold and copper ores and last that wonderful cube of soda sulphate the existence of which the Eastern newspapers still doubt. This soda, which is a sample of the fifteen foot bed of the Sweetwater valley, had to be cut up into large cubes, which made the most novel and interesting monument in the building. On the sides are arranged eight glass cases filled with gold, copper, silver and iron ores, that rank well with other exhibits; chunks of bicarbonate of soda, chemically pure, and found in vast deposits; alabaster and gypsum, from lodes that will last a generation; mica of good quality and quantity; with much other material of economic and industrial value. In the center of the square stands a large column of coal, made up of the representatives of the vast veins, varying from four to forty feet in thickness, that are found in almost any section of Wyoming.

"From the top of this pyramid festoons of red and white bunting droop gracefully down to the ends of the cases next to the corner monuments, binding and grouping all in a harmonious whole. Inside the square are tables with

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130. *The Cheyenne Daily Leader*, July 29, 1882.

131. *The Denver Daily Tribune*, August 19, 1882.

piles of asbestos and alabaster, and large and ornamental glasses filled with choice samples of mica, fine china kaolin, mineral paint, natural quick lime, crude petroleum, sulphur, graphite, bicarbonate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, and so on. Around the base of the coal monument are grouped piles of unsurpassed granites, marbles and building stones; and samples of work from the Union Pacific Railroad rolling mills at Laramie.

"Ornamental fronts have been built on the east and west sides, which bear appropriate inscriptions calling the attention of its visitors to the fact that Wyoming has already 700,000 head of cattle, 450,000 sheep, 40,900 horses, 15,000,000 acres of pine lands, and vast resources in the way of material of industrial value, while her liberal laws, excellent climate, tillable soil and progressiveness offer every inducement to the settler.

"Along with her mines and minerals, Wyoming claims the best cattle and sheep ranges in the United States. The Wyoming exhibit has several points worthy of mention. Being entirely open, the whole exhibit can be easily seen and attracts attention from the galleries; the monuments at the corner afford a view of the interior, as one comes along the aisles before reaching the entrance proper; while the combination of monuments, cases, tables of glassware, etc., and the artistic taste shown in the combinations of color, not only in materials and decorations but even in the carpet and trimmings of the tables, make it the most attractive of all the exhibits. Not one presents a more diversified or interesting collection of products that will attract the attention of the manufacturer than Wyoming. Besides the mineral exhibits there are two cases filled with its rare fossil turtles and other choice petrifications, for which the Territory is famous, while photographs and specimens call to mind the 'enchanted land' of the Yellowstone Park. Wyoming has been but little known, and her products have been overshadowed by the little giant Colorado, but she is rapidly coming to the front and has no doubt a brilliant future. . . . The Wyoming exhibit is a beauty—the best arranged, most tasteful and artistic of all. It reflects great credit not only upon the Territory, but also upon Governor Hoyt and his co-laborer, Professor Bailey, who have been untiring in their endeavors to make it a success. They have fought a good fight, and now find their reward in the high encomiums given by all visitors."<sup>132</sup>

The **Denver Daily News** also commented favorably

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132. **The Denver Daily Tribune**, August 27, 1882.

on the Wyoming exhibit. In the August 26 issue of that paper a lengthy story reads in part as follows, "The commissioners of Wyoming have completed the arrangement of their exhibit with very satisfactory results. The pavillion is one of the finest looking in the whole building. . . . The plan and arrangement of the exhibit, and the artistic taste shown in the grouping and in the coloring, reflects great credit upon Governor Hoyt who designed it. Governor Hoyt and Professor Bailey have taken their coats off and worked like beavers to make their exhibit a success, and are now enjoying the fruits of their labors in the unstinted praise given by all visitors to one of the handsomest and diversified collections."<sup>133</sup>

**The Salt Lake Tribune**, quoted in **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, was also impressed by Wyoming's exhibit. "Governor Hoyt of Wyoming," reports the **Tribune**, "althugh at the close of his term of office, has earned the lasting gratitude of the people of that Territory by his labors for a representative collection of Wyoming resources at the Exposition. Realizing its value he has gathered an excellent display of minerals, woods and other articles essential to a complete exhibit and has them attractively arranged."<sup>134</sup>

Governor Hoyt arranged with the Denver officials of the Exposition for September 12 as Wyoming Day and secured from the Union Pacific a special rate for those who attended from Wyoming.

In his message to the Eighth Legislative Assembly Governor Hale, who succeeded Governor Hoyt as chief executive of Wyoming Territory, made the following comment, "I need not, in this connection, more than allude to the great honor and advantage which have resulted to the Territory from the patriotic efforts of my worthy predecessor, and from the generous contributions of county boards of commissioners, in this behalf. To many thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, and to numerous representatives of the press, the admirable illustration of resources there made, was a new and astonishing revelation of the vast wealth and future greatness of Wyoming."<sup>135</sup>

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133. **The Denver Daily News**, August 26, 1882.

134. **The Salt Lake Tribune** quoted in **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, September 1, 1882.

135. Message of William Hale, Governor of Wyoming, to the Eighth Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, January 10, 1884.



## PUBLIC REACTION TO GOVERNOR HOYT'S RETIREMENT

According to Governor Hoyt nothing had been said to him in regard to the intention of the legislators to petition President Arthur for his reappointment. While the desire and expectation for his continuance in office was known to be universal, he writes, many feared that the president might decide to make an appointment "on his own account, regardless of public considerations; unless something unusual should arrest his attention".<sup>136</sup> It was for this reason that the legislators passed, by unanimous vote, resolutions asking for his re-appointment.

**The Cheyenne Daily Sun**, in its comment on the legislative action, no doubt reflected public opinion in the Territory. "The Territorial Council", reported the **Sun**, "exhibited yesterday an amount of broad-gauged prudence in a matter that concerns the public interest which calls for more than the passing commendation of the **Sun**. It is important to our growing Territory that we have capable, honest and public spirited officials, and it is of greater importance to retain such officers after they have become fully acquainted with the situation and the wants of the people.

"We think, therefore, we voice the opinion of the entire Territory when we say that the thoughtful, honest and able administration of Governor Hoyt ought to be extended for another term. During the past four years he has traversed the entire Territory and labored assiduously to acquaint himself with its resources and capabilities, and his valuable reports to the Secretary of Interior upon Wyoming have received the highest commendations from the Secretary and the public."<sup>137</sup>

**The Cheyenne Daily Leader** also expressed similar sentiments. "Both houses of the legislature have adopted resolutions expressive of confidence in Governor Hoyt, and requesting his re-appointment. The governor has been an excellent official, and has steadily improved in worth and usefulness to the Territory, so that the passage of the resolutions referred to, by unanimous vote, was a matter entirely to be expected. . . . Now that the people have spoken through their representatives, President Arthur will have no trouble in ascertaining whom to appoint governor, if he would aim to do the greatest good to the greatest number."<sup>138</sup>

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136. Hoyt, *op. cit.*, pp. 329-330.

137. **The Cheyenne Daily Sun**, March 8, 1882.

138. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, March 14, 1882.

President Arthur and the governor were members of different factions of the Republican party. Arthur was a cog in the New York Conkling machine while the governor had been appointed by President Hayes, whom Senator Conkling and his group hated most cordially. Under the circumstances Governor Hoyt could not expect re-appointment. President Arthur ignored the legislative petitions, as well as the suggestions of the newspapers, and selected William Hale, who took office August 12, 1882.

John W. Hoyt had taken his work as governor of Wyoming most seriously and had put forth his best efforts to further the interest of the Territory. His theory of a public servant's place in the life of a state was well expressed in his first message to the Legislative Assembly. "It [Wyoming] can hardly fail of a great future how much so-ever we, to whom its destinies are for the time being committed, may fail of our duty; for, in such event, others, wiser and more faithful, will take up the unperformed task, and work out the unfailing plans of Him who gave us so rich a heritage. But should we not rather so perform our part in this grand work of material, intellectual and social development as to earn the hearty approval of the Present and the undying gratitude of the Future?"<sup>139</sup>

The time for the selection of public officials in Wyoming was approaching. Among the officers to be chosen was the Territory's delegate to Congress. The Cheyenne newspapers suggested that for the Republican party Governor Hoyt would be a desirable candidate. **The Laramie Weekly Sentinel** agreed. "The Cheyenne papers", it said, "suggest the name of ex-Governor Hoyt for delegate to Congress from Wyoming. The idea strikes us favorably for several reasons.

"In the first place no man . . . has spent so much time and labor in acquainting himself with the resources of Wyoming as Governor Hoyt and no one has labored so hard and successfully to attract attention to these from the outside world.

"The superhuman exertion which Governor Hoyt made to bring our territory into notice through the medium of the great Denver exposition, the grand success which, almost unaided and alone, he has achieved, calling forth encomiums from the press of Colorado and the whole country, and giving to the world a more exalted idea of our resources than it could otherwise have obtained in a quarter of a century,

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139. Message of Governor Hoyt to the Sixth Legislative Assembly of Wyoming Territory, convened at Cheyenne, November 4, 1879, pp. 38-39.

certainly ought to inspire some sense of gratitude among the people of Wyoming.

"And again the people of Wyoming owe it to themselves, as their own assertion of self-respect and a proper rebuke to the powers that rule over us, since they united as one man, irrespective of party or faction, both by petition and by a unanimous vote of both houses of the legislature, in asking for the re-appointment of Governor Hoyt, and their requests and petition were insultingly disregarded. In view of this fact alone the people of Wyoming ought to unite, irrespective of party, and send Governor Hoyt to represent them in Congress as a proper vindication of their own self-respect.

"We do not know whether Governor Hoyt desires or would accept the position at all, but we are justified in saying that no man would labor more faithfully for the interest of our Territory, and no man could accomplish as much for us as he."<sup>140</sup>

Writing a few days later, however, the *Sentinel* was not so sure that Governor Hoyt would receive the Republican nomination.

"We conscientiously believe him [Hoyt] the best fitted for the place, and a man who could and would do more for the Territory than any other man whom we could send, but he is not likely to be selected for two reasons, first, because he will not figure or wire-pull for the nomination, because he has not as much money to spend in carrying on the campaign as some others."<sup>141</sup>

The *Cheyenne Daily Leader* reported that "The men most prominently mentioned [as candidates for the office of delegate to Congress] are Hon. J. W. Meldrum, chairman of the Republican Territorial committee, and ex-Governor John W. Hoyt. Either will accept the nomination, it is believed, in case it is tendered him."

Governor Hoyt attended the Republican convention and, as the *Leader* had suggested, would, very likely, have accepted the nomination if it had been offered him. As the *Sentinel* had intimated, however, he was not a practical or professional politician nor a member of the "inside" group of the party. Then, too, in spite of his great services to Wyoming, he was considered a federal official and an outsider. His name was not even brought before the convention and Meldrum received the nomination on the first ballot.

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140. *The Laramie Weekly Sentinel*, September 2, 1882.

141. *Ibid.*, September 16, 1882.



In welcoming William Hale as the new governor of Wyoming **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, which had not always been friendly, gave the following estimate of Governor Hoyt's service to the Territory.

"In taking leave of the executive chair, Governor Hoyt can do so with the satisfaction which comes of knowing that he has worked hard and earnestly to bring Wyoming into the position in the eyes of the people at large which her resources entitle her to. His personal effort has been tireless in this work and good should come of it."<sup>142</sup>

Frances Birkhead Beard, in her **Wyoming, from Territorial Days to the Present**, gives a good characterization of John W. Hoyt and estimate of his work as governor. "At the beginning of this era", writes Mrs. Beard, "there came to Wyoming a new governor, a man of exceptional qualifications as a publicist, educator and writer. . . . He brought to Wyoming the experience and attainments of a man of the world. . . . He had many intellectual interests and contacts, was a great traveler, a keen observer, and his facility as a writer made him a supreme 'press agent' for Wyoming. . . . In all his official writings Governor Hoyt visions the development of a great state, based upon the fullest utilization of its natural resources—mining, manufacturing, agriculture and stock raising. His enthusiasm is subject to no blame because economic development of the Territory took a somewhat different course from what he so enthusiastically outlined."<sup>143</sup>

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH** — Dr. Henry J. Peterson, formerly Professor of Political Science and Chairman of the Department, University of Wyoming, Laramie, was born on September 3, 1878, at Story City, Iowa. He received his higher education at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, the University of Chicago and the University of Iowa at Iowa City. He came to Wyoming in 1909 to assume the position of Superintendent of Public Schools at Diamondville, for one year. From 1910 to 1920, Dr. Peterson was Professor of Political Science at Iowa State Teacher's College, Cedar Falls.

In 1920, he returned with his family to Wyoming, having accepted a position with the University of Wyoming.

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142. **The Cheyenne Daily Leader**, August 11, 1882. Herman Glaefcke, editor of *The Leader*, had been appointed Secretary of Wyoming by President Grant in 1870 and served until 1873.

143. Beard, **Wyoming, From Territorial Days to the present**, Vol. I, pp. 292-295.

He and Miss Katharine W. Constant, of Buffalo Hart, Illinois, were married on December 26, 1914, and they have one son, Robert Constant. Dr. Peterson is a Mason and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

He is the author of Chapter IV, headed "Wyoming: A Cattle Kingdom", in a volume entitled **Rocky Mountain Politics**", edited by Thomas Claude Connelly and published by the University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1940, also a 30-page paper, entitled, "The Constitutional Convention of Wyoming", published in the University of Wyoming Publications in May, 1940, and distributed as a supplement to the October, 1940, number of the Annals of Wyoming.

Since 1947 Dr. Peterson's position at the University of Wyoming has been Professor Emeritus of Political Science.

# *Pioneering Western Trails*

## A PIONEER FAMILY

As a prelude to the following article by Mr. Clarence B. Richardson we are desirous of giving a brief resume of the Richardson family, one of the oldest and most distinguished of Wyoming's long ago and present day as well.

It was in 1869 that Warren Richardson Sr. came to the Wyoming Territory, having been sent by Mr. W. N. Byers, owner of the **Rocky Mountain News** of Denver, Colorado, to take charge of and edit the **Cheyenne Daily Leader**, which is now the **Wyoming State Tribune**.

During the early 70's this spirited pioneer held many positions of trust and responsibility. He was the Chief Clerk of the House in the Legislature of 1871, and Secretary of the Territorial Council Legislature of 1873. He was elected County Clerk in 1872. Mr. Richardson was City Clerk in the early 70's and was elected a member of the Cheyenne City Council. It was here he achieved outstanding recognition. He was appointed Chairman of the Park Committee and it was through his efficient efforts and correspondence with Mr. Sidney Dillon, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, that the site of the City Park of Cheyenne was obtained. For fifteen years he was the auditor and assistant cashier of the First National Bank in Cheyenne, which position he retained until 1886. He was elected Superintendent of Public Schools in 1884. He was the author of several books, one of which, **Doctor Zell and the Princess Charlotte**, went through several editions. He had one of the largest libraries in the State containing many rare books, some of which were several hundred years old. Mr. Richardson died in March of 1908.

Mrs. Richardson arrived in Cheyenne April 17, 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson not only possessed the fine and courageous and generous qualities of the early pioneers but instilled them in the hearts of their seven children, Victoria A. D. (Mrs. Iver) Johnson, Warren Jr., Clarence B., Emile, Laura V., Arthur and M. Valeria. Arthur, the youngest of the brothers, died in 1900 at the age of twenty-four years. He was City Editor of the **Cheyenne Sun**, now the **Wyoming State Tribune**. He had been elected a member of the State Legislature but died before he was able to serve.

Mrs. Richardson's motto was, "Do the best you can". She never talked of the hardships of pioneering but of the





An Early Day Stage Coach On Western Trails

wonderful sunshine and wild flowers in Wyoming. To her belongs the distinction of planting the first flower garden in Cheyenne. It had to be watered by "The barrel water system." Water was brought from Crow Creek at a cost of twenty-five cents a barrel. Her first summer here she planted the seeds which she brought from the east and had sixty-three varieties of growing plants, shrubs, trees and vegetables. Many of the lilac bushes found in Cheyenne today grew from the slips she so generously gave to lovers of flowers. Mrs. Vivian A. B. Henderson in **Women of Wyoming** paid a beautiful tribute to this kind and noble person and bestowed upon her the well deserved title, "The Madonna of the Plains".

Saint Mark's Episcopal Church was the first one built in the Territory of Wyoming. The Richardson family have always been devout members of this church and Warren was the first altar boy to serve there. Mrs. Richardson's children gave the chimes to Saint Mark's as a memorial to their most beloved mother.

The truest picture of Warren Richardson Jr., can best be obtained by quoting an article from Community Builders in the **Wyoming Eagle** of August 27, 1927: "Warren Richardson has constructed a number of fitting monuments while living, no other will ever be needed." Cheyenne Frontier Days, now national in its scope, was largely developed by Warren who was chairman of the first committee. From 1914 to 1920 he was Chairman of the Laramie County Commissioners during which time the City and County Building and the Memorial Hospital were constructed and the first three hundred and fifty miles of graded roads were made in Laramie County. Warren was also associated with the Detroit people in the construction of the Lincoln Highway from the Nebraska line to the Utah State line. During his term as president of the Cheyenne Country Club he sponsored the construction of the club house, which only recently has been remodeled. He is a member of the Historical Landmark Commission since its inception in 1927 and has been president for the past six years. His enthusiasm and keen interest have been responsible for the erection of monuments at many of the historic points of interest in the State of Wyoming today.

The Richardson family has been and still is identified with Salt Creek and other oil fields in Wyoming since 1888. They are also interested in the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company of which Mr. Clarence B. Richardson was President for some years and is now the Chairman of the Board. The Company has paid continuous dividends for over thir-

ty-three years, amounting to more than \$6,570,000 to date.

Emile Richardson, a most successful business man, is the manager and secretary of the Richardson Brothers Company, a position which he has held for the last forty years. Due to his efficient managerial ability and keen discrimination in business adventures he has achieved outstanding success for his company. "Pioneering Western Trails" depicts the glowing life of Clarence.

## PIONEERING OVER WESTERN TRAILS

Address delivered before the Cheyenne Rotary Club  
December 18, 1929, by Clarence B. Richardson

Mr. President and Members of the Cheyenne Rotary club:

Of all the varied experiences I may have had while traveling over western trails, I assure you that after dinner speaking has not been one of them. When Judge Matson requested me to relate a few of my personal reminiscences, I of course felt highly flattered, but at once declined, thinking, however, that he would probably mildly insist and that I could then after being properly urged, accept with becoming modesty but instead of that, the Judge said, "They won't expect much anyway, and you will get by all right." A few days later, in relating rather boastfully to my friend and associate, Governor Brooks, in Casper, who is also a Rotarian, that I had been invited to make this address, he rather naively remarked, "Well, Clarence, don't let that swell you up too much, it only indicates that you are getting old."

A short time ago I attended a meeting of a Woman's Franklin club in Casper. They insisted that I give them the high spot (as they termed it) of my recent trip to Honolulu and I told them this story. The boat was ready to land in Honolulu, it was about 5 o'clock in the morning, still dark, the light just beginning to come through the port holes of my cabin. My brother Emile was asleep in the opposite berth, when the door opened and a woman came in. I spoke to her but she evidently did not hear me, she walked right over to my bed, sat down, put her arms around me, stooped over and kissed me and said, "Aren't you going to get up, dear, it is lovely out." I hesitated a moment and said "What is the rush, let's talk it over." She jumped up and said, "Have I made a mistake?" and I said "I hope not," and she flew out of the room. I am still wondering whether she was looking for her father, husband or could it have been my Brother Emile.

I am only going to try and give a few of the high spots



of my various experiences in Alaska, Mexico and the Salt Creek field, and have jotted down those that I thought might be of interest as they occurred to me.

My first experience as a very young boy was that of carrying papers on the **Cheyenne Leader**. My brother Warren had the regular paper route for which he received \$2 a week. He sublet it to me in the winter time to do the work for 50c a week, and I worked at this for several months. It taught me one very important thing, and that is that a large part of the profits in most deals goes to pay overhead management and I have tried to stay on that side of every deal as much as possible since that time.

I worked at the printing business for about six months while I was going to school, learned the printing trade, joined the Wyoming Typographical Union No. 184, got to be the local reporter on the paper and then after a philosophical conversation one day with the proprietor of the paper, Colonel E. A. Slack, one of my very best friends, in which he assured me there was no money in the newspaper business at that time in the western country, I decided to quit it and get into something that promised more adventure and a greater profit.

About that time they were developing the mines at Silver Crown and I got a position out there as time keeper and running the boarding house, with Mr. Iver Johnson, my brother-in-law. He spent a great many thousands of dollars in trying to develop those mines.

They had built a smelter and a large stamp mill out there. The mill alone cost over \$90,000.00, and they were working about 200 men. The first and only car load of copper matte ever produced there I sold at Bellville, Illinois that fall for \$2,600, but it only paid back a small part of my claim for boarding the men and the money due me from the company. Subsequently the mill was sold to pay the claims of the creditors and about three years later it was purchased by my brother and myself for the sum of \$550 to pay the sheriffs fees for selling the property.

About the year 1892 we were running the Tivoli cafe which was at that time the headquarters for a very exciting and extraordinary political campaign that had grown out of the cattlemen's invasion and it overturned the political complexion of the state. Several of the active candidates for United States senator made it their headquarters, among them General John Charles Thompson, who is the only man that I recall in the United States that came within one vote of being elected United States senator, and the entire cost of his campaign which I assisted in conducting,

amounted to \$48.35, most of that being spent for meals, cigars and possibly a few drinks.

About that time I went to Colorado and built a stamp mill at Granite, near Leadville, and moved a part of the stamp mill there that we had purchased at Silver Crown, but there are two very necessary things that every prospector must have, one of them is of course some kind of a mine to exploit and the other is to find someone who has the money and is willing to put it in to developing the mine. In search for the money I went east and then on to Paris where I lived the greater part of a year and finally succeeded in interesting a French Count who had a little money and considerable influence in the enterprise. We afterwards operated the mill for four or five years, sometimes at a profit, most of the time at a loss. When I left Paris and returned to Cheyenne I had a return ticket and \$6 and spent \$2.50 of that for meals before I reached the boat. I related some of my Parisian experiences to a fellow passenger sitting beside me at the dining table. He was truly a Rotarian and a very kind and considerate gentleman, being Mr. McCutcheon, whose firm has been famous in New York for the past hundred years for the sale of magnificent Irish linens. He came to me in a very fatherly way and said, "My boy, would you mind doing me a favor," and I said of course I would not. He then said it would be a very great pleasure if I would allow him to cash a check for me or let him lend me enough money to get home on, and being a little uncertain about my bank account, whether I had enough to cash a check, I suggested that he make me a loan which he did and which I very gratefully accepted.

It was about this time that we became interested in the oil fields in central Wyoming and I made several trips overland with Mr. Iver Johnson and Emile Richardson from Cheyenne to Salt Creek, which took about 10 days in those days where now the trip is made in much less than 10 hours.

Mr. Johnson spent a fortune in the Wyoming oil fields and made the trip overland from Cheyenne to Salt Creek by team every winter for 22 years doing assessment work on oil placer claims.

The problem of securing money to develop the field was of course the one important thing, as it always is. The only two men in the world who seemed to have any money that I had ever heard of were John D. Rockefeller and Russell Sage, so I went down to New York and tried to get an interview with them and interest them in the Wyoming oil fields. I had a mistaken boyish idea that I could walk right into their offices and present the proposition to them

off hand without any trouble whatever. As a matter of fact it was a very difficult thing to do and while I did not at that time get to meet them, I did get acquainted with some brokers in New York, which led to me becoming a member of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange and I was a floor trader and broker on the exchange for the firm for five years. Subsequently through the kind offices of Senator Warren, who went to Senator Aldrich, I believe, a relative of Mr. Rockefeller, I secured the coveted interview, but without getting any money. He did, however, make a very impressive prophecy to me, which was this. He said, "we know there is oil in Wyoming, but it will be 20 years before it comes into the market, and when it does, our companies will be there." It was about 20 years before these fields were developed on anything like a profitable scale.

In 1895 I went to England to try and interest the English people in the Salt Creek field and again in 1897. We brought three different expeditions out from London and among them Dr. J. Boverton Redwood, who, at that time, was one of the greatest geologists of international reputation. He reported on the Baku oil fields in Russia for the English people, which had made them a great many million dollars. We had options on nearly all the oil land in central Wyoming, representing something over 300,000 acres, and it covered most all of the Salt Creek field and practically all of the now famous Teapot Dome. Included in the land was the famous Section 36 that has since produced so many millions of dollars for the state of Wyoming. This land had been located for oil long before Wyoming was admitted to statehood when the state received it as school land. Practically all of this land was being offered on a basis of \$3.50 an acre. We succeeded in selling to the English people in 1900 the Shannon refinery at Casper and a large part of this acreage for the sum of \$325,000. The first payment of \$25,000 was made to Mr. Shannon at the Waldorf hotel in New York in June of that year, when he took me to dinner and said, "My boy, we have made a wonderful deal, but I never expect to get the rest of the money." He did, however, get all of the money and since that time the property has produced many millions of dollars.

In 1898 the great Klondike excitement was on throughout the country. The temptation was entirely too great for me to remain in New York, so I started for the Klondike. That is, you know, a cold, bleak, barren country where the thermometer goes down to 40 and as low as 70 degrees below zero and where the snow in places was possi-



bly hundreds of feet deep. I arrived at the summit of Chilcoot Pass late in February of that year, in a blinding blizzard, and it occurred to me that I would give almost anything I possessed for a cup of hot coffee. I realized that there were probably more than 100,000 pilgrims behind me that would be coming over that same trail and feel the same way. I went back and bought a 12x14 tent and moved it up to the Scales, which is the name of the last camp where the 1,600 steps cut out of the snow start up over the pass. I got a recipe from a German baker in Dyea for making doughnuts, with a small four-hole stove I would sit up all night making doughnuts without eggs, milk or butter and sold them to these weary, hungry, struggling Argonauts going over this trail for the price of \$1 for a cup of coffee and two doughnuts. Many days at noon time I would have a string of men in line as long as from here to the union station, waiting to get in, and in less than 30 days I had taken in over \$9,000, during which time I had hired my outfit carried over the pass, as everything had to be carried on men's backs. On April 3rd, 1898 the great Chilcoot Pass snow slide took place, which killed over 80 of the gold seekers who were camped at this point and buried up my tent and the remaining portion of my outfit that had not been moved, under 40 or 50 feet of snow and ice. After crossing over the pass we cut down trees at Lake Linderman to build a boat, and sawing lumber by hand from small trees is a very difficult and laborious job. We camped there for a short time and I met a miner who had known me at Granite, Colo., and he told me that all the good claims on the Klondike had been taken and if I wanted to make some money, to take in some cigarettes and lemons, as nearly everyone had scurvy and craved the acid taste of the lemon juice and that cigarettes were selling at \$2.50 for a package of 10. I sent the order out to Seattle and got back 50,000 cigarettes and 3,000 lemons and took them 70 miles over the snow and ice to our camp, just as the ice was beginning to go out of the Yukon river (a very dangerous trip), early in June of that year.

Probably by far the greatest thrill that I have ever experienced in my life was the shooting of the White Horse Rapids, which is about 300 miles inland down the Yukon river. Many lives were lost at that point. Another almost equally thrilling experience was in crossing Windy Arm, where there were hundreds of boats wrecked. Our boat was being driven on the rocks, but by extremely good luck, after having worked all night in the storm and while we were rapidly drifting toward a rock bound

beach, expecting that each wave would throw us on the rocks and break the boat into splinters, some of the men who had been wrecked there the night before us, about 20 of them got two large trees and as we drifted toward the shore, they waded out in the water and held our boat off so that it was skidded upon the poles high and dry on the rocks, some 10 feet high and we escaped without even springing a leak in the boat.

When I reached Dawson City, we were one of the first boats to reach there, I disposed of half the lemons for \$1 apiece, over 1,500 of them, and sold all of the cigarettes to one man wholesale, 50,000 of them, for 50 cents a package and he weighed out to me the gold dust for the purchase. I bought a mine at the forks of Eldorado and Banaza creeks, about 20 miles up from Dawson City. It immediately adjoined the claim of Clarence Berry, which was at that time known as the richest claim in the Klondike. It was necessary to go a distance of about three-quarters of a mile to cut down trees and drag them in with a rope over your shoulder, making almost a day's trip to get in one large tree, and cut it up for fire wood, to thaw the ground. Our shaft was about four by six feet, and one tree would thaw out enough ground to sink the shaft about four inches and inasmuch as we had 30 feet to go to bedrock, it took several months to do the work.

The winters are nine months long and 22 hours a day continual darkness. The summers are very short and 22 hours daylight. The night life in Dawson was extremely thrilling and interesting. Of the 200,000 people that started for the Klondike about 10,000 of them eventually reached there. I visited every mining camp in Alaska and became convinced of the fact that the big money in that country would be made 25 years later by those who waited long enough to ride in there on a Pullman car, when proper machinery could be brought into the country to develop it, and the same ground that we thawed out by burning trees has since been mined at an enormous profit by steam shovels and modern methods.

Mr. Henry Rothberger, photographer, who had a large studio in Denver, was with me on this trip. We took photographs of many places of interest along the trails in Alaska which with short descriptive articles I sent to my brother Arthur Richardson, who was at that time city editor of the **Cheyenne Sun-Leader** and some of these articles were syndicated and published in many papers throughout the country, as it was a topic of great interest at that time.

My next experience was that of being Commissioner-

in-Chief for the state of Wyoming to the St. Louis Exposition and subsequently to the Exposition at Portland, and that led up to my going to Mexico in 1906. We had a very large lucrative business in Mexico, employed about 1,500 men. We made everything that is made out of wood and controlled about 80 per cent of the lumber business of northern Mexico, besides supplying the railroads with something over a million ties a year. The country had been at peace for 30 years under the reign of Porfirio Diaz, but in 1910 the Mexican revolution broke out and it has probably existed more or less ever since that time. I first met the bandit, Francisco Villa, when we were trying to take a relief train from Chihuahua out to our camp at San Juanito. There had been no train over the road for several weeks. There were two men with me who were managing mining companies in that part of the country. We had five cars of provisions in the train and in the coal box behind the stove in the caboose we had our payrolls, covered with coal. The money amounted to about 120,000 pesos, 20,000 pesos of it belonging to our company. Villa held up the train. He did not find the money at that time. A year or two later, the bandit had become a general and was in charge of almost the entire northern part of Mexico. I was the acting United States Consul at Chihuahua, a position I filled for a short time during the absence of Marion T. Letcher. Secretary Bryan sent me a message to intercede with General Villa for two Spaniards who had been taken from the train and ordered to be shot, and he instructed me to ascertain what they had been charged with. Villa had taken possession of one of the largest and most magnificent palatial residences of the city and it was more difficult to get access to him than any potentate in Europe, but when I was finally received by him, he stood off in one corner of the room, apparently so that I could not stab him in the back, and held a six shooter on me all the time I was there. He felt a very great contempt for both President Wilson and Secretary Bryan and did not hesitate to show it, and very haughtily and insultingly dictated the message that he wished me to send to them, saying, "Tell Wilson and Bryan that these men are charged with being Spaniards and that when I get to Torreon I will kill or deport every Spaniard in that city." I sent the message as he dictated it, but the next day the Associated Press carried an article stating that the government had received ample guarantees for the security of the lives and property of all the Spaniards at Torreon. Later when Villa reached Torreon, he did exactly what he told



me he would do, and all of them lost their property and many of them lost their lives.

A few years later Villa was in control of all northern Mexico. The American mining men had been requested to re-open their mines and return to work. The train carrying 23 of these men was held up by Villa at the same place he held our train up three years before. Most of the Americans on the train—I knew them all personally—were mining engineers and managers of mining companies, a very high grade lot of men, and what might be said to be the flower of the American colony in the state of Chihuahua. They took all of these unarmed Americans from the train, stripped them naked and had them all shot; 23 of them were murdered in cold blood. They brought the bodies to our factory at Chihuahua and had rough pine board coffins made for them there. The only charge against those men was that they were American citizens.

I had frequent occasions to make trips overland to El Paso. The city of Chihuahua had been under siege for 10 weeks and there had been no communication whatever with the outside world. I got hold of a Ford car and tried to make the trip over the sandy desert, something over 425 kilometers, and had reached within 210 kilometers of El Paso, when we broke the pinion that holds the universal gears together, and it was impossible, of course, to go any farther. When we left Chihuahua, I had one man with me. They would not permit us to take any food from the city, although we did have a small shoe box containing a few sandwiches, which we had eaten before the accident occurred. We hired a Mexican with two mules to take us on to El Paso. I had a grip which contained a great many valuable papers and about \$40,000 in money, that I was trying to take out of the country, and I buried it in the sand, first measuring off to the spot the exact distance from two telegraph poles, and it remained there for something over 18 months. When I went back, although the sand dune had grown several feet, I found the grip intact. The Mexican taking us out told us we could get water about 30 miles from where we were, but when we got there we found several dead animals in the mud hole and we were unable to drink the water. He said there was a well about 75 kilometers beyond there, and when we reached that place, the ranch house had been burned and everything around there had been destroyed and as the well was over 100 feet deep it was impossible for us to get any water there. We had no food of any kind and no water for nearly four days. Just as we reached the Rio Grande river, we met the superin-

tendent of the American Smelting & Refining company coming in with an automobile and several men. They were well supplied with provisions and mineral water, all of which they offered to us, but I was unable to eat a single bite, but the water was very delicious and refreshing.

I frequently visited with General Pershing at Fort Bliss, and on one occasion when we were having dinner together at the Hotel Del Norte in El Paso, a relative of Francisco Madero, the president of Mexico, I believe at that time, came over to our table and wanted me to advance the money to pay the export duty on 4,000 head of cattle that the Revolutionists had confiscated from Don Louis Terrazas. The profit in the deal was approximately \$40,000, which he offered to split with me. Our company having a large property interest in the country, and for many other reasons, I knew it would be unwise to enter into the deal. The cattle were claimed as the legitimate spoils of war and were being sold under the direction of the de facto Mexican government. The general then entered into a philosophical reverie and said he had been a great many years in the service and was then a Brigadier General, with a very modest salary, and that he often thought he would like to resign and get into business where he could make some money. Of course you all know what happened after that. It was a very fortunate thing for both our country and General Pershing that he did not follow out that idea.

Referring back to one of my visits to New York in 1895, I finally secured an interview with Mr. Russell Sage. Just before that time someone had thrown a bomb into his office and had blown the entire side of the building down. It was exceeding difficult to get an appointment with him. We were trying to float a bond issue of \$500,000 to develop the oil lands in Wyoming. A few days ago when I was looking through some old papers I found a copy of the prospectus offering these bonds. The issue covered 61 square miles of land, and the prospectus said that probably 15 square miles would produce oil. It concluded with this statement. "The opportunities for oil men in Wyoming are today as great as they ever were in the far east, or in Pennsylvania. There is greater oil area, and by far a greater variety of oils. The probabilities in the full development of this land are stupendous, the possibilities almost beyond compute." These bonds were guaranteed as to principal, by the Bond & Mortgage Guarantee company of New York, one of the best companies of the kind in the country.

Mr. Sage received me with a great deal of interest and treated me in a very kindly manner. He asked me a

great many questions and talked to me for some time over an hour. He said that he understood that most of that land out here was very sandy and covered with sage brush and cactus, and that nothing could live on it with the possible exception of prairie dogs and rattle snakes, and it did not appeal to him as good security for the kind of bonds that he liked to buy, but he said, "Do not let this discourage you because there are a great many bonds being sold down here that have much poorer security behind them than that."

He was a very eccentric and interesting man, and did a great many things, I think probably, just to amuse the public.

On one occasion when we were showing a party of Englishmen over this land a bad snow storm came up and a regular blizzard was blowing. We were out all day and nearly all night before we reached the FL ranch, where we secured food and shelter. At one time it looked as though one of the party, a rather frail man, might perish before the ranch could be reached, as we were lost and far off the road for over ten hours. My brother Warren was riding on the front seat of a spring wagon trying to drive four horses and insisted on chewing tobacco. The wind was blowing a gale and tobacco juice was flying around everywhere and on one occasion Mr. Frank H. Gilbert, a very dignified, and fine English gentleman, spoke up and said, "I say, Warren, you have filled my eyes with tobacco juice." Warren apologized and promised not to do it again, and then forgetting himself, within a few moments proceeded to repeat the offense. An Irishman by the name of Moffat was along with us, who had some land that we were trying to sell for him. He rode over to me and said, "For God's sake, get your brother to quit chewing tobacco or this deal will be all shot to . . ."

I returned to the Salt Creek field in Wyoming about 1916 and in 1917 after the discovery of the Muddy oil field, Wyoming seemed to be the center of attraction for all the oil men in the country. Hundreds of wildcat oil companies were organized and every day their stock seemed to sell at a higher price. Trading was very lively and the lobby of the Henning Hotel was a small stock exchange where several hundred thousand dollars changed hands every day. After that we had the leasing bill which meant the opening up of the great Salt Creek field. For a time nearly everybody made money quickly and considerable of it. Practically all the small companies that were organized at that time have since gone out of business. I believe the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company and the Western Exploration Company are



the only two of the smaller companies that remain on the dividend paying list.

A few years ago Mr. Smith, a very wealthy man and a director of the United States National Bank in Omaha, paid Governor Brooks a visit in Casper and with a great deal of enthusiasm went over all our resources and told me that he thought it was a great place for young men like the governor and myself to locate. In the course of our conversation it developed that he was 92 years old and I asked him what had been the most interesting ten years of his life. He said that by far the most interesting ten years had been the last ten. I am sure this is true so far as my experience goes in traveling over Western Trails.

I have tried to recall to my mind what might be considered as the most beneficial and constructive advice that I ever received from the numerous large circle of friends that I have met traveling along the Trail, and I think that probably it is this. When sailing across Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean on returning to the States from Alaska I met an Englishman who was I believe at that time the Governor General of the Northwest Territory, a very cultured, refined and interesting gentleman. We used to play cards nearly all day and all night. The popular game being Black Jack, which is about the same as the game of 21. Sometimes there would be 20 or 30 people in the game. On one occasion I had been sitting beside him, and I got up from the table showing considerable irritation as I said I had lost \$11.00, and he turned to me and said, "My boy, you gamble, I play for amusement. The trouble with you American Klondikers is this; that you are always rushing breathlessly along trying to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is a great mistake, you should learn to enjoy the thousands of little things that happen as you go along the trail, whether it is eating, drinking, or loving, you should make it last as long as possible. I have just invited you to have a drink with me and you have gulped it all down at one draught while I leisurely sit here watching the boy bringing the ice and the mineral water and mix it slowly sipping it a little at the time, tasting it, and appreciating it as I drink it."

I have made a lot of big mistakes traveling along the trail, but when I recall being a young, enthusiastic carefree boy twenty-three years old, studying art and pictures (mostly living pictures) in the Latin quarter in Paris, where you could buy a fine dinner served with a small bottle of wine for three francs, I realize now what a darn fool I was to leave Paris before I had spent the balance of the \$6.

I went to church, once. The sermon was on "Service", the motto of this club. The minister, he may have been Dr. Bennet, I do not presume to quote him, however, said, "there comes a time when every man and woman should reach that good old age, where the greatest pleasure in life comes from embracing religion and philanthropy." (My brother Warren whispered to me, I hope he is thinking of Methuselah.) Then the minister added, "Service, my friends, service to God, your country, your family, and your friends is after all, the only thing worth while."

# *The Midwest Oil Company*

## Foreword

The writer entered the services of the Verner Z. Reed group in April, 1905, as bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Fort Morgan. He became assistant cashier in 1908 and in 1911 was transferred to Sheridan, Wyoming, as secretary of the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company. In the Spring of 1912 he was transferred to the Reed Investment Company office in Denver, and in the fall of that year he was sent to Casper as bookkeeper for the Midwest Oil Company. In 1913 he was made Treasurer of the Franco Petroleum Company and in 1914, when the Midwest Refining Company was organized, he was given the position of cashier and purchasing agent in Casper. In 1915 he was transferred to the main office of the Midwest Refining Company in Denver as assistant to Tom Dines, the Treasurer. Later in the same year he resigned to enter business for himself. He was with the Reed interests for ten very important years.

Credit for some important history is given to Harold Roberts of the firm of Dines, Dines and Holmes in Denver; Mr. Roberts knows the early Midwest Oil Company by heart and has files of documented history. He expects to write a detailed story of the Midwest Oil Company after he retires.

Some information has been obtained from the Report of the Federal Trade Commission on the Petroleum industry in Wyoming, published January 3, 1921. Public records were also used.

## THE MIDWEST OIL COMPANY

by Ben H. Pelton

The story of the Midwest Oil Company had its introduction in the great gold mining camp of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

In his book **W. S. Stratton, Midas of the Rockies**, Frank Waters tells of the business relationship between W. S. Stratton and Verner Z. Reed. Stratton was a carpenter in Colorado in the latter part of the last century and was also an inveterate prospector. He followed most of the gold strikes but never had much success until he went up to Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs.

Verner Zevola Reed came to Colorado Springs when he



was twenty-two years old. He sold cheap lots on a commission basis and later built about fifty inexpensive homes which he sold on the installment plan. This was a new idea in those days. He formed the Reed Building Company and later, with C. C. Hamlin, Reed formed the Reed and Hamlin Investment Company. This firm promoted the sale of stock of mining companies in the Cripple Creek district.

At this time, Oliver H. Shoup was Reed's personal secretary, and later he became manager of the Reed Investment Company. After the oil days, Mr. Shoup was elected governor of Colorado. Stratton distrusted all promoters, but he trusted Verner Z. Reed enough to give him an option on the Independence Mine which had paid its way from the grass roots. Much ore had been blocked out and the Independence mine was in a very saleable condition. With the option in his pocket Reed went to London and sold this option to the Venture Corporation of London for eleven million dollars. Stratton's share was about ten million dollars, Reed's one million.

After Reed returned to Colorado Springs with his million dollars, the Reed Investment Company became very active, and a substantial interest was acquired in several banks. Among these were the Grand Valley National Bank at Grand Junction, the First National Bank at Fort Morgan, the Alamosa National Bank at Alamosa and the Palisades National Bank at Palisades. The Reed Investment Company also acquired large farm land holdings at Garden City, Kansas; Loma, Colorado; and Sheridan, Wyoming. The Sheridan ranch comprised about six thousand acres of grain land between Sheridan and Big Horn. All these lands were acquired for colonization purposes.

To develop the Sheridan project, the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company was incorporated on February 23, 1906. The incorporators were J. R. McKinnie, Oliver H. Shoup and E. C. Sharer. Par value of the capital stock was \$250,000 (this company was dissolved on July 17, 1913).

Christmas of 1908 was long before the Reed group dreamed of the Salt Creek field, but this Christmas later proved that there was a Santa Claus for several of the men associated with the Reed Investment Company. As a Christmas present Reed gave to each several shares of Reed Investment Company capital stock. Those favored were the following:

Newt Wilson, who had been Reed's field superintendent in the Cripple Creek mining district and who later became field superintendent of the Midwest interests in the Salt Creek oil field. O. H. Shoup, manager of the Reed Invest-

ment Company. J. L. Warren, office manager for the Reed Investment Company. A. M. Johnson, cashier of the First National Bank at Fort Morgan, Colorado.

The above list cannot be verified as to the exact recipients or the amount of stock received, but the writer was in the First National Bank of Fort Morgan with A. M. Johnson and knows that Johnson received ten shares of \$100 par value stock. This \$1000 worth of par value stock was worth between \$400,000 and \$500,000 several years later. Some Santa Claus and this was before the days of income tax!

In 1910 Reed was living in Paris, and Shoup was the very active manager of the Reed Investment Company which controlled all the above-mentioned activities. Berne Hopkins had become identified with the Reed Company to assist Shoup.

The sugar industry was growing rapidly at that time and the Reed Company made tentative plans to build a sugar factory at Sheridan and to build a railroad from Sheridan south to the Union Pacific in the neighborhood of Rawlins. In Paris Reed had raised about \$300,000 for this program, all subscribed by French financiers.

A. M. Johnson, cashier of the First National Bank of Fort Morgan, was to go to Sheridan as manager of the new development, and the writer did go to Sheridan as secretary of the Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company. Lem Martin had been for some time the superintendent of the ranching operations of this company. After Martin died, his wife, Minnie Martin, became the superintendent of the girls' school in Sheridan.

This school now occupies the very fine residence that Verner Z. Reed had built as a summer home for himself. This residence and twenty-seven acres of surrounding land were later traded to the state for state owned land on Powder River.

Shoup sent Berne Hopkins to Sheridan to make a traffic survey along the route of the prospective railroad to see if there were sufficient farm produce and live stock shipments to make a railroad pay. Hopkins had to travel by horse and buggy south from Sheridan and consequently had to pass through the newly discovered oil field. Hopkins was young and very energetic and, when he saw the several flowing oil wells, he knew that there were greater possibilities in oil than there were in a railroad which would have a struggle to survive.

Oil was in his blood and when he got to Casper he soaked up information at every bar on Center Street, and before he left town he had an option on the Benjamin Hertz-

man lease on the V I Sheep Company land in the southern part of the Salt Creek field. Pat Sullivan was the owner of the V I Sheep Company.

Fired with enthusiasm, Hopkins returned to Colorado. Shoup was in California, but Hopkins saw Schuyler and Schuyler, attorneys for the Reed interests, and they wired Shoup. Things were moving fast now.

Cassius Fisher of the University of Nebraska was about the only well-known geologist in this part of the country. Fisher joined the group, and he in turn got in touch with William M. Fitzhugh, who was an engineer and geologist working for William G. Henshaw, a banker whose sister Mary had married Fitzhugh. Through placer locations and other dealings, Henshaw and Fitzhugh controlled the greater portion of the Salt Creek field, outside the Stock Oil Company and Iba 80.

The history of the Salt Creek field prior to the Berne Hopkins visit to the field is essential to comprehend the entire picture. The first oil discovery in Salt Creek area was in the Shannon field in 1889. This field is just north of the Salt Creek field. To refine this Shannon oil the Pennsylvania Oil and Gas Company built a refinery at Casper in 1895. It was located on Wolcott Street, south of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad main line track. The capacity of this refinery was sixty barrels per day.

The Shannon crude oil seemed to have been better for lubricating oil than it was for kerosene and gasoline, and consequently the refinery did not do too well. In 1903, Joseph H. Lobell, a Chicago lawyer, acquired the Shannon field claims.

In 1905, Lobell transferred these claims to Societe Belgo-Americaine des Petroles du Wyoming, a Wyoming corporation financed by Belgian and French capitalists. This company did not control the entire Shannon production, and Lobell secured control of claims held by Cy Iba and transferred them in 1907 to a Dutch company, Petroleum Maatschappij Salt Creek. The field superintendent for this company was Coenraad Kerbert, who employed an Italian geologist named Caesar Porro, and Kerbert also got Jim Stock to come up from Florence, Colorado, as field superintendent. There had been an oil field at Florence for some time, and Jim Stock had obtained his experience there.

Porro selected Section 26 for the first drilling site in the Salt Creek field, and the well was completed as a producer from the first Wall Creek sand at 1020 feet on October 8, 1909. (This information was given by Mr. Roberts.\* The



writer had always understood that the original Salt Creek well was Bartheloni No. 1 in section 23.)

On October 28, 1907, the Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company was incorporated for 1,000,000 shares par value \$1.00 per share. The incorporators were: Sikko Berend Selhorst, E. Percy Palmer, Coenraad Kerbert, Camille M. A. de Ryckvander Gracht, and Graddus R. Hagens. on December 5, 1907. This was a prospector's lease, and (This company was dissolved on October 27, 1936.)

The above company obtained the first lease from the state of Wyoming on the famous Section 36 (36 - 40 - 79) the annual rental was \$32.00. This lease expired on December 5, 1912. The lease was cancelled before expiration and a new prospecting lease was given to William M. Fitzhugh on January 4, 1910 at an annual rental of \$500. This lease was assigned to the Midwest Oil Company on June 3, 1911. A new lease was made to the Midwest Oil Company on January 1, 1915 at an annual rental of \$3,000. An operating lease was given to the Midwest Oil Company on October 1, 1919 for 33 1-3 per cent royalty and the lease of October 1, 1924, carried a 65 per cent royalty to the state.

Coenraad Kerbert, one of the incorporators of the Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company, was superintendent and also superintendent for Petroleum Maatschappij, mentioned above. The Petroleum Maatschappij Salt Creek assigned its interests to the Wyoming Oil Company, a New Jersey corporation, and this company in turn assigned its interests to the Wyoming Oil Fields Company, a Wyoming corporation, in 1912.

The Wyoming Oil Fields Company was incorporated on September 14, 1911, and was capitalized for \$10,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$1,000 each par value. The incorporators were: Amos W. Barber, Henry Mason, William R. Dubois, Otto Gramm, Patrick Sullivan, Wallace C. Bond and R. P. Fuller.

Lobell was a promoter and apparently had no idea of making a paying proposition out of his promotions. The affairs of these Belgian, Dutch and French interests became very involved, and it was through the efforts of C. W. Burdick of Cheyenne that they were straightened out and made into a paying concern through the formation of the Franco Wyoming Oil Company. The Franco Wyoming Oil Company was a Delaware corporation and was capitalized at \$6,500,000, divided into 275 shares of common at \$20.00 par and 50,000 shares of 6 per cent cumulative preferred at \$20.00 par.

In 1911 the Natrona Pipe Line and Refining Company

was organized and built a refinery just east of the Casper cemetery. The company also built a six-inch pipe line from the Salt Creek field to Casper. The Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company was a Wyoming corporation, and the capital stock was \$250,000 divided into 12,500 shares at \$20.00 each (on July 3, 1912, the par value was changed to \$50.00 and the number of shares raised to 20,000, making a new capitalization of \$1,000,000). The incorporators were: P. E. Caplane, H. Foulo de Vault, A. de Fontgalland, L. J. A. Philippott, D. A. Ehrlich, C. W. Burdick and B. O. Lummis.

\*Refer to the second paragraph of the forward.

The Franco Wyoming Oil Company, organized in 1912, obtained a majority of the capital stock of the Wyoming Oil Fields Company and nearly 80% of the capital stock of the Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company. The remainder of the stock was held by Petroleum Maatschappij. The Franco Wyoming Company represented the Belgian and French interests and the Petroleum Maatschappij, the Dutch interests.

The Midwest Oil Company was incorporated in Arizona on February 6, 1911, and capitalized for 6,000,000 shares par value \$1.00. There were 4,000,000 shares of common stock and 2,000,000 shares of preferred with equal voting rights. The preferred stock was preferred only as to 8% of the earnings and an additional 20% of the earnings after the 8% cumulative preferred had been satisfied.

The original incorporators were as follows:

President .....	O. H. Shoup
Vice-President .....	A. M. Johnson
Secretary .....	J. L. Warren
Treasurer .....	O. H. Shoup

The home office was in Colorado Springs, which was the home office of the Reed Investment Company. J. B. Barnes, Jr., of Casper, Wyoming, was appointed agent for the Midwest Oil Company on February 15, 1911.

In the year 1911 the home office of the Midwest Oil Company was moved to the second floor of the First National Bank Building in Denver, Colorado, with the above officers actively in charge of the company's affairs.

The working capital of the company came from the \$300,000 French money which Verner Z. Reed had raised for the Sheridan sugar factory and railroad and which was diverted by eager consent of the subscribers to the speculative Midwest Oil Company. In addition to these funds, the Reed Investment Company put in some of its own cash and borrowed \$300,000 from the International Trust Com-

pany of Denver, pledging ten cents per barrel of oil refined to retire this debt.

Henry M. Blackmer was head of the International Trust Company, and it was through the above deal that he became associated with the Midwest group.

In June of the year 1911, William M. Fitzhugh assigned the interests which he had acquired from William G. Henshaw to the Midwest Oil Company. These interests amounted to about one-fourth of the Salt Creek holdings. Fitzhugh also assigned the remaining three-quarter interest to the "associated" or "little" companies. The capital stocks of these little companies were given as a stock dividend to the stockholders of the original Reed Investment Company, and that was why the Reed Investment Company stock was so valuable.

The capital stock of each of these nine little companies amounted to 500,000 shares of \$1.00 or \$500,000 for each of the following companies: Barbados Oil, Bluestone Oil, California Oil, Control Oil, Crescent Oil, Fitzhugh Oil, Henshaw Oil, Pinero Oil, and Seattle Oil. The reason for the incorporation of these nine companies was the passage of the corporation income tax law; the earnings from Salt Creek production would be split nine ways. The incorporators were the directors of the Reed Investment Company: O. H. Shoup, K. C. Schuyler, C. A. Fisher, A. M. Johnson and J. L. Warren. The date of incorporation was February 14, 1913.

The tenth company was the Castle Creek Oil Company, which had taken over the Berne Hopkins holdings mentioned earlier in this article. The capital stock of the Castle Creek Oil Company consisted of 10,000 shares of \$10.00 each or \$100,000.

There was a great deal of promotion stock in the Midwest Oil Company and those who received this stock began to dispose of it through a young and energetic broker in Denver named A. E. "Bert" Wilson. (He was later the senior member in the brokerage firm of Wilson-Cranmer Company.)

The first offerings Wilson made were preferred at par (\$1.00) and, as an inducement, an equal amount of common was given as a bonus. Soon the common stock started selling at \$1.00 and eventually sold for about \$2.50 per share. (Midwest Oil Company stock at \$1.00 par has at times been confused with Midwest Refining Company stock which was \$50.00 par.)

The operating staff of the Midwest Oil Company at Casper consisted of the following: Ralph D. Brooks, gen-



eral manager; H. G. Naylor, traffic manager; Myron Dutton, purchasing agent; and William Prescott, cashier. In the Salt Creek field, Newt Wilson was field superintendent, Dave Lewis was assistant superintendent, Missou Hines was in charge of the work horses (there were no trucks), J. R. Dunbar was chief clerk, and Francis Brown was in charge of the commissary. William Dietrick was refinery superintendent in Casper.

The Casper offices of the company were on the second floor above the old Kimball Drug store on Center Street.

The company had to have more office space so they signed a lease with W. F. Henning, who was to put a second story on the brick building at 130 South Center Street. Then, for additional office space, the company had another idea and decided to build the Midwest Hotel (now the north half of the Henning Hotel).

In order to get out of the Henning lease, Henning was given the privilege of being one of the incorporators of the Midwest Hotel Company. This company was incorporated on April 7, 1913, with a capital stock of \$100,000. The incorporators were W. F. Henning, R. D. Brooks, and N. S. Wilson. The hotel company floated the \$100,000 in bonds and built the hotel. Some bonds were sold to residents of Casper, but the Midwest Oil Company bought most of them. The capital stock was practically all promotion stock and was later picked up very cheaply by Henning, who also retired all the bonds.

In order to take over the refinery, pipe line and markets of the Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company, the Reed Midwest Investment Company was incorporated on January 21, 1913, to form a new company.

The Franco Petroleum Company was incorporated on March 18, 1913. This was an Arizona corporation capitalized at 6,000,000 shares par \$1.00, 2,000,000 8% cumulative preferred and 4,000,000 shares of common with equal voting rights. The incorporators and board of directors were the following: R. D. Brooks, P. E. Caplane, C. W. Burdick, B. H. Pelton, Jr., A. G. Hopkins, L. A. Reed and F. P. Evans.

Offices were established in the Townsend Building with the following as active officers: R. D. Brooks, president and general manager; L. A. Reed, refinery superintendent; Henry Rathvon, field superintendent, and B. H. Pelton, Jr., treasurer. Ralph Brooks and L. A. Reed had been in the refining game together at Boulder, Colorado, and Brooks, Pelton and Rathvon were taken from the Midwest Oil organization.

The old Natrona refinery east of Casper was disman-

tled, and a new refinery was built just east of the Midwest Oil Company refinery.

The Midwest Refining Company was incorporated in Portland, Maine, on February 20, 1914. The authorized capital was \$20,000,000, divided into 40,000 shares of \$50.00 each, all common. (On August 14, 1917, capital stock was increased from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000. A withdrawal certificate was filed December 23, 1932, and all the assets were transferred to the Stanolind Oil and Gas Company and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.)

The Midwest Refining Company was incorporated to take over all the assets of the Franco Petroleum Company and certain assets of the Midwest Oil Company. In the main, these assets were the refineries, the pipe lines, tank cars, and the marketing facilities. Production was not included but was supervised by the refining company. The refining company took over the offices of the oil company in Denver and Casper.

On February 27, 1914, the Midwest Refining Company issued \$6,000,000 in stock to pay for the Franco Petroleum Company holdings, and on the same day they issued \$12,000,000 to the Midwest Oil Company for refinery property, pipe line and \$400,000 cash to be used as working capital.

On March 1, 1914, the refining company entered into a twenty-year contract for the production from the holdings of the Midwest Oil Company and the "little" companies.

This story does not concern itself beyond the formation of the Midwest Refining Company.

The original Reed group had no knowledge of the oil game, but O. H. Shoup was an excellent executive and this fact, together with the amazing production of the Salt Creek field, made the Midwest Oil Company an unexpected success in a mere three or four years.

# *Yellowstone National Park*

By Marie M. Augspurger

Published by the Naegele-Auer Printing Company, Middletown, Ohio  
(Reviewed by Mary Lou Pence)

"Historical and descriptive", the author of the monograph, **Yellowstone Park**, terms her attempt to present the vast subject of America's wonderland. Because this National Park annal edition lacks the emotional appeal necessary to classify it as literature we will look on it as journalistic, and consider it a type of reporting.

Good reporting tells a story, even though the tale has previously been narrated. It presents the subject in a light so that the reader is caught by the new and unique treatment.

In this book you will find lacking the headlined news importance, yet it offers the reading public some 150 pictured reproductions of magnificent grandeur of Yellowstone National Park. Because of this intensive illustrating the narrative itself is broken into bits and is presented in a distracting manner. The interest, then, must be held by the pictures.

The credit-line for many of the pictures is given to the author herself. Among the illustrations photographed by Miss Augspurger are such scenes as The Giant Geyser, Fire-hole Cascades, Obsidian Cliff, Minerva, Angel and Cleopatra Terraces, and Mommie Bear. They are outstanding examples of her camera lens capturing the natural beauty and splendor and she has transferred them to the pages of this book. Through photography she has portrayed vividly the Park's phenomenon and magnitude of wild life.

The introduction is written by Leslie A. Miller, ex-governor of Wyoming. In an appropriate forward he points out that "We, in Wyoming are proud to live within the shadow of this marvelous work of the Creator". This is followed by his suggestion that it is "the burden of all the peoples of our country to zealously watch and guard over the destinies of this greatest of National Parks".

The author tells her story beginning with the Park's discovery. Leading chapters dwell on early expeditions and visitors, the administration, the gateways, the geysers and terraces. Wildlife, flowers, birds, and animals — together with a description of the climate and the designation of fishing seasons are reported in detail.

Especially valuable information is contained in the chapter on the formation of the Park's terraces. Included in this discussion is the explanation of the chemical action



of hot water and limestone, and the resulting travertine formations. The origin of Liberty Cap is depicted in an interesting style, and the impression of nature's wierd tricks is given in the highlighted exposition of Devil's Kitchen with its stairway filled with carbon dioxide gas and its squeaking bats' hideouts.

Again, it might be well to emphasize that this book has told its story more clearly by its excellent pictorial pages than through its narration. For Westerners who wish to dream as they catalog the history and origin of Nature's Wonderland it offers its many photographed scenes. For Easterners planning their first visit to the Land of Mystery it might well be selected as a guide—for the author has compiled an accounting from a vast quantity of contemporary material and combined it with a beautiful collection of scenic reproductions.

**Yellowstone National Park** may be included in Western book collections not as a remarkable piece of literature, but rather as an historical contribution. It measures a visual accuracy in reporting and contributes in a journalistic manner to a different treatment of the recordings of the beauties and mysteries of America's shrine to Nature.

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### MARY LOU PENCE

Mrs. Pence, a third generation Montanan, has had features and news stories published by several leading newspapers, taken prizes in the 1949 Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs contest, and in the National Federation Press Women contest. She is currently busy with an assignment from the **American Weekly**, New York City.

Educated at Montana State and Wyoming University, Mrs. Pence is president of Wyoming Press Women, and regional vice-president of the National Federation of Press Women. Her husband is Laramie attorney Alfred M. Pence, now president of the Wyoming State Bar Association.

## *Three Rare Wyoming Birds*

The Wyoming State Museum has recently been assured by the American Audubon Society of the great value of three large, white birds presented to the museum last year by the Cheyenne Senior High School. These specimens, representatives of the trumpeter swan, white pelican, and whooping crane species, are part of a collection of Wyoming birds mounted by Frank Bond in about 1898 and later given to the city high school. These three birds are, or have until recently been, close to extinction in the United States.

The trumpeter swan is the largest of our American waterfowl, attaining a height of five feet and a wing spread of eight feet. In the latter half of the Nineteenth Century the survival of these once common birds was greatly endangered by hunters who killed the birds for their downy breast feathers, or for food. This impressive bird underwent a grave decline in numbers until there were only 73 of the species remaining in 1935, when the Canadian and United States conservation agencies took cooperative action to save the species. In that year the federal government established a waterfowl refuge at Red Rock in southwest Montana for the protection of the trumpeters.

According to a report made by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service in September, 1949, the number of trumpeter swans in the United States has increased to 451, 90 of which live in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and five at the National Elk Refuge, Teton County, Wyoming. It is thought that the trumpeter swan would probably have become wholly extinct in the United States had it not been for the establishment of Yellowstone National Park whose wilderness areas provided the swan with a suitable breeding place until special bird refuges were created. The trumpeter swan scarcely ever nests outside such wilderness areas. These conditions are now found only in refuges, the number of which is very limited. The bird population may soon become so concentrated in the refuges as once again to threaten the survival of the beautiful trumpeter swan.

The white or rough-billed pelican has white plumage tinged with black or grey, a reddish bill and pouch, legs and feet of bright orange-red, and has a wing spread of eight to ten feet, making it one of the largest of all North American birds. The white pelican prefers fresh water areas in the summer, nesting far to the north, but goes to salt water districts in the south for the winter. Like the trumpeter swan, this bird also refuses to breed except in remote

districts beyond the reach of civilization. With the passing years, suitable breeding places for the pelican have become fewer and fewer, leaving only a scattering of isolated lakes and marshes of our western states and southern Canada in which this diminishing species will try to propropagate itself.

The third rare specimen is that of a species called the whooping crane. These birds are very large, sometimes growing to a height of more than five feet. The whooping crane is pure white, with black wing quills and a patch of dull red on top of its head. They breed in southern Canada and most of those remaining winter on the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, near Austwell, Texas.

Records kept at the Aransas Refuge from 1938 through 1947 show that an average of 57.6% of the adult whooping cranes have failed to reach the Gulf Coast with young in the winter. There are only a very few of the whooping cranes now in existence, and trained observers tell us that breeding records hold out little hope for an increase in the number of this extremely rare bird.

The Wyoming State Museum is gratified to be able to announce that it has specimens of these three birds which were once common in our state. We hope that all who visit the museum will make a point of looking at these three beautiful and rare birds of Wyoming.

### WHERE THE PAINTBRUSH GROWS

Show me the place where the paintbrush blows,  
Tipped with its red — the red of a rose,  
As if dipped in the paint the sunset knows.  
Show me the place where the paintbrush grows.

—Laura Allyn Ekstrom



## O WYOMING, WONDERFUL AND WIERD!

by Arthur C. Hodgson

O entrancing vast Wyoming,  
    O stupendous sagebrush plains,  
O high tow'ring timbered mountains,  
    O immaculate white chains;  
Deep-engraven streamlined gorges,  
    Rockflanked, red, brown, black, white, gray,  
Carved by gushing, gurgling rivers,  
    Speeding onward, nor will stay;  
Yellowstone, of parks the peerless,  
    Nature's aggregation wierd—  
Canyons, geysers, lakes, pools, cascades,  
    "Nation's Playground" deep endeared;  
Devil's Tower, volcanic molar  
    Belched from Satan's Stygian jaw,  
Natural monument first-fathered  
    By Columbia's fed'ral law;  
Hell's Half Acre, acres spanning  
    Many a massive stalagmite,  
Phantom of infernal tombs where  
    Man and minions spend long night;  
Sulphur Hot Springs, rainbow-painted,  
    At Thermopolis true-named,  
Largest of world's such Bethesdas,  
    Sought by suff'rers bowed and lame;  
Lauded 'mongst our wide Wyoming's  
    Scenic catenational links,  
Agelong unsolved riddle cavern,  
    Lander's gulping aqueous Sinks;  
Azure canopy all-cov'ring,  
    Variantly with clouds bedraped,  
Gold-fringed by sun-rising,-setting,  
    Slowly sailing, stately shaped!  
Should one find sublimer scenery,  
    Loftier visual poetry,  
Picture-dream more truly thrilling,  
    Fain I'd see it; show it me.

Riverton, Wyoming  
June 3, 1949

## ACCESSIONS

to the

## Wyoming Historical Department

September 1, 1949 to November 1, 1949

Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of two copies of the Wadsworth Wad, First volume and first and last number. September 1949.

Palmer, E. G., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a sailfish, caught off the coast of Florida in 1943. September 1949.

Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., LaGrange, Wyoming: Donors of free handwork, pencil sketch, "Are You the Real Thing?" Sketched by E. E. Montgomery in 1932. A view of LaGrange, Wyoming, looking from the East Hill. September 1949.

Foote, Frank M., Lake Charles, Louisiana: Donor of the Wyoming Volunteers regimental banner carried in the assault against the walled city of Manila in the Spanish-American War. This banner was carried by Co. "C" First Wyoming Infantry and Co. "M" Fourth Regiment U.S.V., commanded by Major Frank M. Foote. Picture of Colonel F. M. Foote and staff taken in Manila in 1898. September 1949

Foote, Carl, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a wrought iron square nail, piece of stone from the old fireplace at Hat Creek Station, piece of glass with date 1871, from an old insulator used on the telegraph line between Cheyenne and Deadwood. October 1949.

Griffith, James B., Lusk, Wyoming: Donor of photostatic copy of award of second place to the Lusk Herald by the National Editorial Association's 1949 Better Newspaper Contest and photostatic copy of letter awarding same. October 1949.

## Books—Purchased

The Westerners, **Brand Book**, Denver, Colorado. Westerners, Denver, Colorado, 1949. Price \$3.50.

Orchard, William C., **Beads and Beadwork of the American Indian**. Lancaster Press, Inc., Lancaster, Pa. Indian Heye Foundation, New York, 1929. Price \$2.50.

Lindquist, G. E. E. **Indian Treaty Making**. Reprint from *Chronicles of Oklahoma*. Price \$.20.

Wissler, Clark, **Indian Beadwork**. American Museum of Natural History, New York City, 1946. Price \$.30.

The Westerners, **Brand Book**. Los Angeles, Westerners, Los Angeles, 1949. Price \$6.00.

- Beal, Merrill D. **Story of Man in the Yellowstone.** Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho, 1949. Price \$3.34.
- The Westerners, **The Westerners Brand Book.** Denver Posse, Westerners, Denver, Colorado, 1949. Price \$7.00.
- Handbook of Gold Fields of Kansas and Nebraska, 1859.** Cooke, Chicago. Price \$2.75.
- Gard, Wayne, **Frontier Justice.** University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1949. Price \$2.50.

### **Books—Gifts**

- Cheyenne City Directory, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, 1929-1930, 1931-1932, 1933-1934,** R. L. Polk & Co., Salt Lake City, Utah. Donated by Mark A. Chapman, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- Wyoming State Business Directory, 1921.** The Gazetteer, Denver, Colorado, 1921. Donated by Joel Naret, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- Zion's Ev. Lutheran Church Golden Jubilee.** 1895-1949, The Church, 1949. Donated by the Governor's Office.



## ERRATUM

“The History of Albany County Wyoming to 1880” by Miss Lola Homsher which appeared in THE ANNALS OF WYOMING, Vol. 21, No. 1-2, p. 181, was taken from the comprehensive “History of Albany County, Wyoming to 1880” submitted by Miss Lola Homsher to the Faculty, University of Wyoming, May 1949, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree. This excerpt constitutes Chapters 1 and 4 of the Master’s Thesis.

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**HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**

Published Biannually  
by

**THE WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT**  
Cheyenne, Wyoming



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# *Annals of Wyoming*

Volume 22

July 1950

Number 2

## *Contents*

ELLEN HEREFORD WASHAKIE OF THE SHOSHONES.....	3
Mary Lou Pence.	
COWBOY CAPERS .....	13
Clifford P. Westermeier.	
BUILDING A TOWN ON WYOMING'S LAST FRONTIER, AND WITHIN TEN MILES OF THE FIRST RENDEZVOUS OF THE EARLY-DAY TRAPPERS BACK IN 1811.....	27
C. Watt Brandon.	
WYOMING'S OREGON TRAIL WEST OF SOUTH PASS.....	47
Mrs. Mary Hurlburt Scott.	
WYOMING'S CHILDREN .....	63
Woods Hocker Manley.	
THE FLAG RANCH .....	77
Robert H. Burns.	
LITTLE THINGS CAN BE IMPORTANT OR WHAT PRICE PIONEERING .....	85
W. L. Marion.	
OUR WESTERN JOURNEY — JOURNAL OF MARTHA WIL- DON MCGREGOR ABER .....	91
Clifford P. Westermeier.	
COUTANT'S HISTORY OF WYOMING .....	101
Alfred J. Mokler.	
GRANDMA SCHOOLHOUSE — A Poem .....	104
Mae Urbanek.	
SHOSHONEAN PRINCESS — CRIMSON DAWN — A Poem.....	105
Mary Lou Pence.	
PREVIEW OF IMPRINTS ON PIONEER TRAILS BY IDA McPHERREN .....	106
The Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts.	
IN MEMORIAM: MINNIE ADALINE GRIFFIN RIETZ, GEORGE O. HOUSER .....	108
ACCESSIONS .....	109



This picture of Ellen Washakie, Bertha Norman and Charles Washakie was taken in front of the Egyptian Grauman Theater during the winter of 1925 when they were sojourning in Hollywood

# *Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones*

By MARY LOU PENCE\*

"All that the glittering morn hath driven afar  
Thou callest home, O Evening Star!"

On a March day in 1950 the West mourned, for the Evening Star had called home one of its children, Ellen Hereford Washakie. The little Episcopal church and its grounds at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, were crowded with the hosts of friends who had come from several states to pay final tribute to a deserving American woman. Standing with heads bowed in grief were four generations of her friends and her people.

It is appropriate that Wyoming should pay homage to the memory of Ellen Washakie. Her life story depicts a colorful and eventful panorama of not only Western, but American and World history. Her family tree which is the heritage of two sons, three granddaughters, two sisters and several great-grandchildren, is an integral record worthy of preservation. As wife of Charles Washakie, sometimes referred to as "The Crown Prince of the Shoshone Royal Family," the fourth and only living son of the last chieftain of the Shoshones—that great Chief known as "Friend of the White Man"—she ranked as a member of royalty. As daughter of Robert Hereford her lineage is traced to the present Queen of England, and the heirs of that throne.<sup>1</sup>

Ellen Washakie was born Ellen Lewis Hereford, February 22, 1878, on Smith's Fork near Fort Bridger. Her father, Robert Hereford, was a descendant of an old Scottish colonial family related to the Lees, to Washington, and to the present Queen Elizabeth of England.<sup>2</sup> He was born

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mrs. Pence, a third generation Montanan, has had features and news stories published by several leading newspapers, taken prizes in the 1949 Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs contest, and in the National Federation Press Women contest. She is currently busy compiling a book on **Western Women**.

Educated at Montana State Normal, Wyoming University and the New York School of Interior Decoration, Mrs. Pence is president of Wyoming Press Women, regional vice president of the National Federation of Press Women and a member of the American College Quill. Her husband is Laramie attorney Alfred M. Pence, now president of the Wyoming State Bar Association.

1. "Our Strip of Land"—Dunham, Dick and Vivian, 1947.

2. Hereford Family Tree, letter to Lydia Harris, 1950.



in 1827 in Virginia. As a young man he took up the study of medicine, planning to become a doctor. But in the early 1850's the adventurous West beckoned. By way of St. Louis he came into Wyoming and stopped at John Robertson's prospering Old West ranch.

Here in Bridger Valley the bluffs circled around the creek breaks shutting out the north winds and making the lowlands warm. The antelope roamed freely over the browning meadows, and the deer came down from the brush hills to drink thirstily from the bubbling spring waters that wound in and out of Smith's Fork. Here, too, the oxen trains of covered wagons paused to rest before pushing onward on their long overland treks westward.

In the valley John Robertson<sup>3</sup> (known as 'Uncle Jack,' and also 'Robinson') had staked out his grazing lands and built a log cabin. He had made the peace signs with the Shoshone Indians. Every summer the tribe brought their travois of children, their tepee drags and their colorful pony herds, waiting along his willow fringed creek for the Moon of the Big Hunt. Sometimes there were not enough ponies to go around. Uncle Jack would wave his arm toward his herd of over 150 blue roans, paints and sorrels that called his meadows home.

"There must be fast ones there that can outrun the deer."

After the hunt there would be feasting on the juicy roasted rumps of the wapiti, and there would be the tossing of the pits of the chokecherries across the firelight at the feet of the pretty fawn-eyed maidens. Uncle Jack often joined them where one night he saw a new one and asked about her.

"Marique," (pronounced by the Indians "Marook"), they told him, "had come back to the honored fires of her people." A white man, a trapper, had taken her away from them, later to desert her with the tiny one, Lucile (also called 'Lucinda'). Now with the baby on her back Marique had come home to Warm Valley. Uncle Jack watched her as she moved in and out of the tepee flaps, setting up the drying racks for the strips of meat, or brushing the flies from the little one in the cradle board.

One day Uncle Jack came to take her as his wife.

"It shall be," the old men sagely agreed. For had he

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3. Robertson, letter written by John Robertson to his mother, Sarah Robertson, Owens Station, Mo., in 1837; University of Wyoming Archives. Perry Jenkins' letter, 1933, containing interview with John Robertson's grandson, George Hereford, states the name is "Robertson."

not been as one of them since that year called 1834 through many winters when the long moons of cold and hunger had beset them? When the parflashes were empty, had he not divided with them from his great herd of cattle? "The new calves in the Moon of the New Grass will make up the over-500 count," he told them by the red man signs.

It was right that Marique, a Shoshone, should be his wife; that Lucile, half Shoshone, should also be his. Had he not asked for them both? Yes, food partaken together had sealed the eternal bond of their friendship.

From her Indian mother Lucile learned the tribal ways: how to make the beaded yokes on the soft doeskin dresses; how to dry the prairie sage for the kettle seasoning, and sun-toast the wild cherries for the winter food; how to mix the red earth color in tints to brighten the soft bronze cheeks of dark-haired Indian maidens. From her white father she learned how to crush the black medicine (coffee) in the big stone bowl; how to gather the willow bark and sumac branch for the kinnikinic pipe mix; and how to ride the fast trotting ponies in lady style.

She was moving proudly now, a maiden in her fifteenth summer, when Robert Hereford came to Uncle Jack's lodge. The young Shoshones had turned their spotted hunting horses into Uncle Jack's rich grasslands while they celebrated the big hunt. That night at Indian lodge there was dancing around the spitting fire flames. There was the sound of the ta-ta-tah tum of the tom-tom drums as the Shoshones danced and sang their thanks and joy to the Sun God for his goodness. The young braves' scarred breasts showed thong marks in the red firelight, and the old men sat back puffing at their long-stemmed pipes and blowing blue smoke. The old women with arms crossed inside their blankets hummed century-old song sounds. The time was one of feasting and plenty, and Lucile was dancing in her first beaded woman dress.

It was kismet. With the blessings of her father John Robertson and her mother, Marique, Lucile rode away with Robert Hereford. They were married in the Mormon Town of Salt Lake. Here they lived for a few years guiding and outfitting the pioneers who were making the hazardous trip to the Pacific.

With the coming of the little ones Lucile wished again to be back on her father's ranch, so the Herefords returned to Bridger Valley. But they had not been long in this vale of the moccasin camp when many runners came with the tales of bad things in the land to the North. In Montana, the Land of the Shining Mountains, there was unrest and

shooting, and much pilfering of the yellow stones in the Alder Gulch. The heralders told much of the Vigilantes, and Robert Hereford said he was duty-bound to help the Law.

Lucile and Robert made ready the packs for the journey to a new home. They left behind all the good things of Warm Valley and traveled on until they came to Helena, Montana. The law enforcement officers of that territory saw that Robert's counsel was wise, and his determination honest to make the land safe. They made him sheriff of that country, and he remained so until 1870 when John Robertson and Marique sent messages by carriers. They needed them home at Smith's Fork to carry on the ranch work.

In the late '70's Robert Hereford marked out grazing lands for his own on Birch Creek, thus creating the first ranch in that area.

When Ellen was born her father christened her Ellen Lewis, believing that his wife's (Lucile's) geneology was traceable to Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition.<sup>4</sup> The Herefords were the parents of 13 children: George; Martha, (Mrs. George Finch); Virginia, (Mrs. Neil Driscoll, now Mrs. Martinez); Betty, (Mrs. Eugene Hickey); Ellen, (Mrs. Charles Washakie); Viola, (Mrs. Charles Snyder); Kate and Lucy died in infancy; Robert died in Montana; Lawrence; John; Albert and Charles.<sup>5</sup>

By the year 1896 the soldier town of Fort Washakie was guarding the Shoshones. The Indians had seen the way Uncle Jack and Robert Hereford had turned over the earth, and how the new food roots sprang through the broken soil. It would be good to have a man like Robert Hereford for their land and farm agent. He would show them the secret of making the green things grow. This soldier fort, headquartering the 2,750,000 acres of land known as their home, the Wind River Reservation, had been built in 1870. It was first called Fort Augur, then Camp Brown, and finally, in the year 1878, it was named Fort Washakie in honor of the great Shoshone chief. Here the Herefords were once more a part of the life of the Shoshones. The children learned how to read the picture writers' stories on the rocks. They went into the hills for the sun-gazing poles, and they learned the dancing ceremonial and the sacred meaning of the Circle-Round. Amid all of this Ellen Hereford spent her childhood.

Now, too, the white man's schools had come to the

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4. No reliable source is available to substantiate this fact.

5. Perry Jenkins, letter, interview with George Hereford, 1933.



reservation. Ellen knew that if she were to be of service to her people, as had been her mother and her father, then she must work and think and educate herself in the new ways of life. The schools of Henry's Fork, St. Stephens Mission and the Government classrooms welcomed her eager attendance.

There came into her life about this time the Christian religion told by her beloved Episcopal Bishop John Roberts. From him she sought to know all about the white man's God, for Ellen was more white than red. By the time she was eighteen she had met and been wooed by John McAdams, Shoshone. If they were to marry the nuptial rites must be read by her Bishop. Thus Ellen became Mrs. John McAdams.

The next few years were busy ones for her. Meticulously neat and regally proud, she aspired to better things for her people. Motherhood was an added privilege, for through her children she could hand down ambitious dreams. The first baby, Lucy, in infancy, was given back to Mother Earth. But the other three, Lonnie, Iva and William were hers to love and teach the new things. Though she tried to avoid an unhappy marital ending, it was inevitable. In 1912 she and John McAdams were divorced. In the meantime her only daughter, Iva, had married George Norman.

Still vivacious and charming in her shawls of the Shoshone designs, Ellen now captured the heart of Charles Washakie, fourth son of the Old Chief and his beautiful Crow wife, Ah-ah-why-per-sie. In 1917 after a simple ceremony performed by Captain Nickerson, old time Lander Justice of the Peace, and with the blessings of the Shoshone tribe, Ellen and Charles settled near the old fort to make Shoshoneland their home.

But death interrupted the happiness of Ellen Washakie when Iva McAdams Norman, mother of her two granddaughters, (Lydia, three, and Bertha, one,) met death in a tragic family slaying. Ellen and Charles brought the two tiny girls into their home to be from that day members of the Washakie family.

"Make your lives fit the changing times," Ellen told her grandchildren. "But be proud of your Shoshonean blood, and all its traditions."

Wearing her exquisite Indian costumes, Ellen Washakie was many times honored by both red and white. When Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the middle '20's, were in the process of making several Western pictures they

needed an actress to play the fawn-eyed Indian maiden role.<sup>6</sup> The pictures, **War Paint** and **Wyoming**, were filmed amid the rolling sagebrush prairies and beneath the pine-clad hillslopes of the Wind River Reservation, and Ellen Washakie had parts in both shows. In 1925 **Iron Horse** was to be premiered in Los Angeles, and for this advance showing Tim McCoy, Wyoming motion picture actor, arranged with Jule Farlow of Lander, as manager, to bring to California a cast of Wyoming Indians. In their brilliantly-colored plume war bonnets and their buckskin garbs, their beaded and fringed costumes, the members of the troupe were featured night after night in the prologue of the advance showing of **Iron Horse**. What a spectacular sight their encampment made with the tepees pitched on the vacant lot where the Grauman Chinese theater, Los Angeles, now stands. **Iron Horse** played at the Grauman Egyptian theater, and the prologue cast included Ellen and Charles Washakie and their little granddaughter, Bertha Norman—Bo-Pi-Gie—then about three years of age.

The California sojourn brought many new friends into Ellen's life. A charming woman, gracious, poised and soft-voiced, she was invited to many social functions and her name was included in the guest list of many a festive occasion in Hollywood.<sup>7</sup> One of her most photographed costumes that year was her favorite dress beaded with elk teeth and valued at several hundred dollars. Another greatly admired by Hollywood was a predawn pink shawl, fringed and embroidered in the vivid floral designs characteristic of the Shoshonees, which complimented her natural sparkling beauty.

When the Washakies returned to Warm Valley that year plans were already under way for an historical pageant depicting the original gift of the red man—the mystic hot springs—to the white man. The nation's first woman governor, Nellie Tayloe Ross, then executive head of Wyoming, was to be an honored guest. The revue was staged at Big Horn Hot Springs, Thermopolis, and was sponsored by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. During the ceremony of this "Gift of the Waters" the Shoshone Council presented Governor Ross with an intricately-beaded bag of their native handiwork, and Ellen, as an Indian princess, made the tribal offering, speaking in the Shoshonean tongue.<sup>8</sup> The

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6. **Iron Horse**, 1924, by Fox; **War Paint**, 1926; **Wyoming**, 1928, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

7. Clippings from Hollywood newspapers, 1925.

8. Sheila Fart, **Women of Wyoming**, Vol. 11, by Beach

message was translated into English by Jim Compton of Fort Washakie.

Ellen Washakie believed, wisely, that extinction of tribal customs was facing the Indians. Because she loved their symbolism and sacred beauty she unstintingly made every effort to preserve for posterity a few of the impressive ceremonies. She frequently replenished her wardrobe with beautiful shawls, and wore always in the tribal functions her heirloom beaded moccasins of the high legging type. Her people, both red and white, exclaimed with admiration for her when she participated in the Sun Dances, the modern One-Shot Antelope Hunt night rituals, the Fourth of July parades. It was a pompous sight to witness—the annual rodeo celebration with Ellen Washakie dancing in Shoshonean rhythm to the ancient tom-tom beats as the white horses drawing the float proudly paced down the wide street of Lander.

Nor did her charm and poise fade with the twilight of her years. In 1947 when Utah commemorated its Centennial "This Is The Place," Charles and Ellen Washakie and her granddaughter, Wilma Jean McAdams, were guests of honor. The occasion was the unveiling of the statue of Chief Washakie, friend of Brigham Young and the Mormon colonists. Ellen, then 69 years of age, in a white shawl splashed with rainbow hues, fringed and embroidered, and the beaded high moccasins, charmed the 25,000 spectators gathered at the mouth of Emigrant Canyon just out of Salt Lake City.<sup>9</sup>

Strenuously and courageously she had given much of her life to her people that they might play an important role in this changing world. The belief had been handed down to her by a long and honored lineage that the worthwhile realm is reached by the path which leads onward. Many an orphaned child was taken into her home to call her "Mother." When Ellen Washakie's days were known to be numbered the United States Army gave one of these orphaned boys a furlough so that he might come to Warm Valley and comfort his grief-worn adopted father, Charles Washakie. This boy was Felix Perry. Ellen Washakie had taken him as a tiny infant from his dead mother's back, and had reared him to manhood.<sup>10</sup> Proud, too, was she that he could serve in his country's army.

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9. Account of Unveiling from Salt Lake Tribune, July 25, 1947.

10. Interview with Mrs. Harris.



To her grandchildren she left a priceless heritage—pride of their people—pride in their race. The Shoshones no longer are ruled by chieftains—medicine or war. Instead the Shoshone Council dictates the policies of the tribe. Today, chairman of this Council is Robert Harris, husband of Lydia Norman, Ellen's granddaughter. Robert and Lydia operate one of the Reservation's big ranches about 30 miles from Lander. There, with their four children, they are conscientiously forwarding the interests of the Shoshones. Bertha Norman, another granddaughter, attended school at Chillicothe, Mo., and Denver University, and now holds an important secretarial position in Lander.<sup>11</sup> The third granddaughter, Wilma Jean McAdams, is also well-educated.

Before Ellen Washakie passed away she willed her three granddaughters what she considered her most precious possessions: to Lydia—her last ceremonial shawl, the one worn at the "This Is The Place" ceremony; to Bertha—the predawn pink shawl which Ellen had worn in Hollywood; to Wilma Jean—the impressive shawl she had worn in "The Gift of the Waters" pageant.

On March 21, following Ellen's death at Fort Washakie five days earlier, the Rev. George Oakes conducted the Christian funeral services. There were present many white-haired men and women of Shoshoneland. The older women remained inside of the little Episcopal church until the others had filed out. At first the wailing notes were low, and then the keening pierced the stillness with its high and thin pitch—the ancient sacred ritual committing to the Great Spirit their departed Princess—Ellen Washakie of the Shoshones.

"She is not gone," her people said, "She's just asleep."

For 72 winters she had been one of them. In love and in work she had devoted herself to Warm Valley. Now her faith and thoughts and deeds must be carried on by her husband, Charles Washakie; her two sons, Lonnie and William McAdams; her two sisters, Mrs. Virginia Martinez and Mrs. Viola Snyder; her three grandchildren, Mrs. Robert Harris, Miss Bertha Norman and Miss Wilma Jean McAdams, and the adopted son, Felix Perry.

Thus with the dim snow-capped mountain peaks rising

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11. Interview with Mrs. Bertha Norman.

westward, the burial grounds of many of her forbears, Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones was summoned home.

“Thou callest sheep, thou callest kid to rest  
And children to their mother’s breast.  
All that the glittering morn hath driven afar  
Thou callest home, O Evening Star!”

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(The author wishes to acknowledge assistance with source material, pictures and personal interviews: Mr. Charles Washakie and Mrs. Robert Harris, Fort Washakie; Miss Bertha Norman and Mrs. Shelia Hart, Lander; The University of Wyoming Archives Departmental staff, Laramie.)

## COWBOY CAPERS





# *Cowboy Capers*

by

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In both fiction and non-fiction books about the cowboy, or, more generally, in books depicting a western locale with cowboy characters, invariably the reader finds episodes about these men going into town. Even the most creative stereotyped western motion picture depicts such incidents, and it soon becomes quite evident that authors and motion-picture producers depict this popular event in the same manner—the cowboys ride into town on a cloud of dust, rush to the saloon with six-shooters blazing, some dismount and tie their horses to the ever-present hitching rail, others ride through the swinging doors much to the consternation of the customers who scatter tables, chips, gold and chairs in all directions, in their frenzied efforts to escape the wild hoofs of the excited horses and the bullets of the hilarious cowboys.

Thus the cowboy goes to town! Such a notorious description occurs so frequently that it has practically been accepted as a standard and it stands out predominantly in the memory of the old time cowboy in his reminiscences. It appears at least once in every western picture, whether it be a 'quickie' or a 'super-special colossal,' produced by one of the major studios.

Occasionally the theme is varied. A lone cowboy rides into town —, he approaches the bank with intent to rob it —, he arrives at the sheriff's office with a problem —, he goes to the local saloon for a drink —, he seeks a little, vine-covered house on the edge of town to visit his mother, girl friend, or an old-time crony; the prospects are endless, but the theme is not. It has invariably been connected with the cowboy ever since he has appeared in story.

The constant repetition of these hackneyed themes allows two conclusions—either the cowboy was a very dull individual without imagination, or the whole truth has not been told of his excursions into town. The cowboy lived a life of isolation. It seems stupid and unimaginative on his part to try to "take over the town" or "shoot it up" when he made his visit to do and to see things. The easiest way to curtail these opportunities was to try to "take over." In the rowdiest, law-forsaken towns there were just as many

law-abiding citizens who were determined to prevent this action as there were cowboys who attempted to carry it out. Most often the townsmen had the advantage.

This leads one to the other conclusion—that all was not told about the cowboys' visits to town. A careful check of the local news items, personal columns and the marshal or constabulary reports of the newspapers between 1867-1890 gives a more accurate account of the cowboy in town, whether it was a spontaneous jaunt for fun or a business trip. Many of these items deal with the arrival of one, two, or several cowboys in town on a merry-making lark, fully intent upon painting the town red, but many other items offer just as interesting or even more interesting accounts than the legendary theme of "cutting high jinks and capers." Thus, the reader becomes very curious as to what the cowboy **really** did in town.

One of the early complaints about the cowboy coming to town pertains to his reckless riding and control of his almost wild, unmanageable horse. As early as 1868, a news item appeared in the **New Mexican** of Santa Fe which made a plea for safe and sane riding through the streets of that city. The editor notes that such conduct is a "decided annoyance if not an intolerable nuisance."<sup>1</sup> He complains:

On every day in the week but especially on Sunday afternoon the peace and quiet of our city, the comfort of its inhabitants, and not unfrequently the lives of young children and infirm people are endangered by reckless riding of horsemen through our principal streets intent only upon their own amusement and wholly indifferent to the fate of pedestrians who may happen to occupy the street at the same time.<sup>2</sup>

Other annoyances to the inhabitants of a town were the bronco busting maneuvers of the cowboys within the town limits. Some times, however, the actions were unintentional—a high spirited horse, just off the plains, unaccustomed to the noises and strange sights of a city, could give a bucking demonstration which would be the envy of any modern rodeo. The editor of the **Cheyenne Daily Leader** in 1873 was greatly disturbed by such an exhibition and reported it with a certain amount of consternation:

It is a very entertaining sight to see a bullwhacker seated astride of a broncho horse, that has but a limited acquaintance with his rider, or the rough uses, that he is to be put to; and with Spanish spurs roweling the life out of the poor brute, nearly making him rear his ends in the air, alternately while an idle crowd gather to witness and curse the exhibition made by both horse and rider.

We are induced to speak thus, in consequence of hav-

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1. **New Mexican** (Santa Fe, New Mexico), September 1, 1868.

2. **Ibid.**

ing witnessed a display of such a horse and such a rider, on Tuesday evening, near the corner of Seventeenth and Ferguson streets. There was quite a crowd and some quiet swearing. But would not such exhibitions be in better taste out on the prairie? Suppose one of these bronchos should run up the side of a brick building to the roof, or up a telegraph pole to the cross-bars and insulators, would the rider keep his seat? These bronchos are liable to do these things: we have known them to do worse things.<sup>3</sup>

Shades of Frontier Days! If coming events forecast their shadows, this is a perfect example, for twenty-one years later the success of the greatest outdoor cowboy spectacle depended upon just that type of exhibition! Such a spectacle was typical in the frontier town of the Great Plains area, and the newspapers of that area are filled with similar items, such as a typical frontier street accident which occurred in Cheyenne a few years later in 1878. A drunken cowboy on horseback knocked down a little boy, but fortunately, the youngster was not severely injured. The cowboy, however, was arrested, and lodged in the calaboose to await trial.<sup>4</sup>

When a cowboy rode a skittish horse into a town, a crowd always gathered at the first sign of a buck out of the wary beast. The noise, confusion, cat calls, jeers and advice from the mob did not quiet the nerves of a high strung beast, and very often the practical jokes of the audience created a much greater hubbub. A few days before the Fourth of July in 1884, the following incident was reported in the newspaper:

Yesterday afternoon a cowboy named Bill Smith created not a little amusement and considerable commotion by riding, or trying to ride a bucking pony through some of the streets in the western portion of the city. The pony was bound to throw the rider off and that individual was equally determined to stay on. In the meantime the pony had condescended to make his way for a little distance north of Thomas street, and attracted by the outcry that was made and the yelling of the little boys, a very large crowd had gathered around, thinking that there was a fight in progress or would be one soon. Finally a small boy fired a Roman candle into the crowd and close to the pony. This had three effects: It started the pony, partly dispersed the crowd and so alarmed some of the residents of the neighborhood that they imagined a shooting affair was in progress. Constable Nolan soon appeared upon the scene and set things right, but for a few minutes there was about as much excitement over the affair as there would have been had the city been on fire. No arrests were made.<sup>5</sup>

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3. **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), September 11, 1873; **Cheyenne Daily Sun** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), January 20, 1878.

4. **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 24, 1878.

5. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 2, 1884. See **Calgary Herald** (Calgary, Alberta, Canada), June 12, 1893.



On another occasion two cowboys on a jackass had some fun in front of the Simmons House in Cheyenne, and, as they rode up and down the street, their antics attracted a large number of bystanders—mostly cowboys. Two small colored children, a boy and a girl, were among the crowd, and suddenly some of the boys present had the idea that the youngsters might like to ride the donkey, so they were immediately placed upon his back and he was led around. Suddenly he bucked; the children were thrown off, and, unfortunately, the little boy's arm was broken in the fall. This attempt at kindness and fun on the part of the cowboys resulted in an accident for which the men were blamed.<sup>6</sup>

Cowboy activities in the city and town were not confined to bronco and reckless riding, for after his arrival in town, a cowboy had endless opportunities to seek pleasure and excitement. After a hair cut and shave, bath, the purchase of new clothing, and a few drinks it was not at all uncommon for him to seek out the pleasures of those quiet retreats found in all frontier towns. These exploits are not often found in the newspapers of the time, but occasionally an item appeared in the police notes, especially if trouble ensued at the house in question. Often the cowboy involved was not as fortunate as the fellow in the following account:

Last night at a house of prostitution on Eighteenth street a man named Hecket was badly hurt by a cowboy under the following circumstances. It seems that Hecket had a mistress at the house named Frankie, and he had been quarreling with her so much that the keeper of the house refused him admission when he went there last night, and when the girl appeared at the door he struck her in the face with his fist. A cowboy inside said something to Hecket about the meanness of such an act, when Hecket dealt him a blow in the face. The cowboy thereupon struck Hecket on the head with a six-shooter, and in doing so the gun was discharged, and the cowboy, who was partly undressed, ran away, thinking he had killed Hecket, and a rumor quickly spread about the town that a murder had been committed. Dr. Cook was called and found that the man had not been struck by a bullet and that the scalp wounds he had three in number, were made by the barrel of the revolver. Officer Nolan was quickly on the spot and arrested the mistress of the house, Jessie Carter, and everybody there. The cowboy who struck Hecket was not found and probably never will be.<sup>7</sup>

The question of the descent of some "soiled doves" from Cheyenne upon Pine Bluffs, approximately forty-five miles east of the capital city, caused an interesting series of comments in the newspapers. This is not the last time rivalry flared up over the criticism leveled by Cheyenne at

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6. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), April 15, 1884.

7. **Ibid.**, August 28, 1885.

the inhabitants of the border town and their conduct.<sup>8</sup> In this particular case a gentleman from Cheyenne, having visited Pine Bluffs, brought back a very vivid and lurid account of life in the latter city during the cattle shipping season. He commented, "that a degree of lawlessness prevails . . . that is really astonishing. At all hours of the day or night men can be seen madly riding about wild with poor whiskey and making the welkin ring with their shrieks and shouts. The promiscuous banging of revolvers is the only music heard, except when the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea . . ."<sup>9</sup>

The reporter tells of a drunken cowboy who, after tantalizing a bronco to desperation, finally shoots and kills it. Then the desperado amuses himself by shooting at the legs of the pedestrians. However, a later incident really caused comment, when the following account appeared:

A few evenings since a couple of women of medium age arrived at Pine Bluffs. They were from Cheyenne. Both wore yellow hair and store complexions. The garments which they wore weren't very costly but were rather variegated and colors bordering on crimson predominated. Each had on a Leghorn hat, which was only less elevated than a steeple, and wore bangle bracelets and jewelry till you couldn't rest. The jewelry was of that character which is euphoniously termed "snide," but it shone like a tin pan on a milk house.

There were many cowboys in the vicinity, and finally one bolder than the rest advanced toward the pair of females. He was received with ostentatious manifestations of kindness. One of the women addressed him as "Pete" and he called her "Maude." They seemed to be overjoyed to see each other. Other cowboys soon appeared, and, without the formality of an introduction, immediately became intimately friendly. Then followed beer. This was succeeded by more beer and in turn by beer. Then followed some beer, which was succeeded by quite a lot of beer. Then came beer.

From some standpoints the platform levee of the women might be considered a vivid and even lurid success. For eight mortal hours the pale air was laden with disjointed chunks of revelry. It was a scene of the wildest and most extravagant carousal set down in the quiet midst of the bleak prairie, and one which would give life and reality to an early-day border romance.<sup>10</sup>

In letters to the Cheyenne newspaper, H. Sturth, the local store and tavern keeper of Pine Bluffs, protested against these sarcastic remarks and sly innuendos. He maintained that the horse was shot accidentally and paid for, and continued, "There were two females here of doubtful repute, and considering the limited accommodations of

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8. *Ibid.*, December 11, 1884.

9. *Ibid.*, September 27, 1884.

10. *Ibid.*, September 27, 1884.

the station platform, they were treated as respectfully as women of their kind could be treated in Cheyenne, the boys buying several bottles of beer and taking it over to them."<sup>11</sup> Then he launched a defense of the cowboy in these words, "There should be a large allowance made for the cowboys. For weeks and weeks they are camped on the wild prairies, looking after cattle most of the time. They are engaged in the most important industry of our territory, and it is no more than natural that young men, as most of them are, should be expected to enjoy themselves when they come to a station like this."<sup>12</sup>

He concluded the letter with the following appraisal of the cowboy: "I will say that take the cowboys as a body of men, I have found as honorable and straightforward in their dealings as any body of men I ever met."<sup>13</sup>

In the early days of the cattle drives, the **Denver Daily Times** gives an account of four Texas cowboys out on a lark in that city:

They first rounded up in a bagnio occupied by colored women on Wazee street, where they displayed their cheerfulness by shooting at the lamps, putting out the lights and causing a general scattering of the inmates. Lamps were ignoble game, however, and having frightened all the women away, they next visited a Chinese residence, and one of the party put a bullet into the person of the first Chinaman that appeared. Having done this the party ran, pursued by the wounded man, who blew his whistle and drew to the spot officer Holland and Thos. Clarke, who, after a short chase, overtook the fellow and took him into custody. The others were also arrested and the quartette taken over to the cooler.<sup>14</sup>

Evidently the charges against the cowboys were not serious, for no further evidence of prosecution appears. The red-light district of the frontier towns attracted the cowboys as a magnet, especially after months and months on the trails. It was one source of satisfaction and comfort for the lonely and often despised and feared man, when he came into contact with civilization for the first time in many months.

Judge Salisbury of Pueblo, related an interesting experience which occurred during his career as a justice in Las Animas county. One day, when quiet prevailed, a constable brought in a cowboy from the ranch of the Prairie Cattle Company, who was charged with the offense of carrying two revolvers while in the town. The penalty was a twenty-five dollar fine and seizure of the weapons, where-

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11. *Ibid.*, October 1, 1884.

12. *Ibid.*

13. *Ibid.*

14. **Denver Daily Times** (Denver, Colorado), April 26, 1877.



upon, the cowboy broke into tears and made his plea, "Oh, Judge, jes' let me bid 'em good-by. Ma give 'em to me, an' I can't go without handlin' them jist once."<sup>15</sup> Judge Salisbury consented, and the moment the cowboy got the weapons, he straightened up, and, leveling them, yelled, "I'd like to see the galoot as can get ma's pistols now. Now I'm a-goin' on my journey."<sup>16</sup> Nobody tried to stop him!

In his visits to towns the cowboy was not adverse to try the many types of novel entertainment which had sprung up, especially the roller skating rinks, typical places of amusement during the eighties. Many hilarious accounts of this appear in the newspapers throughout the West, such as the following incident in which the editor recounts the experience of the cowboy beginner-on-skates:

"I am more used to riding on horseback, but last night I thought I'd try them little wagons. I got one with a double cinch, and another to match it, and as soon as I straddled the layout I could feel 'em begin to bow their backs, and was wishing I had a buck rein, because I was expecting them to stiffen their knees and go to bucking every minute, but they didn't. I walked 'em over to the other end of the corral to gentle 'em a little, and directly they started off at an easy canter, and were coming around back right through the herd; and there was a dude there with a stiff hat who was trying to cut out a Polled Angus heifer, in a blue dress, and I fouled and roped both my hind legs with a hoop skirt, and it had me stretched out for branding quicker 'n a spring calf can bawl with its mouth open and its lungs stretched. But I got up and got on again, and you oughter seen me exercise them vehicles. Of course they wasn't bridewise, and of course they'd buck when I tried to stop 'em too quick, but I'll leave it to the boss herder of the whole round-up if I didn't gallop 'em round there for three or four hours and had 'em roll over and over with me, and then they didn't get me off."<sup>17</sup>

A similar account appears in the **Democratic Leader**. The cowboy, looking in at a rink, decided that skating was easy and he "lowed as how he'd tackel um once fur luck."<sup>18</sup> "The rollers were accordingly strapped to his feet, or "sinched blamed tight" as he expressed it. Then he was turned loose on the floor. His gyrations and eccentric evolutions were erratic and astonished him as much as they amused the spectators. He eventually broke one of the skates, gave up the attempt to skate and left the rink."<sup>19</sup>

However, the cowboy was not daunted by his first experience, for about two hours later he returned on

15. **Field and Farm** (Denver, Colorado), May 23, 1891.

16. *Ibid.*

17. **Las Vegas Daily Optic** (Las Vegas, New Mexico), September 25, 1884.

18. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), February 5, 1885.

19. *Ibid.*

his cow pony, and, fortified by several drinks to give him courage, he was ready to solve the skating problem:

Riding to the door he spurred his horse into the ante-room and forced the animal partially through the door of the main entrance. The glare of the electric lights and the roar of the skates frightened the pony and it refused to enter. While the cowboy was using his spurs and endeavoring to force the animal into the hall, an attendant came forward and suggested that he turn the horse around and back into the hall. The suggestion was made with the purpose of getting him to back the horse out of the door when it would be closed and his entrance prevented. The proposition was not favorably received, however, and just as the pony was about to enter, another attendant siezed it by the bit and backed it out into the street, kicked it on the ribs, and told the cowboy if he returned the coroner would have a professional call. The cowboy looked the man over, concluded it would not pay to return and expressed his sentiments by riding down the street at break-neck speed and yelling at the top of his voice.<sup>20</sup>

Even in the early days good stories arose at conventions, as is evidenced in a report about the international range convention, held in Denver in 1886. A clerk at the Windsor Hotel gave the following vivid account about a cowboy from the Texas Panhandle:

"He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and, if he wished, the bell-boy would show him how it worked. But not much; he didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live down on the range.

So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned up on the glass was a sarcastic little legend reading: "Gol dern yore folding beds. Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivers onto um? Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your durned old cubberd." The durned old cubberd, was one of our best folding beds."<sup>21</sup>

A story, equally hilarious, which appeared in the **Rio Grande Republican** for January 24, 1885, relates the experience of a cowboy in a sleeping car and is one of the funniest stories, both in content and language, told about a cowboy.<sup>22</sup>

Such experiences were not limited to the confines of our own country; occasionally one reads about interesting

20. *Ibid.*

21. **Field and Farm** (Denver, Colorado), June 30, 1894.

22. "A Cowboy in a Sleeping Car," **Rio Grande Republican** (Las Cruces, New Mexico), January 24, 1885.

exploits in cities of other countries. One of the stories, probably a "tall tale," concerns a New Mexico cowboy in London, and the particulars of it were cabled over to the American papers. The story appears in the **Raton Weekly Independent**:

Red Pugh, a cowboy . . . who is now with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, created a terrific hubbub in London recently. Red went into a restaurant and ordered a rare beefsteak. The waiter brought him one so rare that it jerked around on the plate. Red drew his gun and fired three or four shots through the steak "to kill it," as he explained, when everyone in the establishment joined in a general stampede. After killing the steak Red sat down to eat his meat, was interrupted in a few minutes by the arrival of about fifty police, who told him that it was against the laws of Her Majesty Queen Vic to make such John Branch plays in Hengland. He was arrested and fined.<sup>23</sup>

The cowboy had other experiences in his contact with life in the city, all of which are most amusing, but **too** numerous and varied to relate; however, the following account, which appeared in the **Black Range** for October 22, 1886, gives a lively illustration of good humor and lusty language:

They were genuine cowboys and in for a day's recreation in the city, and they looked upon the liquor when it was red. Yea, they gazed often, but finally thinking that the inner man needed something besides liquid filling, they repaired to Prof. Bach's Park street hash foundry and great lager beer and Switzer case emporium and called for a beef steak.<sup>24</sup>

The story continues that, while waiting, one cowboy fell asleep, and the other decided to play a joke by rubbing limburger cheese on the flowing, well-grown mustache of his sleeping comrade. Finally the steaks arrived, and the first cowboy, having awakened, raised his fork to spear the steak, but suddenly stopped and sniffed the air. Then he lifted the beef steak to his nose and roared, "Here, you-bald-headed-son-of-a-coyote, come here." The proprietor in his most obliging manner hurried to the table and heard the complaints of the cowboy, "Here, you take this piece of dead cow out of the town and bury it—it's rotten—and then you waltz up here with a piece of cow that didn't die a natural death and is well cooked—do you hear me warble?"<sup>25</sup> Thereupon, the proprietor himself smelled the steak, but refused to comply and demanded payment for the meal. The cowboy, by this time weak from the stench,

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23. **Raton Weekly Independent** (Raton, New Mexico), January 28, 1888.

24. **Black Range** (Chloride, New Mexico), October 22, 1886.

25. **Ibid.**



staggered to his feet, dug up his money and threw it at the offended proprietor:

"It's rotten," yelled the cowboy, "it stinks; go away from me; you stink; the house stinks; let me have fresh air," . . . he fled into the street and drew one long breath of outside air. But it was no use. Turning to his companion, with a look of dismay, he exclaimed, "Jim, this whole gosh darned town is spoilt; it stinks. You can cut the stink with a knife; let's pull for the ranch, Jim, 'fore we smother," and the boys mounted and rode off.<sup>26</sup>

All these accounts might convey the impression that the cowboy's contact with the town and city was only one of hilarity, practical joking, and robust fun. This, however, is not the case, for there are also records of the more serious and pressing nature of these visits, such as the heart breaking account of the kidnapped fiancée. This appears in a Las Vegas newspaper, the **Stock Grower and Farmer** for February 20, 1892; however, the incident occurred in Denver, in the latter part of January. The item appears under the line, "Among the Cowboys," and clearly reveals the character of the people involved. It says:

Florence Chester is a sister of Mrs. Millie Price Dow, who married the millionaire's son here. James Everett is a cowboy who lives near Cheyenne, Wyo. He met Florence Chester and she gave him a ring like a hoop on a molasses barrel. She was to have been married Friday night, but "Reddy" Gallagher, of pugilistic fame, took the girl and disappeared. Everett was heartbroken, and swears that he will remain in Denver a month, recapture the girl and make her his wife. Gallagher brought the Chester woman with him from San Francisco, and hated to be outdone by a cowboy.<sup>27</sup>

No further reports about this kidnapping appeared, but the mere facts create a number of questions in the mind of the reader, as to 'who was chasing whom?', 'what, actually, were Miss Chester's relationship with "Reddy" Gallagher in San Francisco?', 'what did the police do in the matter?'

Also of a serious nature concerning business in town are the interesting accounts in newspapers about the cowboy attending religious services. None of these accounts shows that the cowboy went into town for this sole, serious purpose, but in his curious manner of seeing and doing everything, he did, by chance, come in contact with religion. Some of the incidents are very humorous, the preacher, or parson becomes almost a scapegoat at the hands of the fun-loving cowboys; however, other reports reveal a deep and serious feeling on their part, an actual philosophy of life based on the most elemental and simple

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26. *Ibid.*

27. **Stock Grower and Farmer** (Las Vegas, New Mexico), February 20, 1892.

ideals of Christianity. These incidents reveal an entirely new side of the cowboy and are so numerous and varied that the whole subject of 'the cowboy and religion' will be treated later in a separate article.

At times cowboys became members of a troupe of 'Wild West Show' performers, and consequently had an opportunity to visit the large metropolitan centers where they exhibited the talents developed in their life on the range. On such occasions they really had a "high time." A typical account of such escapades is found in the **Democratic Leader** of July 22, 1884:

Last night at 12 o'clock, cowboys belonging to Hardwick's "Wild West" show, made a drunken raid on South Clark street in regular Western cowboy style. They succeeded in frightening the people from the streets, and were finally captured by the police and locked up. Twelve large navy revolvers and a large knife were secured. The entire party was bailed out this morning, and this afternoon gave the usual exhibition to a crowd of 12,000 people. The cowboys in their raid last night were led by Ben Cirkle, for years a celebrated character in the far West.<sup>28</sup>

Following a round-up, or when the great herds traveling up the trails stopped somewhat near a city, the cowboys en masse paid a visit which was a memorable occasion for them and for the city.<sup>29</sup> One night, in the middle of July, 1877, a group of fifty or sixty cowboys, after a round-up a few miles up Cherry Creek, could not resist the temptation to visit near-by Denver. The incident is found in the **Daily Times** of that city:

They first struck the Theatre Comique. One of their number is an amateur burnt-cork artist, and him they blacked up and put on the stage, applauding his performance with all the vigor of foot and hand. After they had taken this they circulated about town until nearly morning, but were comparatively orderly, and all left town at an early hour to commence the labors of the day.<sup>30</sup>

However, on certain occasions the cowboy did "take over a town," "run a town," or "paint the town red," in the traditional manner, as is evidenced by the following vivid and authentic account in the **Cheyenne Daily Leader**, describing such an incident in Caldwell, Kansas, "The town of Caldwell is in the hands of a cow-boys' mob. The officers are powerless to do anything. Mike Meagher, formerly mayor of the city, but lately marshal, is killed. The sheriff,

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28. **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 22, 1884.

29. See **Cheyenne Daily Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), July 11, 1879.

30. **Denver Daily Times** (Denver, Colorado), July 19, 1877; **Black Range** (Chloride, New Mexico), August 3, 1888; **Democratic Leader** (Cheyenne, Wyoming), August 30, 1884.

with a posse, from this place, has just started to the scene of the trouble."<sup>31</sup>

A second more detailed report, reached the Cheyenne papers and was given greater space:

One of those terrible border shooting affrays occurred in this city about one o'clock this afternoon resulting in the death of Mike Meagher, formerly mayor of this city, and Geo. Speer, a gambler. The full particulars cannot be obtained even at this late hour, but it seems that last night and this morning a party of cow-boys, . . . were drinking together and carousing, and about eight o'clock this morning they began to show a disposition to raise a row, and as a preliminary move Geo. Speer shot off his revolver into the sidewalks, on the main street. Through the efforts of the police the disturbance was suppressed, and as a precaution additional policemen were placed on duty, among them Mike Meagher. About one o'clock the party above named turned loose, and began to shoot indiscriminately. Talbot shot Meagher from the rear of the bank building, killing him instantly. The citizens turned out at once, with such guns as they could get hold of, and attempted to take in the party, who in the meantime had proceeded to a livery stable and compelled the man in attendance to give them horses, and mounted and started off. Speer was attempting to saddle a horse near the Red Light dance house, and while doing so was shot by some one of the citizens.<sup>32</sup>

The rest of the party rode off in the direction of Hunnewell, Kansas, and a later report stated that the cowboys were finally surrounded in the timber some twelve miles north of Caldwell.<sup>33</sup>

The newspapers continued to follow the story for several days, since various travelers reported their contacts with the cowboy desperadoes. A party of Caldwell citizens were still after them, and a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for their capture, dead or alive.<sup>34</sup>

The final account of the desperadoes who "rounded up" at Caldwell came from Sanford's ranch on Wagon Creek, where they had stolen some saddles and had ridden off toward Old Mexico. No further accounts appeared in the newspapers, and in all likelihood these cowboys escaped and were not heard from again.<sup>35</sup> This was probably one of the most exciting examples of the cowboys' attempt to take over a town, in which they were not at all successful, and in addition caused tragedy in several families.

It is true that a great number of news items in the

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31. *Cheyenne Daily Leader* (Cheyenne, Wyoming), December 18, 1881.

32. *Ibid.*

33. *Ibid.*

34. *Ibid.*, December 20, 1881.

35. *Ibid.*, December 21, 1881.



newspapers of the period of the classic cowboy do stress his attempt to "round-up," "take over," or "run" a town; however, many news items, not based on the traditional theme, reveal the conduct of the cowboy when he visited the town on business or for fun.

The cowboy did not always plan a wild afternoon or night, but the combination of the man and his beast with the many attractions of the town usually resulted in a commotion. Not unlike the college student free from academic restrictions, the cowboy, free from responsibilities, wholeheartedly joined in the amusements of the city. The spirit created a series of atomic actions and reactions, involving noise, fighting, destruction, injuries, shooting, liquor, women, and finally the law with the consequences resulting from such a varied mixture. Sometimes the most innocent "mind his own business" visit to town involved a cowboy in more trouble than he could find if he were out on a planned excursion of hell-raising; whereas, an organized "town painting" visit often resulted in nothing more than a "boys will be boys" account in the papers the following day.

An important factor is that the cowboy, whether in the beginning of the cattle industry or today, attracted attention. His mode of life, dress, actions, manners, work were news items, a story—anything which might involve him in the life of the community—was worth at least two or three paragraphs and often a half or a full column in the local newspaper.

His reputation preceded him, and, as he came into the towns from the cattle trails or from the ranch, a fairly well preconceived idea of what to expect of him paved his way and conditioned his reception and position in the community. Many times this reputation was not justified. His crudeness and roughness were intensified by the lack of normal affections and friendships during the month of isolation and inflamed by his contact with liquor and the temptations of the towns. On the whole the cowboy was civil, obliging, hospitable and generous, but his inquisitive, daring, reckless, and fun-loving nature often led him into difficulties which became disastrous because he was not a member of the community.

PINEDALE 1905



# *Building a Town on Wyoming's Last Frontier*

... and Within Ten Miles of the First Rendezvous of the  
Early-Day Trappers Back in 1811

by

C. WATT BRANDON\*

When the call of the West came I had three objective points west—Wyoming, Washington and Montana. The spirit was put in me by Roland Hartley, a son-in-law of former Governor D. M. Clough of Minnesota, its Spanish-American war governor, and on whose personal staff I served as a major and aide-de-camp for two years.

They had moved to Washington state and were building the town of Everett. Roland was in Minneapolis and St. Paul during the holidays of 1903 and imbued me with the idea of going out there and establishing a newspaper the following spring in that new and growing city. Roland later served two terms as governor of Washington state, but I never met him again.

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—C. Watt Brandon, present owner and publisher of the **Kemmerer Gazette**, was born in Georgetown, Wisconsin October 12, 1871. His parents were farmers who moved to Iowa, locating near Williams, Hamilton, County, about 1873. Later they moved to LeMars in Plymouth County.

Following the death of his parents an uncle, who lived at Kingsley, Iowa and was in the newspaper publishing business, was appointed his guardian. In 1882 he entered the **Kingsley Times** office as an apprentice working before and after school. When sixteen years old he published an amateur magazine.

He has worked on the following newspapers: the **Constitution** at Atlanta, Georgia; **Cincinnati Inquirer** in the spring of 1889; the **Indianapolis News and Journal** and was on the **Dubuque Herald** at the time of the Johnstown flood.

October 1903 he was married to Miss Mayme Eger of Clayton, Iowa, who died in April, 1934. One son, DeLos, was born of this union.

From 1895 to 1901 he published a magazine in the interest of the Minnesota National Guard. In 1898 he received a war correspondent's pass from Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, to represent the **Minneapolis Tribune**, and headquartered at San Francisco during the war, where all troops were mobilized for the Philippine invasion. Served as major and aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor David M. Clough, Minnesota in 1898 and became a Colonel and aid on the staff of Samuel R. VanSant, who was elected governor in 1902.

At the present time he is third on the list of senior publishers recently honored by Governor Crane.



I was taking to Montana with me a letter of introduction to Senator W. A. Clark and Marcus Daly, head of the Anaconda Copper Company, in the event I did not choose Wyoming or Washington.

On the evening of the second day out of Opal, Wyoming as the stage topped the Green river mesa and I looked down on that great Newfork valley, with a line of trees on Pine creek visible in the distance east, and Fremont peak and a line of high rugged mountains bounding it on the north and east, it was fixed in my mind that in that valley my camp would be established.

It was on the morning of the ninth day of May, 1904, shortly after midnight that my train arrived in Opal. During the day my train had stopped in Cheyenne for a couple of hours. It was then I met W. C. Deming for the first time, also Wallace Bond, publisher of the **Cheyenne Leader**, and John Charles Thompson, city editor, and still with the same organization continuously, being now editor emeritus of the **Tribune**, the two papers having been consolidated.

When the train pulled out of Opal, and I was left in the darkness of one of the blackest nights I ever saw, I approached the agent and asked as to the hotel. He walked with me to the west end of the building and pointing to a light in the distance, advised me it was "the bucket of blood." He told me to keep in that direction and I would come upon the hotel.

"The door is unlocked and you will find a lamp on the table in the front room," he said. "Light it, go upstairs, taking any room where the door is open." I had proceeded but a short distance when the inquiry came from the dark, "Have you got a match?" I did.

At seven o'clock next morning I was on the mail stage headed for the upper Green river valley, with a driver whose name I forget other than it was "John," a fast driver who called low spots on the road "thank-you-mons," and would try to jump them to the annoyance of the passengers. Two lady passengers were holding on to the seats with me, as we jolted along.

One of the ladies was Mrs. F. E. McGrew of Cora, wife of the professor who was teaching school in that vicinity; the other was Mrs. Gene Noble of Big Piney. I doubt if either one of these ladies would ever forget the tenderfoot who kept the driver busy that day with questions, for up until now I had never been ten miles from a railroad.

The relays were changed about every fifteen miles. The first change was at Slate Creek, "Sammy Martin's" relay station, and at noon thirty miles out, we stopped for dinner at the old Judge Holden ranch on Fontenelle, where

the judge presided at the head of the table and always had good stories for the newcomers, dealing with that last frontier of Wyoming. One which came later was that "a young fellow from Minneapolis had gone to Pinedale to start a w-e-a-k-l-y paper." In his early days the judge had been a newspaperman and published a paper at Green River City.

At LaBarge on the old Hy Smith or the Bess ranch the horses changed again. Boots Williams, our new driver, decided to trail his saddle horse from there to the old Charley Bird ranch, the midway or night stop. One of the broncs decided to lie down that afternoon in the harness after he had gotten tired of jumping up and down, necessitating that he be taken out and the saddle horse tugged in his place.

In those days there was an advantage in having a stage contract, as it gave the contractor a chance to break broncs, the sale of which brought in much money. This particular bronc refused to lead and held back until Boots finally turned the lines over to me to drive in, saying he would ride the animal. I feared to refuse, feeling that one of the ladies would have to take over.

With the lines in hand my nervousness grew, but we arrived in time for supper, and the thought was impressed on me that less than twenty-four hours in the state and I had been driving stage. That night numerous husky denizens of the forest invaded the midway station for supper and lodging. They were "tie hacks," and the last log Drive of the Green River Lumber Company at Kendall was going down river. Many of the boys slept that night in the stables and some just dropped outside.

About ten o'clock next morning I viewed Big Piney for the first time. The postoffice was in the old Budd log building, just west of the present townsite, where a large general merchandise store was operated by Postmaster Jess Budd, who recently retired. Half a mile before reaching the postoffice we stopped at the hotel and bar operated by Lewis Travis, near which was the blacksmith shop, and half a mile west of the postoffice was the school house. Big Piney, with three business houses, was then the largest town in the Green river valley north of Opal. The land where Big Piney is now situated was an irrigated hay meadow.

Dinner that day was eaten at the old Howard Grooch ranch on Muddy in the heart of Poverty Flat, about nine miles north of Big Piney. That afternoon we changed horses again at the Ball postoffice on Cottonwood at the ranch home of Charles F. Ball. We rode then with Billy Haynes in the driver's seat. With the exception of Fonte-

nelle, on that trip we had to ford all streams. Charley was just completing the bridge over the North Cottonwood and after a wait of five minutes the stage was the first vehicle to cross.

On Horse creek we came to the ranch of Jens Cowdell, later known as the Vego Miller ranch, but now owned by Albert F. Schwabacker of San Francisco. The Burns post-office was across the Green river but high water was coming on and we could not use that ford, so we drove down through the meadow a couple of miles to a lower ford crossing on a half-circle riffle and the water ran into the box of the light mountain wagon used for a stage.

I piled the mail on the rear seat and climbed on it in an endeavor to keep my feet from getting wet but they were not all I got wet before the crossing was completed. It was another experience for me that will never be forgotten.

We stopped at the Cora store about sundown, the new building erected by Mr. Patterson, now deceased, while the postoffice was on the Jim Noble ranch a mile further west. Many experiences followed this in reaching my decision to establish a newspaper in that open country.

Many experiences came to me on my first trip to the road to receive my printing plant at Rock Springs. I accompanied a freighter to Opal, driving a sheep wagon which Dr. Sturdevant wanted to get to the railroad. We went by Newfork, down Eastfork to the George Ross ranch, now owned by one of the Olson boys, where we forded the Green. This was at the end of July.

At Opal, Kemmerer, Evanston, Green River City and Rock Springs I canvassed the business and professional men securing about eight columns of standing advertising—twenty-five cents per inch monthly.

I have oftentimes since wondered if those people thought me fully sane in such an undertaking in the desert country or just what great offense I had perpetrated in the east that forced me to seclusion in such a lonesome and then discredited region. Anyway, if it had not been for those good people, the **Pinedale Roundup** would have been shortlived.

With the printing outfit in the wagon, we started north shortly after noon; for four nights I slept out in the sagebrush near the freight wagon. The first night was spent half way up Fourteen Mile hill north of Rock Springs. The second night we pulled across Little Sandy and camped not far from the present site of Farson store, third night at Ten Trees on Big Sandy, fourth night at Sand Springs, where we had to dig holes in the sand and wait for the water



to clear before the horses could drink, and I was still happy in my new surroundings.

Crossing Boulder next forenoon it was impossible for the team to pull the heavy load up the opposite bench, so we unloaded part and had to carry it up hill.

That afternoon in fording Pole Creek, with the front wheels out of water and on a steep climb, before the horses quit the pull, the rear wheels sank into the quicksand, necessitating again part unloading to get the wagon up the bank.

This was about four-thirty and on getting all nicely loaded again and out of the river bed and my mind filled with pleasant thoughts of a good mattress and bed that night, Den flung the lines wide to the ground with a decision to camp near that water for the night, six miles from our journey's end, and pull into Pinedale next morning. I then bid him goodbye and walked into town.

The boots I wore on that trip hung in the storehouse at Lava Hot Springs summer home for more than twenty-two years, where I viewed them occasionally, only to bring back the most pleasant memories of my early Wyoming experiences, for those boots went with me on many a Wyoming ride in those early days. Alongside of them on a nail hung the old panniers, containing my pack saddle and old riding equipment needed on a pack trip.

Forty-six years ago on last September eighth saw the appearance of my first Wyoming publication, **The Pinedale Roundup**, printed on an Army Press, in a plant equipped with a second-hand Washington jobber, which together with the type and equipment necessary to get out that paper cost a total of \$350, f.o.b. Rock Springs, Wyoming, and the necessity of transporting it by wagon freight across the Little Colorado desert to Pinedale.

Its slogan was, and still is, carried on the front page by the present owner of the **Roundup**, Pete McReynolds, "Published further from the railroad than any other newspaper in the United States." Pete also has the assistance of his wife in that publication—as Mrs. Brandon used to assist me.

It was on the last frontier of Wyoming where we located Pinedale, and within ten miles of that wonderful fur animal frontier discovered back in 1811 by John Jacob Astor on his exploring expedition across the nation to the Oregon country. This later became the site of the first rendezvous of William Sublette, Jim Bridger, Captain Bonneville, and other famous frontiersmen—in the meadows at the mouth of Horse Creek, where it empties into the Green River. This is also where the Missouri River Fur Trading Company established headquarters back in 1823, with as many as 400 trappers employed at one time. The Sublette

County Historical Association hold their Rendezvous celebration here during the first week in July of each year.

I have written of transporting my printing equipment to the new frontier town so often that memory has almost become contradictory—how it took six days to freight the little outfit in over one-hundred-ten miles of desert road, which is a standard highway now. If I were taking that plant in today, the fast trucks would have it there in less than two hours if it was a rush order, and the plant would cost many more times what it did in 1904. Such a plant would not answer in any way now.

Have been asked many times "Whatever possessed you to leave the great city of Minneapolis and come out into a wilderness country more than one hundred miles from a railroad?" All I could answer was that I had read a continued story in the **Saturday Evening Post**, in 1903 by Hamlin Garland, which followed the sheep trail into Wyoming; and had read Owen Wister's **The Virginian**, which thrilled me so much I accepted the invitation of my uncle, J. F. Patterson, a Lusk merchant, and my cousin Charles F. Patterson, to come to Cora, Wyoming and start a paper, as they were going to start building a town. This decided me to take a summer vacation while working on the **Minneapolis Journal**.

That vacation in 1904 caused me to decide on a location in the upper Green River Valley. On my arrival at Cora I found the Pattersons had decided to locate at the Pinedale postoffice, the ranch home of Celia and Robert O. Graham on Pine Creek, and that location is now the county seat of Sublette County, Wyoming and still one-hundred-ten miles from a railroad. It seemed to me when I located in that great cattle country, that I did not care whether I ever saw another electric light or heard the whistle of a railroad engine.

Starting in on my new enterprise I "Went riding" during May and June for subscribers with no great encouragement. I forded streams during the high water season, and had it not been for the "horse sense" of my "bronk," I might not have been here today to tell my story.

I had assured my friends that if I could get five-hundred subscribers at two dollars each, I would order my newspaper plant. I do not believe at that time there were more than five-hundred people in the upper Green River Valley including the Big Piney country. My plan was that with a guarantee many extra copies would be ordered to send back to friends in the east—to interest them.

When I ceased my ride—covering every home within fifty miles of Pinedale—my list showed, as I recall, two-

hundred-eighty-three names. (That list is now in my files turned over to the Sublette County Historical Society.) One had signed for twenty-five subscriptions, possibly a dozen others for five each, and others for one or more.

I was so enamored of the country and sure of its future, that I ordered my printing outfit. The same day in July, 1904, that I ordered my plant, R. O. Graham and Charles Peterson, owning adjoining ranch land, each deeded ten acres of land to the Pinedale Townsite Company.

That day I also let the contract for the building of my twenty-five by thirty-two foot log office and home, providing for a "dirt roof," above two layers of boards, topped by slabs at intersections. There was one front room, with a partition twelve feet back with a door in the center to a back room, and another partition extending back to the rear wall and creating a kitchen and dining room ten feet wide. The other room was our living room, with a screen of curtains to partition off our bedroom. A curtain screen was also in the kitchen, making a bedroom for our son DeLos. This building was one of the first completed in Pinedale. While all this was going on, Mrs. Brandon and DeLos were back in LaValle, Wisconsin and Libertyville, Illinois and LeMars, Iowa, awaiting my invitation to come, which was not sent until fall.

For four years Mrs. Brandon and I lived in that log building and were right in line of general pioneering, waiting many times for the high waters of spring to subside so the freight teams heading up from the railroad could make crossing of the streams and bring in supplies which had run very short, so short in fact that mountain trout became the chief meat at times. Often freight outfits would wait ten days or two weeks to get across the streams.

Pork was a delicacy in meat, and it wasn't fresh—ham, bacon and salt side. Following the big game hunt in the fall, we would take elk meat, chop it up with salt side and make the finest pork sausage one could want. With thousands of cattle on the range, many of the ranchers had no milk cow and always used the canned variety. Butter was a scarcity.

I well remember when Judge Bally Johnson gave us our first cow. It was a range critter but tamed down nicely.

After the first calf came, Mattie responded nicely to the milking and I could hardly wait for the first churning for a glass of buttermilk. Our churn was a ten-pound lard pail with a piece of cloth over the top and the lid fastened over it. You just sat in a chair, rocked it back and forth with your hands and it would surprise you how quickly the butter came. Then, of course, we would have cottage



cheese, and with the brown leghorn chickens, fine layers, one could just about live on produce from the barnyard.

The two-story modern Woodmen's log building was next in completion. It was erected on the site where the present day Pinedale postoffice now stands. A little schoolhouse had also been erected, where DeLos spent the first year in school, then being sent to All Hallows College in Salt Lake. Then Helen Bates built a log photograph shop on a lot back of the Woodmen Hall; the Patterson store was on the diagonal corner from the Hall, and across the street west was a building erected for a drug store, but Doctor Sturtevant who came from Nebraska with his family only remained for the first winter, living in a tent. The George Truax blacksmith shop was directly across the street from the present forest headquarters building, on the site of the original school building.

The first forest building was erected on the corner back of the store, where Zeph Jones was forest supervisor of the Wind River Division of the Yellowstone National Forest Reserve, the first forest reserve established in the United States, and with headquarters moved down from the old Kendall, headquarters of the old Green River Timber Company, which sent its last drive down the Green River in the spring of 1904.

At that time there was no minister in the valley north of the railroad, and only one physician, Dr. J. W. Montrose, living eight or ten miles west of the Daniel postoffice, where Storekeeper Eugene Townsend was postmaster.

There was no dentist north of the railroad, but in Kemmerer Blacksmith George Truax had a pair of forceps, and many an aching tooth he pulled; and Mrs. F. M. Tarter, pioneer, could always give first aid, and her home was a "hospital" in the event of an accident, and here the patient was always taken care of until a physician or surgeon could be brought up from the railroad. In the winter it was never too cold or far for her to go where a birth was expected and aid was needed. (That wonderful woman passed away at her home in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, a few years back.)

Dr. Alexander located in Pinedale the second year of its existence. A lot was given to him on which he erected a building, and I believe this is the one which the late Johnny Allen once used for his second-hand store.

Rudolph Schwartz was proprietor of the "Bucket of Blood," as his refreshment parlor and pool hall was well known, but I never heard of a killing taking place there. It was also a rendezvous for the "sluff" or solo card players to meet, but Rudolph never allowed gambling of the poker nature.

Pinedale started out by giving necessary lots to anyone who would put up a business building or home. As a member of the Pinedale Townsite Company, I well remember the evening we met in the Patterson store, and the plat of the town was drawn up on a piece of yellow cloth showing blocks, lots and streets. (That plat was in my possession until a number of years back, when I sent it to a history club that was forming, but whether they have it now or not, I have never been advised.)

Of the lots selected by myself, two of them faced the store and the other two were to the rear and across the alley. The Fardy Hotel and all buildings facing south on the main street in that block are on the property I selected.

At that time, in the fall of 1904, Pinedale had no hotel or eating place, and it was considered a victory when early in the fall, the Orcutts, father and mother of two strapping sons and a daughter Bessie came through headed west with a covered wagon outfit, extra horses, etc. and were prevailed upon to locate in Pinedale. Their decision was reached when we offered them two lots on Franklin Avenue for a hotel, and two lots directly back and facing the other street for a livery stable and corrals.

They got busy immediately, getting out the building logs which were squared at the Charley Paterson mill on the townsite. Their building, two stories, went up fast, but winter came before they had finished "chinking" on the second floor, where they had several beds; and of a morning it was nothing to see snow drifting through the open space between the logs to cover the quilts.

The Orcutts sold out in their third year to W. S. Peck, a Casper barber, who came with his wife and daughter, Carrie, and were doing nicely when we left there in 1908.

Mrs. Tarter's home was just north of the Hotel. Zeph Jones built his home just west of the store. The John Scotts and George Stevens came in later and bought the sawmill, and were given lots on a corner back of the present forest headquarters. Charley Peterson's ranch was south of the townsite, which he sold to John Hay, Rock Springs banker and rancher.

Further than the buildings I have enumerated, I do not recall that there were any other buildings on the townsite. Just over the fence, on the south town limits, was a small home built by Daddy Hughes, who came with his nephew, Milton, to do carpenter work.

When the first spring came Mrs. Brandon decided we would have a garden. An irrigation ditch ran through the main street. The barn and corrals were on two of our lots across the alley, so she could only plant one full lot and part

of another. The Fardy hotel now sits on two of these lots.

Neighboring ranchers would sit on the fence and watch "Wattie" digging the garden, while explaining to him how impossible it was to grow peas, carrots, beans and potatoes and other varieties in that high altitude. In fact, they laughed at our efforts. But that summer when Mrs. Brandon sent fine messes of vegetables to doubting neighbors, they relented and afterwards gardens became more popular.

There were just so many things different then than now. It took two days to go to the road with a team. Our nearest phone was at Big Piney, 50 miles away. Our mail was two days away from the railroad when received.

I had never ridden in an automobile when I left Pinedale in January, 1908, having sold the **Roundup** to Billy Wells. Lander was our county seat and one-hundred-sixty-five miles away. Three days were required to make the drive—first night at Leckie, second at South Pass or Atlantic City, and down through the Red Canyon to Lander, late next afternoon. It was one of those trips which made once, was never forgotten.

There was no bridge over Green river in that upper country. You just forded the stream, following the riffles when the water was high. The bridge over Eastfork just below the Vible store was the only bridge in the Newfork valley from Green river lakes to Rock Springs.

You had to build your own bridges in those days, and the spring freshets or summer mountain streams would easily wash the light ones away.

Game was plentiful in those parts. The finest pair of elk teeth I have was from an animal which ran through the streets of Pinedale and was killed on the bench just east of town.

In those days the game wardens interfered very little with those who killed meat for food, but it went very hard for those who killed for the head or teeth. If a native was arrested for meat killing, he would simply ask for a jury. If an outlaw killed for teeth or head, the jury was unanimous against him.

We used to watch the antelope in bands of 5000 or more drifting towards the desert along the Green river mesa west of Pinedale.

Many ranchers made use of the roads for irrigation ditches and there was just no way to stop it. It's different now.

It was just about the time the newspaper came that the outlaws and bad men ceased their maraudings.

Pinedale was at the upper point of an inverted V. Rock Springs, one-hundred-ten miles away, was the railhead for



the eastern Green River valley, with Kemmerer, one-hundred-fifteen miles distant, the railhead for the west side of the valley.

In looking over the bound files of the old **Roundup**, I have seen much evidence that neighbors lived seventy-five and one-hundred miles apart.

The South Pass correspondence heading carried a guide line underneath, "one-hundred-two miles SE," Fontenelle "ninety-two miles South"; Leckie, "fifty-five miles SE"; Wells, "thirty-five miles N"; and Bondurant, "fifty-five miles West." Each of the twenty different communities with correspondents was listed with its distance from Pinedale.

My first Fourth of July in Pinedale, that of 1904, was spent at a celebration on Newfork lake. Next morning I rode home on an inch of snow, and during each of my four Fourths in Pinedale there was snow at some point in the valley or mountains.

That Newfork night gave me my first experience with the real old west, with shooting irons in evidence.

A dancing platform had been built out of lumber from a nearby sawmill. No matter how much liquor was drunk by the natives, honor on the dance floor was never lost, but rather the boys were always ready to defend the maiden whose honor had just been injured. So different from the present day.

My first intimation that there were any shooting irons in camp, came about daylight next morning. I was approaching the platform from a rendezvous, when I noticed George Glover lying under the front of a wagon with his gun resting on a wheel spoke and directed at the front flap of a nearby tent, while another native was under the rear wheel with a gun.

I then learned that a rowdy from the railroad, not knowing the rules, had insulted one of the dancing ladies, and was immediately knocked to the floor. Jumping up and declaring his intentions to get his gun, he entered a certain tent. The boys under the wagon were waiting for a chance to get him if he came out with a gun in his hand.

However, it was learned a little later that he had disappeared into the forest after crawling out under the tent at the rear. It was plenty hard to talk those boys out of forming a posse and riding after him.

It was one of my first experiences with really wild natives. Many people still in the upper country will remember that night. Those whom I recall are: Nelse Jorgensen, Burleigh Binning, Harry and Sam Hoff, George and Bunch Glover, Fred Ballou, Phil Burch, Billy Bayers, Shorty Nolan,

the Alexander boys, Uncle George Smith, Bill Shanley, Billy Todd, Bert Clark Sr., and Jr., Vint Faler, Charley and Frank Ball, Lee Edmundson, Johnny Allen, Charley and Billy Byers, Zeph Jones, Alex Price, Johnny Bloom, the Seabolt boys, Jim Noble, Al Osterhout, the Budd boys, Jens Cowdell, the Hill boys and Frenchy Lalonde.

Many of those boys have now gone to the great beyond. So far as I know only one died a violent death—Shorty Nolan was shot out of the saddle.

I remember Frenchy very well for someone got my city Fedora and Frenchy's broad brim hat, which appeared to be the last one available, bloodstained from carrying mountain oysters, and dirty, but very serviceable that crispy morning for the ride home.

I could just go on forever about some of those early-day interesting events, but there must be an ending. Just one more. Driving out from Pinedale on a Monday morning, January 3, 1908, at seven a.m., riding the mail which was carried in a bobsled, we reached the McGinnis midway ranch after dark. At three a.m., next morning we again started, forty degrees below zero with hot rocks wrapped in papers for the ladies' feet and a lantern to pass among the men when their feet needed it. It was after dark Tuesday evening when we arrived in Kemmerer.

What would you think if you had to undergo something like that now?

They were really fine old days—days we would gladly live over again.

The first issue of the **Roundup** contained a story of the holdup of the Cumberland payroll in Kemmerer, which was being transferred from the express car. One of the three men who rode in this holdup was a good friend of mine and lived within three miles of Pinedale. The holdup occurred at one-thirty a.m.

I met him on the street in Pinedale with a pocket full of silver, watching for the saloon to open at seven a.m. He had completed the one-hundred-fifteen mile horseback ride in four relays—riding two of the horses to death. This all came to us two months later when the arrests were made. It then developed the three had picked up the usual bag of gold, which on this morning contained about nine-hundred dollars in silver and left a package of bills on the truck containing more than twenty-thousand dollars.

Division of the spoils was made in the room over the Stock Exchange bar in Kemmerer, the owner at that time being one of the bandits. All three were arrested, found guilty and served terms in the State penitentiary. I was personally acquainted with all three of these boys.

When the cry of a baby was heard in the distance at night all dogs began barking and we knew the mountain lion was coming down Pine creek. His cry was heard close by as he proceeded to a point six miles below, where the trees disappeared in the desert. Then you would hear him coming back and it was a relief when he got back to his haunts on the shore of Fremont lake.

At the end of December, 1907, I got out the last issue of the **Roundup**, having sold the paper to Billy Wells, the payment including his ranch six miles above Kendall Ranger Station on Green River, as a part of the payment price. That ranch now belongs to the Luman outfit.

Billy was a rancher, trapper and guide. I became the possessor of a fine cow ranch on upper Green river in part payment, with only one near neighbor, fifteen miles above us. When it came to payment, Billy pulled a tobacco pouch from his pocket, and began spilling out elk teeth on the table, remarking "Wattie, you'll have to take elk teeth in payment of a small amount of cash, which I need." As a result, I received the elk teeth which were then considered legal tender, and which were quite valuable in those days, until they began making celluloid elk teeth.

I never lived on that ranch, but the little old home still stands as a marker for that tract, and is used by the Abner Luman cow hands as a bunk house when necessary in the roundup seasons.

The original "dog camp," as it was called, was on a bench overlooking the river, where Billy had established his ranch home, and hunters came from Europe and eastern cities to hunt with him and his trail dogs. When the Wyoming legislature banned hunting with dogs Billy erected a home on the floor of the Valley, buying some cattle and becoming a real rancher, when not guiding a party of hunters, which became a big business with him.

### Author, Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland came to Pinedale in the late August, 1907, and looked me up. It was then one of my outstanding thrills. He was bent on climbing Fremont's Peak, and someone told him that **C. Watt Brandon** would see that he got started, but when the eventful day came, during the hay harvest, and insufficient men for the job, I was selected to take him back into the great forest and mountain vastness—a long story of snow, lost trail, etc., because of dead or down timber.

Garland was a most distinguished-looking gentleman, wearing a mephisto moustache and goatee, in early graying



years. He was a man most familiar with the great outdoors. His **Two Thousand Miles Overland**, a story in Canada, and his **Captain of the Grey Horse Troop**, on the Texas trails, and his stories on the **Middle West** (Dakota) were the ones that gave him early popularity. He had just finished reading proof on "Money Magic," which first ran as a serial story in "Harpers Weekly" in 1907.

Being no guide and no cook, I rebelled at the trip at first but Garland considered himself a good cook, which he proved later, also being a genuine camp man who could tie the "double diamond pack." So it fell to me to hobble and look after the horses. Together we would put up the tepee, but Garland slept in the open air.

At the end of the second day we made camp at the Beaver Meadows, just below the three forks of Green River on the road towards Fremont Peak, with no other humans within a distance of fifty or more miles. Our outfit consisted of a saddler for each, and my little pack horse "Barney," who was the hero of that trip.

It started raining after we had gone to bed. I slept in the tepee, but Garland was an outside sleeper. He was up early in the morning, with the fire made, singing in the rain, and cooking breakfast when I came out. Glancing to the mountain tops around us, we saw they were white with snow but headed up the trail for Fremont Peak and found a layer of six or seven inches of snow in the pass.

That decided us—the mountain trip was over, and when the little pack horse failed to follow, and was brought back to our trail several times, Garland decided it best, as it was still snowing, to let Barney take the lead. He took us through Glover Pass back to the two large boulders we had passed between the morning before, and we were soon headed back to the valley.

Mr. Garland was my very good friend during the remainder of his life and I visited him many times at his Hollywood home before his death. He refers to this trip in his **Companions of the Trail**, published in 1931 beginning at page 363. My story of that trail trip is still in its file unpublished, as he died prior to its publication.

His story **The Outlaw and The Girl** was written from notes made on our trip and was most interesting.

They were splendid days, full of pleasure and discouragements, but always interesting. I have many times remarked that the four years spent in that section in those days were worth a dozen years of any man's life, and would that I could live them over again.

It was there Mrs. Brandon began her work as an active newspaperwoman and gave me that encouragement neces-

sary at times to keep up my spirit and strive for the goal we had set—that it might not always be necessary to drown the lights of life in a country so far away from our early friends and relatives, but Mrs. Brandon passed away in 1934 and every day I feel greater my loss, for she developed into a wonderful newspaper woman, and the **Pinedale Roundup**, they used to tell me, when I returned home from some saddle trip, was a better paper on account of her support.

On a cold morning in January 1908, we headed for Kemmerer, Wyoming, where I had tentatively considered buying the **Camera**, a weekly paper, a corporation which came into my possession after I had purchased all the stock.

Kemmerer then was a most promising coal mining camp and railhead, on the Oregon Short line, for a livestock country extending one-hundred-forty miles to the north. Evanston, Uinta county, was our county seat, fifty miles distant, which county extended from the south border of Yellowstone National Park to the Utah border.

Naturally, I was backed by the community when suggesting county division, and the battle was won. The legislature, meeting in January, 1911, passed the enabling act, and the electors of the new county in 1912 carried the election, with Kemmerer as the county seat of the new Lincoln county.

Uinta county had been approximately two-hundred-twenty miles long and fifty-four miles wide, but the division left it thirty-nine miles long and fifty-four miles wide.

I continued publication of the **Camera**, and purchased the **Cokeville Register**, which was established to defeat county division. Sold the **Register** in the fall of 1917, after its dividends had been repaid to the original owners—all they had put in the plant, which they had made as a gift to me, as they were tired of "digging up."

In the meantime I had purchased the **News**, at McCammon, Idaho, and was publishing three papers when my decision came to retire, so I sold the **News** to one of my employees.

Mrs. Brandon and I spent the winter of 1916-17 in Jacksonville and Tampa, Florida, and in early February moved to New Orleans where we remained until after the Mardi Gras. We then returned to our new home in Lava Hot Springs.

Following the sale of the **Camera** (which later consolidated with another paper, and became known as **The Gazette**), I next purchased the **Semi-Weekly Post** in Sheridan, Wyoming in 1918, and established it as a morning daily, remaining with it until 1924, when I sold it in a consolidation of the two dailies to Charles W. Barton, a brother of Bruce

Barton, congressional and national correspondent, nicely famed.

Because of a gentlemen's agreement with Barton, which he failed to keep, I listened to the appeal of friends, and established the weekly **Sheridan Journal** in 1925. Shortly afterwards publishing it as a semi-weekly, then a tri-weekly; and just as we were swinging to a daily, Edward S. Moore, a prominent rancher and Chicago multi-millionaire, purchased both papers and consolidated them in the fall of 1930.

Sheridan, located in northern Wyoming, in the evening shadows of the Big Horn Mountains, is one of the most beautiful little cities in the intermountain district. Adjacent are a number of outstanding guest lodges, headed originally by the famous Eaton Brothers resort—Howard, William and Alden Eaton. At the insistence of their Pittsburgh friends, who decided to quit their annual visits unless the Eatons accepted pay, their ranch became the first paid "dude" ranch in the nation.

If you have ever visited Yellowstone National Park, you have seen the "Howard Eaton Trail" signs, which was the original method of taking visitors through that Park the saddle way. Today that trail is often traveled by foot-visitors to the park. I worked for years with all three of the Eaton boys in publicity for the Big Horn country. All have now passed to the Great Beyond, and Alden's son, Bill, and wife Patty now operate on a much larger scale.

Leaving Sheridan in 1932, we took up residence that fall at our summer home in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, but before our furniture got started to move by van, I was back in the harness again—back in Kemmerer, repurchasing the plant I had started to build up when I left Pinedale. I bought the **Gazette** from my fine friend of many years, Lester G. Baker, who had another venture he wanted to try.

We continued our home in Lava Hot Springs, one-hundred-forty miles away, Mrs. Brandon spending much of her time on the west coast until she passed away April 24, 1934, since which time it has been a lonesome old world for me.

### Attending My First Republican State Convention

I was a delegate from Fremont county to the 1906 Republican state convention in Casper. I traveled overland around one-hundred-ninety miles to Shoshoni—fifty miles in one of the old Concord stages, and was one of three on the driver's seat. Because of the call of nature, as the driver had been up all night, the lines were passed to me on the left side to drive ahead, while the driver was going to get



off the stage. Between us was a commercial traveler from Kansas City, and when the string of four got started I had an experience as I tried to stop them and the Kansas City Gentleman got nervous when I asked him to "ride the brake" and before I could get past him for the brake and stop the horses, the poor driver had to walk about a half a mile.

On that one-hundred-ninety miles of driving along the Little Popo Agie Creek at Lander, we had to ford every stream including the Big Wind River.

At that time Shoshoni was a wide-open town—gambling under tents and quickly thrown up shells of buildings where all games of chance were being played, men were in evening dress on a dirt floor, as also were some of the ladies in those resorts. It was the end of the Northwestern railroad, the mainline end from Casper, on its way to Lander.

We found a place to bed down for the night, and took the train next morning for Casper, where we were received by Pat Sullivan and a bunch of jolly delegates. Besides myself, as I recall, there were Ed Merritt, Billy McCoy, Captain Nickerson and Bill Madden in our delegation.

Casper was in its infancy. The Fremont delegation was assigned to two large rooms at the Midwest Hotel. From my corner room I could look out on an open field and see the court house standing out clear and no other buildings between. On the opposite side of that main street and just across the alley north was the printing office of A. J. Mokler's weekly **Natrona County Tribune**.

We were nicely entertained in Casper. My first automobile ride was in the Honorable Pat Sullivan's auto. He drove us about town, and out in the country to the hospital. That same hospital today is in the heart of the city. From the Northwestern depot you could look to the south and see the new home Pat was building, but that was one of several houses in that addition which is all built up now.

At that convention we nominated Bryant B. Brooks, who was serving out the term of Governor DeForest Richards, who died in office. In those days a Republican nomination was the equivalent of an election, as the primary election requirements did not come until the 1912 election.

The others nominated with Governor Brooks were: William R. Schnitzer for Secretary of State; LeRoy Grant for Auditor, Edward Gillette for Treasurer; A. D. Cook, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Richard H. Scott for Supreme Court, and Frank W. Mondell for Representative in Congress. All were elected that fall.

It was here that I met for the first time, Editor Bill Barlow of the **Douglas Budget** and a monthly magazine the

**Sage Brush Philosopher**, which had its postal privileges revoked because of certain lewdness in its publication. Bill was also secretary-treasurer of the first Wyoming Press Association and I still have my membership card dated in 1906.

I could write a book on that meeting but am closing with reference to my old Omaha chum, A. J. Mokler, who was publishing the **Natrona County Tribune**.

Back in 1898 in Omaha, we were both working on the **Omaha Daily Herald** when it was purchased by Senator Hitchcock, owner of the **World** and consolidated as the **World Herald**, which is still being published under that name. Moke was my "big brother" and we boarded and roomed on the 18th Street hill, just off Leavenworth Street. "Moke" is still living in Casper, and I always look forward to a visit with him, when over there, but haven't been there for several years.

Returning from that convention we arrived in Shoshoni after the stage had left. We phoned to County Chairman Frank Smith to have someone meet us at the Riverton bridge over Wind River.

Arriving at Riverton we found a city of tents, owing to a second town site filing and the government issuing an order requiring that until the courts rendered a decision no building should be started. It was a reclamation setup, and there had been a drawing for lots, and which side won I do not recall.

In that city of tents there were three holding printing outfits, several with barber outfits, stocks of groceries, general merchandise, saloon setup, and drugs. In fact, most every line of business needed in an ordinary town was there, but the driving of a single nail had not been made for a building setup.

However, the construction of the Northwestern railroad, being extended from Casper to Lander, was not interfered with and with the bridge completed, we had arranged for the rig to meet us on the opposite side of the bridge, so we walked across on the uncompleted trestle. Our party was met by Chairman Smith, driving his famous team of Appulsa (spotted) horses.

With my return to Pinedale, I had completed a round trip of five-hundred-ninety miles, three-hundred-ninety miles of which had been overland—a trip I will never forget, for that was the only time I was allowed to ride on a Concord stage coach, which went out of existence in Wyoming with the completion of the Northwestern line into Lander. Oh yes, I forgot, on the return trip we left South Pass over the short cut used through Slaughter House

Gulch, one of the cold-blooded regions of the top South Pass days, and a colorful retreat for the Diamond Dick and other dime novels of the hot days of that wild western city.

In the presidential campaign of 1924 I was campaign manager in Wyoming for Calvin Coolidge, and secured the Republican state convention for his nomination. I was living in Sheridan at that time, and when he established his "Little White House" in the Black Hills at the state game lodge, he invited Mrs. Brandon and me to spend a day and night with them on a certain date, and we were there and enjoyed a nice visit after dinner. Along about three o'clock he asked if I would go fishing with him. Colonel W. H. Starling, President Coolidge's bodyguard, and head of the FBI was with us on this fishing trip. It was he whom one would have to pass in the lobby of the White House office in Washington before getting to see the president, if a visitor. He held that job under seven presidents. I always counted him among my personal friends.

After one of my visits to the White House press correspondents conferences with the president, he met me and a niece of mine and chartered the taxi that took us all down town. When in Washington I had the privileges of both the House and Senate press galleries, and could attend any press conference announced on the bulletin boards.

Have enjoyed several big game hunting trips in the Jackson Hole country with men well known in the movie industry; some of whom were Harry Sherman, producer of the "Hopalong Cassidy" films, also prominent in television; Charles P. Skouras of Hollywood, Fox-West Coast Theatres, and president of the National Theatres. Also with us and manager of our parties was Rick Ricketson, Denver, Colorado, president of the Fox-Intermountain Theatres in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Idaho and Montana—one of the princes of the movie-theatre world.

I could write volumes on those trips which were filled with both hardships and pleasure. We would stop at the lodge of the outfitter and then saddle and pack, going to the favorite meadows of the elk, deer, moose and bear, back in the mountains which were in the most inaccessible districts and necessitated going over dangerous trails. The pleasure came mostly in the kill and the evenings around the camp fires.

### **J. C. Penney's Mother Store Is in Kemmerer**

J. C. Penney, founder of the great chain of stores, made his start in Kemmerer, his home being next to the Camera office. His Mother Store, Number one, is located here;



there are sixteen hundred other stores of his scattered over the nation. Our friendship has never wavered, and I could write much of this wonderful man, from whom, as regular as Christmas comes, among my gifts will be one from him—two ties of my preferred color—red. Occasionally when he visits other stores of his chain and spies a tie that is red enough to suit me, he has his manager mail it to Kemmerer. Once in Jacksonville, Florida he noticed a beautiful red embossed tie in the window of his store. I still have that tie, which is too beautiful to wear unless the occasion allows it.

# *Wyoming's Oregon Trail West of South Pass*

by

MRS. MARY HURLBURT SCOTT\*

The hundreds of thousands of covered wagon travelers who made their way up the North Platte and the Sweetwater had a chance to choose from a variety of routes when they reached South Pass. One route went southwest to Bridger. This was a popular route for those bound for Salt Lake or California, but it was the long way around for those whose destination was Oregon, and most Oregon-bound travelers did not go by way of Bridger. Nevertheless many people mistakenly believe that the Bridge route was the main Oregon Trail, and some maps designate the Bridger route as the Oregon Trail.

The Wyoming State Commerce and Industry Commission publishes the attractive Paint Brush map of Wyoming

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mary Hurlburt Scott was born of pioneer stock at Roseburg, Oregon. Her family lived for some time on an eastern Oregon ranch where she and her brothers and sisters led an outdoor life, spending much of their time on horseback.

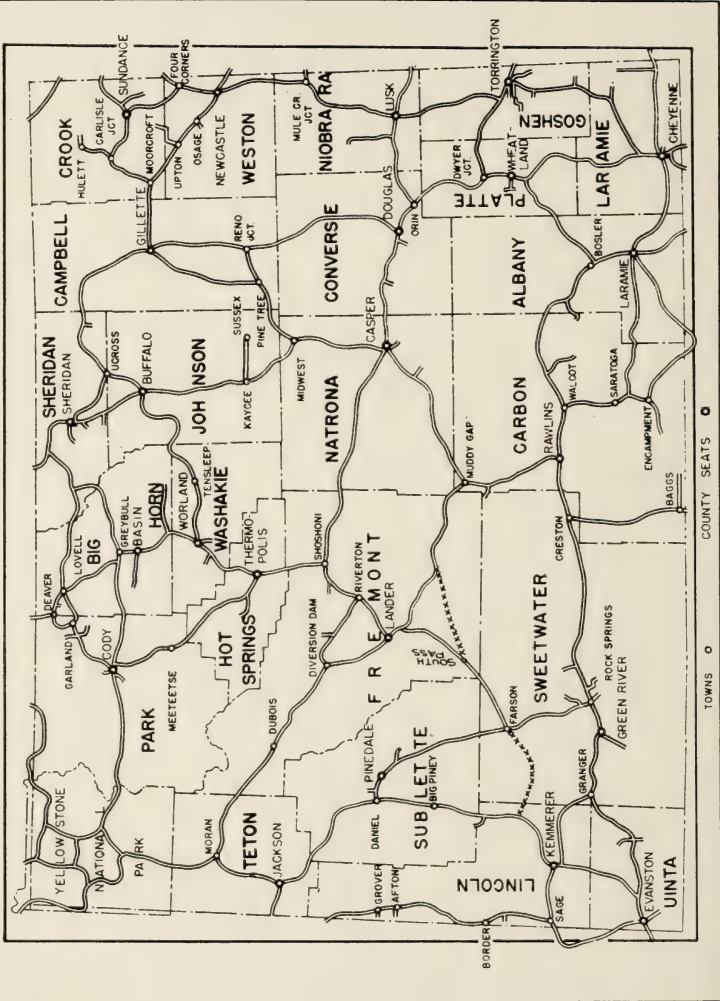
At eighteen she passed the teacher's examination and began teaching. After five years in the school at Arlington, Oregon, she resigned to marry Joseph K. Irby. Three years later she was widowed and returned to her former position after a term of normal school. She came to Wyoming in 1906, for reasons of health, and studied in the department of education at the University of Wyoming. At this time she commenced, with Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, her lifelong research on the Oregon Trail. In 1910 she received her normal school diploma, having since 1906 earned credit for three years of high school and two of college work, aside from having done one year substitute and two full years of teaching. Later she taught at Rock Springs and at Pinedale, Wyoming. At the latter place she met David Harvey Scott whom she married in 1912. From 1912 to 1940 Mr. and Mrs. Scott lived on a ranch at Daniel, Wyoming.

In 1941, a year after Mr. Scott's passing, Mrs. Scott disposed of her ranching property and resumed her former occupations as teacher and student. In 1944 she completed work for the A. B. degree, and since that time she has been occupied with research on the Oregon Trail, especially that portion from South Pass west direct to Cokeville, Wyoming via Farson and Kemmerer. This is the section which she describes in her article as the main Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, route of the Oregon pioneers.

The author wishes to thank Prof. T. A. Larson of the University of Wyoming for editorial assistance, but all the opinions expressed are her own.

Construction of indicated links (xxx) about 90 miles will complete Old Oregon Trail Highway from Independence, Missouri to the Pacific Coast.

STATE OF WYOMING





which presents much interesting historical information. But it shows the Bridger route only. True, it says "Oregon or Bust" on the wagon cover, but the wise woman in the wagon aptly inquires, "Do we go by way of Hollywood?," as that is the direction in which the wagon is headed.

In reality Wyoming's Oregon Trail west of South Pass is two old trails traveled from time immemorial by the Indians and during the exploration period by Wilson Price Hunt, Robert Stuart and others, and during the fur period by traders, trappers and many others. From South Pass each trail runs as directly as the lay of the land permits to its Snake or Bear River Valley destination. Whereas an Oregon-bound traveler going by way of Bridger went southwest and then northwest, so that his route formed a "V," the two branches of the real Oregon Trail cut across the top of the "V."

The northern branch, or according to highway markings the Oregon Trail North, has two Snake River terminals, Jackson Hole and Star Valley. The Jackson Hole trail through Hoback Canyon passes along steep hillsides where it was impossible to use the Indian travois, and therefore, it did not become a road during the emigration period. The Star Valley Trail became the main Oregon Trail North, later known as the New Emigrant Road on Raynold's Government Map of 1859-60, and the Lander-Wagner Government Map of 1857-58. So it is known as the Lander Road.

The southern branch, or the main Oregon Trail South, is the Oregon Route on the Mitchell Map, 1846, the Sublette Road on the Lander-Wagner Map of 1857-58 and the Old Emigrant Road on Raynold's Map of 1859-60. It finally became known as the Sublette Road (from Big Sandy to Green River occasionally called Greenwood Cutoff).

The Main Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, continues up the Sweetwater River to Lander Creek, then crosses South Pass, 8,026 feet, over rolling hills to Little Sandy, crossing it in a beautiful wooded dell, which must have been a haven of rest to the plains-weary travelers, on to the Big Sandy openings with its luxuriant meadows, follows Big Sandy, crossing it at the Buckskin crossing, crosses Muddy Creek and continuing west soon comes in sight of the Wyoming Mountains which border the Green River Valley on the west, and Wagner Pass. From Muddy Creek the road goes to Sand Springs and Oregon-Lander Trail Marker where it crosses highway 187 about 18 miles southeast of Pinedale, crosses New Fork River about six miles above its confluence with Green River and Green River five miles above the same junction, crosses another Muddy Creek and continuing west crosses Highway 189 at an Oregon-Lander

Road marker three and a half miles north of Big Piney. It soon reaches North Piney Creek and goes on to Middle Piney Creek which it follows several miles and then crosses to South Piney, which it follows up to its headwaters. The road then goes through Wagner Pass between Mount Thompson and Mount Darby to the headwaters of Smith's Fork through a wonderland of perfect picnic parks, then crosses Commissary Ridge to the headwaters of Salt River of equally enticing beauty and descends into Star Valley (called Paradise Valley by Oregon emigrants). In Star Valley the road crosses Salt River and soon Highway 89 at an Oregon Trail marker, and continues through Star Valley leaving Wyoming near Auburn. The main Oregon Trail North with its numerous streams and fine timber is among Wyoming's most beautiful scenic historic treasures. The dirt road is passable when dry.

The main Oregon Trail South after leaving South Pass and the Ezra Meeker Oregon Trail marker goes by Pacific Springs, crosses Dry Sandy and Little Sandy six miles from Big Sandy which it crosses near Haystack Butte about nine miles north of Farson and continues slightly south of west, crossing Highway 187 at the Oregon-Sublette Trail marker about eight miles north of Farson.

The trail continues on to Green River at Name's Hill (a register cliff on which are carved many names). From Name's Hill crossing of Green River the old road passes an Oregon Trail marker and goes southwest over Name's Hill and Holden Hill to Fontenelle Creek, which it crosses and goes on to Jackson Creek and another Register Cliff and the rockworn road, deep enough that hubs of wagon wheels made indentations visible today in sandstone at the roadside, passes another Oregon Trail marker, crosses Slate Creek, then Ham's Fork about eight miles northwest of Kemmerer, near Nancy Hill's grave (1847), goes on to Smith's Fork and Bear River near Cokeville and an Oregon Trail marker. In this vicinity the Bridger Detour returns to the main Oregon Trail which leaves Wyoming at Border, passing another Oregon Trail marker.

The Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, has a number of detours where it parallels the Wind River Mountains; and the Jackson Hole-Hoback Detour, and the Rendezvous or Daniel Detour farther west.

The Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, too, has many detours, the Fontenelle, the Slate Creek, the Kinney Cutoff and the Big Sandy Crossing detours. From the Big Sandy crossing a road leads up Green River uniting the Kinney, the Slate Creek, and perhaps other detours, finally reuniting with the main Oregon Trail, Sublette Road, at

Jackson Creek. A second road from the Big Sandy crossing (later the Mormon) went slightly west of south to Black's Fork near Granger, then went up Ham's Fork to Ham's Fork crossing, eight miles north of Kemmerer.

During the emigration period detours and roads connecting the two main roads developed a veritable network of roads through the Green River Valley, which network may in part be responsible for the claim that the longest, least traveled Oregon-California Trail detour, the Bridger, was a main Oregon Trail route, while in truth its importance lies in the fact that it became, in turn, the Hastings, the Donner, the California, the Mormon and the Mormon-California, the Pony Express, and the Overland Routes of the Emigration Period; and the Union Pacific Railroad, the Lincoln Highway, and Highway 30-30 S. of today, the natural road to the West and Southwest, as the Oregon Trail is the natural road to the West and Northwest.

Careful studies of diaries, journals, maps, and many books dealing with the subject supply evidence that the two main routes, the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, and the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, were and are the main Oregon Trails.

In 1811 the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, Hoback-Jackson Hole Detour, from Green River west was traveled by Wilson Price Hunt and his party of Astorians.<sup>1</sup> In 1812 Robert Stuart coming east traveled the Hoback-Jackson detour of the Lander Road, or Oregon Trail North, through to South Pass.<sup>2</sup>

In 1832, Wyeth practically reversed Stuart's 1812 Oregon Trail North route, from South Pass via Pinedale, Green River, Hoback-Jackson Hole Detour to the Snake River.

In 1832, Bonneville, with wagons, traveled the Rendezvous or Daniel Detour of the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, to Daniel, Wyoming.

In 1832, William Sublette attempted a short cut due west, right across the waterless expanse, thus establishing the Sublette Road, the main Oregon Trail South. Sublette's Cutoff became the accepted road, except for those going to Salt Lake.

At the beginning of emigration the only stopping places on the Oregon Trail were the trading posts, Fort Laramie (1834), Fort Hall (1834), and Fort Boise (1834).

In 1834 Wyeth traveled the Granger Detour of the

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1. P. A. Rollins, *The Discovery of the Oregon Trail* (Scribner, 1935). See map, p. 127 and Appendix A-II, Wilson Price Hunt's Diary, p. 287 and p. 317, notes 130 and 131.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. 127, 170 and 181 and notes 38 and 148.



Sublette Road with 300 men including Jason and Daniel Lee, Methodists, who were the first missionaries to answer the Macedonian call of the Nez Perce and Flat Head Indians.

In 1834 the Anderson Party traveled the Sublette Road.

In 1835 Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman with traders traveled the Daniel Detour of the Lander Road to the Rendezvous at present Daniel, Wyoming. Such numbers of Nez Perce Indians were there begging for teachers of the white man's Book of Heaven that Samuel Parker thought it best for Whitman to return for reinforcements while the Nez Perce Indians would accompany him to Fort Walla Walla.

In 1836 the Whitman-Spalding missionary party including two women and two wagons traveled the Sublette-Lander Road to the Rendezvous at Daniel, and from there went with one wagon southwest to the Sublette Road, which they traveled with wagon to Fort Hall. From there with a cart made of front wheels, hind wheels lashed on, they continued to Fort Boise. Thus Whitman succeeded in taking a wagon well into the Columbia River Basin.

In 1838 a party of four men accompanied by their wives traveled the Daniel Detour of the Lander Road past Daniel. They were Cushing and Myra Eels, Elkanah and Mary Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray.

In 1841 the Bidwell-Bartleson party of sixty-nine men, women, and children followed the Sweetwater to its head, struck the Little Sandy, and then the Big Sandy, crossed the Green River to Black's Fork, which they followed up to Ham's Fork, at the head of which they crossed the divide between the Green and Bear Rivers. Their route combined parts of the two main Oregon Trails through the Green River Valley. At Soda Springs eight men, two women and five children took the Oregon Trail, while the main party followed the Bear River to Salt Lake, going from there to the Humboldt and on to California.

In 1842 Medorem Crawford, with seven wagons and fifty-three people including women and children, traveled the Sublette Road through Wyoming, taking wagons to Fort Hall.

In 1843 the large emigration of 1,000 people with Whitman as guide went by way of Fort Bridger, because Jim Bridger met the train on the Sweetwater telling Whitman that he had found a less mountainous route than that traveled by Whitman in 1836. Having had difficulty with his wagon west of Green River where roads were only trails, Whitman took Bridger's advice. From 1843 to 1845 or '47 there was considerable Oregon-California travel by way of

Fort Bridger. But not all travel was by way of Fort Bridger, because in 1843 Thomas J. Farnham with a company traveled the Lander Road to Green River and the Sublette Road west through Wyoming.

Before and during the 1843-1847 period, there was enough travel over the main routes to render their roads equally as good as the Bridger roads, and therefore, because of the shorter distances, travel gradually swung back. The often-found references to an earlier route by Bridger refers to this period (1843-1847) and therefore is misleading when applied to the main routes. The Bridger Route was first traveled by Oregon emigrants in 1843 and it continued to be traveled when wagons required more blacksmithing than transported equipment could render, or perhaps occasionally when they needed extra supplies. But the longer time for the Bridger route was the determining factor to travelers, to whom delay might mean encountering the fall rainy season in the Blue, Cascade or Sierra mountains. The Bridger route required  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 days longer than the Sublette route and 13 days longer than the Lander route, according to many diarists.

The Bridger Road is the direct route from South Pass to Salt Lake, and no doubt was, as were the main Oregon roads, an old Indian trail before trappers, traders and emigrants came.

In 1844 Rev. Edward Parrish with three companies, Cornelius Gilliam with three companies, and John Minto with a train all traveled the Bridger detour.

In 1844 the Stevens-Townsend-Murphy Party with Old Greenwood as guide traveled the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road.

In 1845 Palmer in a party with 30 wagons traveled the Bridger detour.<sup>3</sup>

In 1845 Jesse Hariett with company, J. M. Harrison with 65 men and 40 wagons, the Iowa Co., and Samuel Parker with a train traveled the Bridger detour.

In 1846 Bryant and J. I. Thornton, each with a train, traveled the Lander Road.

In 1846 Joel Palmer on his return from Oregon traveled the Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road.

In 1846 Judge John R. McBride with 130 wagons, two trains, traveled the Sublette Road.

In the same year Hastings with a party, and Donner with a party traveled the Bridger route to Salt Lake and on to California. Thereafter the Bridger route was the

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3. R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, Vol. XXX, pp. 12, 13.

Hastings, the Donner, or California Trail, until in 1847 it became the Mormon Trail.

In 1847 James Raynor in one of three parties with 50 wagons traveled the Sublette Road, as did James Harty with a train of 33 wagons. They saw 1,000 people on the road.<sup>4</sup>

In 1847 McNamee with a train traveled the Sublette Road. In the same year Elizabeth Geer in a company of 18 wagons, Ralph Geer with half a train, Cornelius Smith with 12 wagons, Loren B. Hastings with four companies of 18, 40, 20 and 28 wagons traveled the Bridger detour of the Sublette Road. Also in 1847 the Mormon Emigration which traveled the Mormon Road by Bridger began, increasing travel on that route immensely, not only to Salt Lake but also to California over safe, practical routes located and improved by Utah's industrious citizens. From this time on the Bridger route became the Mormon Road or Mormon-California Road or Trail.

In 1849 the U. S. Government carried out an 1846 act of Congress authorizing the establishment of military posts on the road to Oregon. Col. W. W. Loring with a regiment of Mounted Riflemen marched from Fort Leavenworth to Oregon City, leaving detachments at Forts Kearney and Laramie, and establishing a post at Fort Hall.<sup>5</sup> Had Bridger been on the road to Oregon, would not a detachment have been left there? Some of the Mounted Riflemen traveled the Sublette Road, while others went by Bridger.

In 1849 the Charleston Company traveled the Sublette Road.<sup>6</sup> On June 30 on the road from Pacific Springs they counted 50 wagons. They found a great deal of grass on the Sublette Road in spite of reported barren regions. The last 20 miles before reaching the Green River they found difficult, having to use ropes to let their wagons down some of the hills. They found many wagons on the river.

Also in 1849 Capt. J. G. Bruff with the Washington Company traveled the Sublette Road. At the forks the emigrants held a meeting, and all except two ox teams decided to follow him. At Big Sandy after filling water kegs and canteens, they left on the "Dry Drive," variously estimated at 35 to 55 miles without water. They soon passed 15 wagons ahead of them. At one a.m. they stopped to rest, and gave each mule a quart of water and sent them to graze. At four a.m. they resumed their journey, descending

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4. Raynor MS and Harty letter in Oregon Historical Society Library, Portland, Oregon.

5. Settle, **March of the Mounted Riflemen.**

6. Geiger and Bryarly, **Trail to California**, p. 130 ff.



a steep hill successfully after double locking and leading the head mules. Bruff found upon examinaiton, a few hundred yards away, a road with a gentle descent. The so-called guide claimed that he had not seen the better road. Late in the afternoon they arrived at a very steep bluff, at the base of which flowed the Green River. From the crest down to the base, right and left, were fragments of disasters in the shape of upset wagons, wheels, axles, running-gear, sides and bottoms. Nothing daunted, double locked and each teamster holding firmly to the bridle of his lead mule, they led down in succession till the whole train reached the valley below without accident. Here again Capt. Bruff found that it would have been possible to avoid the steep descent.<sup>7</sup>

It was also in 1849 that Clark with 62 wagons, Bennet C. Clark with 24 people and Henry W. Burton, whose diary on microfilm is in the University of Wyoming Library, all traveled the Sublette Road.

In 1850 Reed, Page, Orange, Dowell and others took the Sublette Road, and Francher Stimson and company traveled the Lander Road.<sup>8</sup>

In 1851 Robert Henshaw and Hadley with a train traveled the Sublette Road. James Danforth Burnette with his family, and Dillard with his family traveled the Lander Road or one of its detours to the Green River crossing five miles above the mouth of New Fork River.

The year 1852 found Mrs. Sarah Frances Dudley, the Rev. Jesse Moreland, Taylor, Mrs. Cecilia Emily Adams, James Akin and John T. Kerns, each in a train, traveling over the Sublette Road. Other 1852 travelers over the Sublette Road, each in a train, were the Rev. John McAllister, Charles B. Moore, Ines Eugenia Parker, Joe Sharp, Wm. Cornell, Davis and Kohler.

In 1853 Valina A. Williams, Henry A. Allen, Wm. Hoffman, T. J. Connor, Mrs. M. A. Parsons Belshaw and George N. Taylor, each in a train, traveled the Sublette Road.<sup>9</sup> So also did E. T. Goltra in a large train, Alelia Stewart Knight, James Longmire with 12 families, Himes in a train, Celinda Himes in a train, Mary Waler with most of a train, a few going to the left.

Travelers on the Lander Road in 1853 included John

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7. Read and Gains, **Gold Rush**, Journals and Drawings of J. G. Bruff.

8. Dowell Journal in Oregon Historical Society Library, Portland.

9. Diaries, journals or copies are in the Oregon Historical Society Library for Dudley, Moreland, Taylor, Adams, Akin, Kerns, Williams, Allen, Hoffman, Conner, Belshaw and George N. Taylor.

Sims Burnett, Josiah Augustus Burnett, Jack Burnett, Martha Burnett (Hanley), Mary E. Burnett (McDonald) and Letitia Burnett (Casey).

Sylvanius Cordit traveled the Sublette Road with a train in 1854, as did George Stowell with a large train in 1856.

Lander's Government Report states that 13,000 traveled the Lander Road in 1859.

In 1860 the Pony Express was established via the Mormon Road from South Pass to Bridger, Salt Lake and California. In 1861 the telegraph line was constructed on the same route, which was then the route of the stage line, but by 1862 Indian attacks caused the stage route to be moved to the Overland Trail through southern Wyoming.

Harry H. Herr and E. S. McComas, each with a company, traveled the Lander Road in 1862; Aaron Clough with 75 wagons and about 750 people followed the same road in 1863, as did A. J. Dickson with two trains in 1864.

Noel Breed mistakenly states that emigration to the West ceased after 1869.<sup>10</sup> In reality emigration over Wyoming's main Oregon Trails, the Sublette and Lander Roads, continued quite extensively until after 1900, with the last westward-bound emigrant wagon seen on the Oregon Trail North, or Lander Road, in 1912.

Tom Sun writes that his father settled on the Sweetwater near Independence Rock in the late 60's or early 70's, after which there was much emigration past their place.

In 1878 Charles J. Steadman, who lived on the Little Laramie near Laramie, Wyoming, went on a cattle buying expedition to Oregon. He reported that the emigration to Oregon and Washington that year was very heavy. He heard it estimated at 40,000. He states "We could see evidence of new arrivals continually."

Minnie Holden, Riverside, California, writes that her father settled near the mouth of Fontenelle Creek, Lincoln County in 1877, and operated a ferry over the Green River from 1883 to 1885. Miss Holden states that there was much emigrant travel until the Oregon Short Line was completed. Evidently the completion of the railroad did not stop Oregon migration. William Sutton, Kemmerer, Wyoming, writes that his father settled on Ham's Fork in 1885, and that from that time to 1900 there was much emigrant travel over the Oregon Trail each summer. He says that as many as 200 wagons passed on some days. Mr. Sutton's sister, Mrs. Agnes Clemens, Pinedale, Wyoming, writes "In my mind's eye I

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10. Noel J. Breed, *The Early Development of the Wyoming Country*, unpublished thesis, Univ. of Calif., 1927, p. 10.

can still see a continuous line of covered wagons coming down the hill to the Ham's Fork crossing."

John Beachler, Sr., Kemmerer, Wyoming, writes that in July, 1897, his family traveled the Oregon Trail from Pendleton, Oregon, to Cokeville, Wyoming, and Rock Creek or Nugget, where they took the Dempsey Detour of the Sublette Road past the Emigrant Springs and the rockworn road about 25 miles east of Kemmerer, forded the Green River at the mouth of Slate Creek, and followed the east side of the river to Green River City. They met at least 200 covered wagons traveling west, and a few others traveling east like themselves.

Louis Jones, Kemmerer, Wyoming, who guided Irene Paden, author of the **Wake of the Prairie Schooner**, and her husband over the (by them unrecognized) main Oregon Trail South, the Sublette Road, and Dempsey Cutoff or Detour of the same in the Kemmerer region, resided on Fontenelle Creek in 1899 and 1900. While there he saw much travel over the Oregon Trail South. After 1900 Jones herded sheep near Nancy Hill's grave west of Ham's Fork crossing eight miles above Kemmerer. He observed much emigrant travel west. He states it thus "In 1901 and 1902 I saw covered wagon trains which took all day to pass. This occurred many days all summer long."

In 1879 Budd and McKay left Elko, Nevada, bound for Nebraska with 777 head of cattle. They followed the California Trail to Soda Springs, Idaho, and then the Oregon Trail to Wyoming. In 1880 Dan Budd made a second cattle drive from Nevada, bringing 1,000 head to the Green River ranch over the Lander Trail. John Budd, son of Dan Budd, and a prominent cattleman of Big Piney, Wyoming, writes "In 1879 father sent for his family. We lived in Green River City several winters but spent summers on the ranch. From the time we came during the summers we saw many emigrants bound for the Oregon Country. Occasionally a few went east. Travel was heaviest during the 1880s, 1890s and the early 1900s. Many herds of sheep, horses and cattle were traileed east through here. There were few days in summer when there wasn't a herd in sight."

In 1888 L. H. Hennick, former resident of Pinedale, Wyoming, and Mr. and Mrs. Mott traveled the Oregon Trail North, the Lander Road, from American Falls, Idaho, through Star Valley to Big Piney and the Green River Valley. Mr. Mott took up land on Green River at the upper Lander Road crossing about twelve miles above the mouth of New Fork. At that time there was enough travel on the Lander Road to justify his establishing a ferry and store for accommodation of emigrants.



In 1890 Joseph M. Huston, resident of Daniel, Wyoming, with a small company traveled the Oregon Trail from Kearney, Nebraska, to Casper, Wyoming. In 1891 he joined an emigrant train at Casper and followed the Oregon Trail to the Burnt Ranch on the Sweetwater River, from which point the main train took the Lander Road while Mr. Huston with a few emigrants followed the Sublette Road, Slate Creek Detour. On Green River at Slate Creek crossing they found 500 or more emigrants camped.

Mrs. Stella Hibben Graham of Sublette county, Wyoming, describes her travel over the Lander Road as follows:

My family, George P. Hibben, his wife, Sarah Scott Hibben, and three children joined the Grant family to begin our trek from Poplar Bluff, Missouri to Portland, Oregon in the year 1900. With one wagon apiece we began the long journey following the wagon trails of the prairie.

We reached Sweetwater at the famous landmark, Independence Rock. At this point we joined the old Oregon Trail which is known as the Lander Cutoff. This route took us through South Pass, crossing the Green River at the old John Wardell place just northwest of the present town of Big Piney.

The Wardell ranch was a rest haven for the many tired and weary pioneers making their way further West. We spent the night there and were shown many beautiful treasures that were left by these pioneers to lighten their loads. These treasures included cut glass dishes, Haviland china and other heirlooms.

Our next stop was the Steve Daniels place on Middle Piney. We were warned to give up our trek for the winter because our tired horses would never be able to pull the rugged climbs before heavy snows.

We spent the winter on the Andrew Homer place where my father was the local blacksmith. In the spring my father bought a ranch on the upper Middle Piney.

In June of 1910 we once again packed our belongings and started for Oregon. We followed the Lander Trail through Snyder Basin to Star Valley by covered wagon. The trail was long, rugged and difficult to traverse, but it was very distinct with the deep worn tracks cut through the meadows and canyons.

Breakdowns and an injury to my father shortened our trip and we settled in Rigby, Idaho.

In 1912 I returned to Big Piney where I married Fred Graham. Our home was in Snyder Basin at the forest ranger station, where my husband was a ranger on the Wyoming Forest.

The Oregon Trail Lander Road passed within yards of our home. While piping water into our house we discovered the remains of an old blacksmith's shop. We found seventy-five or a hundred oxen and mule shoes, some six feet under the ground, plus old wagon parts which led us to believe that the shop was one of the main repair stations along the trail.

Soon after our discovery we found the name "J. B. LaBeau—1848" carved in a knotted, scarred old pine tree. The name is still visible on the ancient tree and is now a

landmark of the old blacksmith's shop.

Also of interest along the old trail are the many graves of the pioneers. Inscriptions are burned or carved in flat sand rock dating from 1848 to 1860. One of particular interest is the grave of Elizabeth Paul who died during childbirth. She died in the year 1854. The inscription was burned on an old board and nailed to a tree with square nails. Many of these graves have been found and properly marked by my husband through the forest service. Our home is still near the old Lander Trail and it is now a good road connecting the Green River and Star Valleys. It has given us great pleasure to pass on what knowledge we have concerning it. In 1912, we lived in Snyder Basin. We saw and talked to other people going through in covered wagon.<sup>11</sup>

Many writers who have dealt with the Oregon Trail have disregarded evidence which shows the importance of Wyoming's two main Oregon Trails west of South Pass. Some of the errors go back to the Old Oregon Trail Hearings before the House of Representatives Committee on Roads in 1925.<sup>12</sup> Representative Leatherwood of Utah testified that "After they had gone through South Pass earlier traffic tended to go down toward what is now Fort Bridger."<sup>13</sup> In fact there was no Oregon emigrant travel by the Bridger detour until 1843. Leatherwood continued "A little later—I think 1835—the Sublette Cutoff came into historical notice." The date 1835 is in error; Sublette traveled the route in 1832. Leatherwood continued "Up until that time most of westward movement found its way through South Pass to Fort Bridger, and then down toward Canyon of Weber, to a fort near where Ogden now stands, upon the northern portion of Great Salt Lake, or they found their way to Bear River in vicinity of Evanston, followed Bear River down to northern end of the lake, where they had a post for outfitting and repairing; and then they pushed on North into Idaho in vicinity of Old Fort Hall." In fact there is no evidence of Oregon emigrants at any time going to the north end of Great Salt Lake. Travel on that route, if any, before 1832 would have been that of fur men or explorers, not homeseeking Oregon emigrants. Thus Leatherwood substituted an erroneous route for the Oregon Trail west of South Pass.

Representative Leatherwood of Utah wanted an improved highway through southern Wyoming rather than through South Pass. He testified "I say without fear of

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11. Notarized statement signed by Stella Hibben Graham and Fred Graham, August 4, 1949, in possession of the author.

12. Hearings, H.R., 68th Cong., Second Session, on H.J. Res. 232, H.J. Res. 328 and S2053, 1925.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 58.

successful contradiction, from personal observation, that a great portion of this road from Torrington in the state of Wyoming, along the Sweetwater and through South Pass is closed most of the year. I do not care if you had a concrete boulevard built through South Pass, because of its location it is one of the first places in the State of Wyoming to be snowbound in the fall, and one of the last places in the spring to yield up its treasure of snow."<sup>14</sup> Leatherwood said further "Now, we think it is inadvisable to attempt to designate a Federal highway through this Wyoming country . . . . We have, as I said, from Sherman Hill near Cheyenne, in the great State of Wyoming, following Union Pacific a good highway."

Wyoming highway construction since 1925 has disregarded Leatherwood's warnings. The Rawlins-Lander Highway 287 follows the Sweetwater to within less than fifty miles of South Pass. It is a year round highway. The Lander-Farson,Rock Springs highway crosses South Pass from the Wind River Valley to the Green River Valley at a much higher elevation than the Oregon Trail South Pass crossing, 7,550 feet. This highway, on its way to Farson and Highway 30, Lincoln Highway at Rock Springs, passes near the Oregon Trail South Pass crossing. This is the route of which Leatherwood states "the traveler would find the road almost impassable."

In the year 1950 good highways follow the real Oregon Trail all the way from Independence, Missouri, to the mouth of the Columbia River, except for two less than fifty-mile stretches in Wyoming, one through South Pass itself, the other from highway 187 at Farson, Wyoming, to highway 189 northeast of Kemmerer, Wyoming. There has been continued discrimination against the construction of a highway on the old Oregon Trail route direct from South Pass to Kemmerer and Cokeville.

In 1935 the author while in Oregon met a son of an Oregon pioneer. His immediate question after learning the author was from Wyoming was "Tell me why we cannot follow the Oregon Trail through Wyoming. We made a trip for the purpose of retracing the Oregon Trail traveled by my family and locating the grave of a relative buried at a certain place in Wyoming, but we lost the Oregon Trail at Cokeville, Wyoming and could not find it again until we reached Ogallala, Nebraska." In 1935 the author could not answer his question, but in 1950 she knows that it is because

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14. *Ibid.*, p. 79.



of the attempt to change the name, purpose and location of the Oregon Trail through Wyoming.

Others, besides Congressman Leatherwood, have placed improper emphasis on the Bridger detour of the Oregon Trail. A. B. Hulbert in his **Crown Collections of American Maps**, Series IV, "The American Transcontinental Trails," vol. 2, gives undue importance to the temporary Bridger detour, which was traveled by Oregon emigrants only a very small part of the Oregon Trail's one hundred years, 1812-1912. Hulbert mistakenly mentions the Lander Road's leaving the older Oregon Trail which passes South Pass and Pacific Springs. There is no older route than that of the Lander Road, as far as white men know. Both the Lander and Sublette Roads were old Indian trails traveled long before the white men came.

Hulbert in a note on Map No. 24 recognized his lack of knowledge: "Much work remains to be done to locate the various cutoffs to Green River, such as Sublette's, Lander's, Greenwood's, and Hedspeth's." The author of this article has had to do much work to clarify Wyoming's Oregon Trail routes west of South Pass. Hulbert's Sublette Cutoff is the main Oregon Trail South which crosses Big Sandy near Haystack Butte about nine miles north of Farson and continues west on the direct route. On Mitchell's Oregon Trail Map, 1846, it is the Oregon Route. On the Lander-Wagner Government Map of 1857-58 it is the Sublette Road. On Raynold's War Department Map of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, 1859-60, it is the Old Emigrant Road.

The so-called Lander Cutoff is the Lander Road, or Lander Trail, the common names applied to the old direct route from South Pass to Snake River and on to Fort Hall. It is the Central Division of the Fort Kearney South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road, the first Federal road project through this region.

The term "Greenwood's Cutoff" is occasionally applied to the "Dry Drive" from Big Sandy to Green River, but Greenwood traveled it in 1844, whereas William Sublette traveled the same route in 1832.

Hedspeth's Cutoff or road is farther west of Idaho. It was a shorter route from Soda Springs to the California Trail on Raft River than the older Fort Hall route.

The Lander Road is the main Oregon Trail North. The Sublette Road is the main Oregon Trail South. They were and are the direct routes traveled long before the Bridger detour was established, and traveled long after the Oregon-bound emigrants ceased using the said detour.

On his Map 24 Hulbert mistakenly places the Oregon Trail on the Mormon Road down Pacific and Little Sandy

Creeks to the Farson or Mormon crossing of Big Sandy. Farson is mistakenly located too far north. It is on Big Sandy at the mouth of Little Sandy just north of Hulbert's mistaken Eden location. Eden is on highway 187 about four miles southeast and about the same distance east of Big Sandy.

Hulbert's Oregon Trail on Map number 25 follows more nearly the Slate Creek detour than any other route. This is permissible because Slate Creek is second in importance only to the main Oregon Trail South. Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard recognized the importance of this route, and had it marked as well as the main Oregon Trail South.<sup>15</sup>

Hulbert's Oregon Trail, Map number 27, crosses Green River at the mouth of Slate Creek correctly for the Slate Creek detour, but here Hulbert errs by turning the Oregon Trail southward. There is no evidence that the Oregon Trail goes south from the Slate Creek crossing.

Hulbert's Oregon Trail, Map number 27, connects with Oregon Trail, Map number 42, and continues south to Bridger. This is incorrect. There is no evidence that the Bridger Detour was by way of Slate Creek crossing. Bridger is on the old direct route from South Pass to Salt Lake, the Mormon Road, which crossed Green River at Mormon Crossing near the mouth of the Big Sandy, then passed through Granger and Bridger on the way to Salt Lake.

Mrs. Paden in her **Wake of the Prairie Schooner** accepted the much publicized Bridger Detour as the main Oregon Trail. Mrs. Trenholm in **Wyoming Pageant** says "We have observed the way in which the name and purpose of the great Oregon Trail changed through Wyoming. It became the Mormon, and then the California, and still it was to be known by another name—The Overland Trail."<sup>16</sup> The name, purpose and route of the Oregon Trail have not changed through Wyoming, and never will. Miss Linford writes "The California Trail was identical with the Oregon through Wyoming to Fort Bridger."<sup>17</sup> It is an error to deflect the Oregon Trail onto the Bridger Detour.

Space does not permit the listing of all those who have made the same or similar mistakes. To accept the temporary Bridger Detour as a main Oregon Trail route is to admit the head of the camel, the Salt Lake-Pacific Southwest route proponents, into the sacred Oregon Trail tent. All

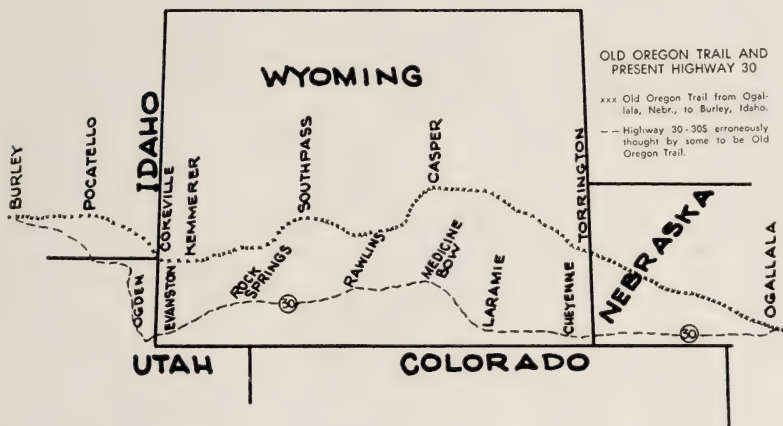
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15. Slate Creek east of Green River is confusing because the Slate Creek of historical importance is a western tributary of Green River.

16. Page 131.

17. **Wyoming: Frontier State**, p. 107.

interested persons supposed the designation of the Old Oregon Trail by the U. S. Congress in 1925 preserved this historic trail, but just the opposite resulted. It is being assigned to the realm of oblivion through Wyoming. Are we the people of the United States going to permit this sacrilege? In this year, 1950, has not the time come to open this highway route of the old Oregon Trail?





# *Wyoming's Children*

by

WOODS HOCKER MANLEY\*

## Chapter I

It was the summer of 1873, only four years after the railroads had spanned the continent, and about two years before my birth, that my father, Dr. William Arthur Hocker, crossed the Rockies en route to California.

A young man of twenty-five years, my father was tall, straight, and well knit. His fellow passengers must have noted his wide brow and large alert eyes, his quiet manner of speech. He was at once aggressive and gentle; the lines of his strong face, his wide expressive mouth and solid jaw, attested to his readiness to carry his full share of responsibilities, wherever he might go. Yes, he was going to California—or so he thought, as his train wheezed, labored, and bumped on its slow climb westward through the red rocky hills of Wyoming. Back in Missouri waiting for him were his wife Alice and his infant son Rob—waiting for the day he would return to take them to a new home in the Golden Gate State.

The train had whistled for a station. Through the car came the call, "Evanston . . . Evanston . . . Twenty minutes for lunch."

The train slowed to a stop. Dr. Hocker put his magazine aside and picked up his medical kits as he rose from his seat. One of his professors at Bellevue used to say, "If you walk across the room, take your medical kit with you. It insures that you will walk with professional dignity." My father wore his dignity as naturally as he wore his well tailored clothing. He stepped down from the car.

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH: Woods Belle Hocker (Manley) was the second born in Dr. Hocker's family and the first Hocker native to Wyoming. She came to live in the rusty-red house in Evanston with her parents and little brother, Robert, on March 26, 1875. She was given the family name Woods for her father's mother and grandmother, and they nicknamed her "Woodie." Her birth certificate, registered at the Vital Statistics Bureau in Cheyenne, is the second for the year 1875.

As the narrator of "Wyoming's Children," she pictures the life of her pioneer parents and their seven children on the Wyoming frontier from the year 1873 until the April day in 1919 when her beloved father's busy and useful life ended. The first two chapters of "Wyoming's Children" is published here for the first time and deals with the Hocker family in the year 1873.

What a tremendous country! He looked from one horizon to another, trying to visualize the endless miles over which he had come, wondering at the vastness of the West. It was a bright clean land, and the air was good to breathe. Sage-brush of soft greenish-gray, tall and redolent, guarded the right-of-way. Lithe willows, glistening in the sunlight, and hardy cottonwoods followed the streams. Groves of shimmering aspens sought the ravines, and waving grasses spread away to meet the foothills and the distant mountains, red and deep bronze and purple.

And here before his very eyes was the miracle of a town coming to life away off in these mountains—bright red railroad buildings and red painted houses; barns, sheds and outhouses of raw lumber—all being brought into focus by the sign on the depot, its sharp black letters blazing forth under the noon sun:

EVANSTON, WYO. Elevation 6,745 feet.

Inside the lunch room a colored man wearing a neat bow tie and a speckled blue shirt served Dr. Hocker promptly. Only five years ago, the passengers were commenting, they would have eaten in the shade of a cottonwood tree, cooking their meal over an open fire. The railroad was rapidly transforming this wilderness.

The doctor's attention was diverted. The colored man back of the counter was addressing him.

"Suh, I notice you carry a doctah's bag. Ah you a physician?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"One of our chambermaids took suddenly sick this morning. Our doctah's gone to Canada this summah and now there's no doctah nearer than Ogden. You'd do us a great favor, suh, if you'd call on her."

Dr. Hocker glanced at the train beyond the window. The colored man quickly added, "I'll have them hold the train, suh, if you'll be so kind."

"Do you have authority to hold the train?"

"Yes suh. My name's Jo Cossley, I'm manager of this hotel—The Mountain Trout House—it's the railroad's hotel, you know. Mr. Earl, the 'big boss,' lives next dooh. He's a right kind gentleman. I'll run ovah and ask him."

A few moments later Jo Cossley returned, bringing with him a stalwart, smiling man, Division Superintendent O. H. Earl, who offered his hand.

"We don't mean to impose upon you, Doctor, but Jo's right, we'll be glad to hold the train."

"I'll be very glad to help." Dr. Hocker picked up his kits and followed Mr. Earl.

The patient, a pretty blonde girl of seventeen, was

found to be in the throes of pneumonia, struggling hard for every breath. From his studies Dr. Hocker had learned of the complications which, in high altitudes, often made pneumonia a fatal disease. Before him here in the high Rockies was such a case, and the young doctor realized that he faced a severe test. His sympathy for the suffering girl as well as his professional ethics demanded that he see her through this crisis. "Come what may," he said to himself, "I'll fight this thing to a finish."

Outside the room he exchanged words with Jo Cossley.

"This young girl is in serious condition. Do her parents know about this?"

"They're ranching out on Yellow Creek about two miles from town. Emma wanted us to take her home. But I was afraid she was too sick to be moved."

"You were right, Jo. She'll stay right here. Bring her mother immediately. She'll need a nurse beside her day and night. I'll stay over and do what I can."

The doctor saw the look of appreciation in Jo's eyes.

"What about the train, Doctah?"

"I'll stay over. Have someone get my two valises, please. I must get back to my patient."

And so the train headed west and my father stayed.

The days passed uncounted while the doctor and the robust, capable mother worked to save the girl's life. Every day the girl's father and her young brother came in from the ranch to offer their services. And there were many others who were deeply concerned. Emma Harney had been a part time helper at the hotel. The manager, the boarders and roomers, the cooks, waiters, chambermaids, and the trainmen who came and went—all were anxious over her condition. They would inquire in whispers, "How is she today, Doctor? If there's anything we can do to help—"

The crisis passed. One day the doctor, smiling, said to Mrs. Harney, "Emma's going to get well now. But it will be slow. She's going to need careful nursing for some time to come."

The mother's words of gratitude were eloquent with sincerity. The gladness of a human heart spared the tragedy of death was something to wonder at, the doctor thought.

"But, please, Dr. Hocker, don't leave us yet. Promise you'll stay until Emma's on her feet. We'll raise the money and pay you well."

"Mrs. Harney, don't you worry one minute about money. My patient lives; that's what matters most to me. And I promise not to leave until all danger of a relapse is over."



"You're a man with a soul, Dr. Hocker; I believe God sent you."

"And I believe you'll be my next patient if you don't get some rest; you look almost as tired as Emma does. As your doctor, I prescribe a good, big dose of sleep. Go to your room and relax, Mrs. Harney, and forget about everything."

It would not have taken my father many minutes to repack his two valises and board a west bound train. He had no intention of staying long enough to turn his hotel room into a doctor's office. Yet as long as he was here he would certainly not turn away the several townspeople who were now coming to him for medical consultation. The story of his long vigil over the Harney girl had gone out like waves over the water. Patients were coming in greater numbers, some from many miles away. One morning he surprised himself by suddenly deciding to rent a second room at the Mountain Trout House, temporarily, to serve as an office. Shortly he was involved in several cases which he could not leave, and before he realized it he found himself with the nucleus of a good practice.

But his eyes still turned westward, and he waited patiently for the day when he would feel free to go.

And then came the night when he was awakened from a sound sleep by shrill whistles. In a moment there was a loud pounding at his door, an excited voice called, "Wake up, Dr. Hocker! Hurry! Hurry, Doctor!"

The doctor threw on his clothes, seized his emergency bags, rushed downstairs and out on the platform. The distraught train dispatcher, standing near a waiting engine headed east, raised his voice above the pounding steam, "Hop on quick, Doc. You're badly needed up at Aspen."

A freight engine had jumped the track on one of the rocky slopes of the tortuous road fifteen miles from Evanston, and the engineer had been pinned beneath the weight of steel.

It was a weird night for the young doctor, suddenly plunged into this baptism of disaster. Within the hour he was to fight his way through a cloud of steam, commanding the lanterns and torches around him, choosing two assistants on the instant as he began the amputation of a crushed, imprisoned leg.

Afterward, he was to try to recall whether there had been as much as a split second of indecision. No, amputation and a chance for life had been one and the same. No doctor would have dared hesitate.

When it was all over, the cries of pain still echoed in his ears. His own swollen hands and burned arms had been

tempered in fire, it seemed, and it would be hours if not days before the tension would go out of them. The maddening heat, the cries of confusion, the unsteady lights and exasperating shadows, the fumbling actions of his assistants all had conspired to add terrors to the awful fight with death . . . And yet, as he was soon to realize, years of experience were wrapped up in those precious minutes of work. It was as if he were being prepared, all in one swift and violent plunge, for the many crises of his years to come.

Miraculously, it seemed, the engineer lived. And again the waves over the water spread wider.

For some time Dr. Hocker's new friends and patients had been entreating him to open an office and make Evanston his permanent home. But his days and nights in this tiny town were so filled with the troubles of others that he'd had little time in which to consider his own affairs. Even though his common sense told him that by his earnest efforts right here in this new town he could soon establish the very thing he sought, he still had visions of "Golden California."

"Next Sunday I'll take the day off," he promised himself. "I'll stroll up the river and lose myself while I think things over."

When Sunday came he crossed the bridge and followed eastward up Bear River, around the bend into the high rocky hills. Sauntering along the river bank, he stopped to observe the nodding flowers, to listen to the carols of the birds, to wonder at the expanse of cloudless blue sky. And—as he was afterward fond of relating to his children—something profound came to him as he stood in silent thought. The cottonwoods and aspen, sighing in the breeze, whispered secrets which entered the very depths of his soul. What a divine spot, he mused. It's a real sanctuary; a perfect place to rear the brood of boys and girls Alice and I hope to have. Our children would grow up strong and happy. They'd love Wyoming. "Yes," he murmured, "I'd like to build a big, beautiful home for my family right here in this picturesque Bear River Valley."

And I, Woodie, the second-born child in Dr. Hocker's family, have never ceased to applaud the choice which made me one of Wyoming's Children.

## Chapter II

And so, in that momentous year of 1873, the three Hockers set out on their long trek west.

At Omaha they boarded a Union Pacific sleeper, stopping for meals at the far-between eating stations which the railroad maintained. Slowly they chugged across swelter-

ing Nebraska, climbing at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. At length their train panted into Pine Bluffs and crossed the Wyoming border. Their first meal in Wyoming was eaten at the Union Pacific Hotel in Cheyenne. Entering the big bright dining-room Alice found herself surrounded by buffalo, elk, moose, and mountain-lion heads, and the finest of fossil fish, all gazing reproachfully down from the walls at the human invaders of their once private domain. "Is this a menagerie or a museum?" she gasped.

Westward from Cheyenne they crossed Sherman Summit, 8,000 feet in the air, and the Continental Divide at Creston, 7,107 feet high. Then on across the Red Desert, the sagebrush plains, and the rocky hills of Western Wyoming. Crossing the Green River, their train wheezed its way up and down in its eighty-five mile climb through the rocky red hills toward the top of the Uinta Chain, on the east slope of the northern Wasatch Mountains. At Piedmont it stopped for coal and water. Again it double-headed nine miles west, up Quakenasp Hill through the long smokey snowsheds, to the top of the divide at Aspen Summit.

Then, like a bird freed, it winged its way down the mountainsides through the Wasatch Passes, into the fertile Bear River valley, where the cottonwoods were green, the grass luxuriant, and flaming wild flowers sweet with honey hid the valley's floor. And there, on the banks of the Bear River, nestled in a mountain-rimmed valley nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, in the lustrous lap of the snow-clad Wasatch, was Evanston.

When my mother went "away out west" to make her new home with little Robert in her arms, she was eighteen years old, a genteel and beautiful young woman, small in size, with fine features, shining black hair and deep blue eyes. All her life she had been the "angel child" of her old black mammy, Drucy, who since the day of her birth had accompanied little "Miss Alice" hither and yon.

If only she could have brought Drucy along!

The household discussions which preceded this trip still flooded Alice's mind: her husband's wonderful enthusiasm, her own excited anticipations, her suppressed fears, and dear old Drucy's soulful warnings. Never once had her colored mammy considered coming along. Drucy knew her own mind, and once she had taken her stand she would not be budged.

"I don't want nothin' to do with scalpin' Injuns," Drucy had declared, her dark eyes flashing from under her pink cambric dustcap, "or grizzeldy beahs or rattlesnakes. Snow in the summah time, mountains made of rocks, and lakes what's nothin' but salt, sounds just like the devil done



it. Even if I dahed go, my Sam says, 'No, Drucy, you and me we not goin', weah too old to cut such capahs.' Rob, yuh Pa outa know bettah'n to take my chillens away from dey old Drucy."

But if Drucy intended to dissuade the Hocker family from their plan, her eloquence was wasted. Alice would have followed her doctor husband to the North Pole or the South Sea Isles, for wherever he was, there was the center of her universe. Through the years to come my mother would smile to herself with her recollection of the evening of their decision in favor of Wyoming. Her husband was so careful to make sure he was not swerving her against her will. Didn't he know that his glowing words betrayed his own unmistakable choice; that he was already a part of Wyoming, mind, heart and soul?

"Wait, dear, don't decide too hastily," he said that night as they sat on the sofa talking over the proposed adventure. And then he described the small town of Evanston in detail, its limitations as well as its promising possibilities. It was an enchanting picture.

She was ready with her decision instantly. "Wouldn't it be fun to live in a tent—"

"Bless your heart, Alice," he laughed, "that won't be necessary."

And then he told of the unexpected offer that had come to him just before he left for home. Mr. O. H. Earl, the superintendent of the Union Pacific, Western Division, had called at his office and placed before him a very pleasant surprise. After thanking my father for all he had done for the railroad people and many others of the community, Mr. Earl had said, "The Union Pacific needs a permanent physician and surgeon here in Evanston, and also at Almy to care for the coal miners. The railroad men have petitioned for you . . ." And as Mr. Earl rounded out the invitation he explained that the Union Pacific was offering a three room house on East Main Street, with the promise that a larger house would be built later on.

Alice's eyes became damp with happiness as her husband unfolded the story before her.

"But I **would** have been willing to live in a tent," she laughed as the doctor kissed her tears away. She implored him to wire the Union Pacific at once that the offer was accepted. "Arthur, Wyoming is our opportunity! And the following morning they had begun packing.

Now as the train pulled into the Evanston station, Alice kept thinking of Drucy, kept hearing Drucy's mournful chant over their parting.

"I nevah did evah leave Miss Alice," Drucy had wailed.

"She's the onliest one what's gone off and lef' me; gone off to live with Injuns and wild animals, and I'se feared she'll be daed afore she comes back to her old Drucy."

Never in her life did Alice long for Drucy's broad bosom as she did today, looking out the train window for her first view of her new home. All of Drucy's terrifying prophecies haunted her mind. The only human beings she saw, standing in the depot door, were two big red men with long black braids and painted faces.

Trembling, Alice stepped to the platform. She looked up at her tall husband and caught a glance from his blue eyes.

"It's beautiful, Arthur—a beautiful setting for our new home." Did her tone betray her misgivings? She tried so hard to say the words convincingly.

He nodded with a twinkle, and his look made everything right. There must be no wish to turn back, decided my brave young mother—no lamentation, now or ever.

"We'll register at the Mountain Trout House, Alice, and after dinner I'll take you down Main Street to see our new home."

The Mountain Trout House (later re-named Union Pacific Hotel) was next door to the one room red depot and faced the railroad tracks. Its colored manager, Jo Cossley, just couldn't do enough for the doctor's shy little southern wife and tiny son. Eva Barnes, the chambermaid, who was sure her friend Emma owed her life to Dr. Hocker, was there to welcome them. Eva took the fretful baby in her arms, carried him upstairs, brought hot water, and helped with his bath. Soon he was sleeping peacefully, while his tired mother rested beside him.

The dining-room enchanted Alice. As in the other Wyoming eating stations, there were buffalo, elk and mountain-goat heads glaring down indignantly from the walls. Intermittent train whistles and clanging bells broke the quietness of the big cool room. Chinese waiters, their queues loosely wound around their heads, padded from table to table as soft footed as kittens. The one standing behind Alice's chair smiled affably.

"The lice vely good today, Missy. Maybe mountain tlout? Maybe lice?"

"I'd like to try the mountain trout, please," Alice said, returning the smile.

"Mountain tlout **with** lice?"

Alice nodded, "With lice," she said before she could catch herself. Her husband covered a smile with his napkin.

In the late afternoon while the sun was still bright and

warm they wheeled Rob out for an airing and went to see their new home. Two men were putting on its outer garment, a coat of rusty-red paint. They stepped into the "parlor," a narrow room with a door at each end, one opening into a bedroom, the other into a tiny kitchen. This is the smallest house I've ever seen, Alice thought.

"It won't be hard to keep this cute little place clean," she said to her husband. "We're lucky to get it, aren't we?"

"Indeed we are," he said with a pleased smile. "Until our furniture comes we'll enjoy the hotel—a big sunny room, good meals, and congenial new friends."

"I'm really going to like it, Arthur," Alice was trying hard. "Really—"

He lifted her chin, looked into her eyes. "Good for you, dear. You're a trump."

There were no idle hours, no lonely days in the new town for Arthur and Alice. A few days after their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Earl held open house and introduced them to Evanston and the whole countryside. All afternoon and evening the people came. There were introductions, chatting, good wishes, music, refreshments, and more good wishes. When the guests had all gone, Alice declared that it was going to be wonderful, she was sure, living with these do-as-you-would-be-done-by folks. Her husband had been telling her all along that there were no social differences here, and she was beginning to understand.

As she and Arthur were expressing their appreciation to the Earls for such a fine party, Mr. Earl laughed and said, "We should thank you. We've been waiting for a chance to give a bang-up party to show off our new red house—after living so long in that old caboose beside the railroad tracks."

"A caboose, really, Mr. Earl?" Alice asked, not quite believing.

"Sure thing, Mrs. Hocker. It was bigger, and cooler in summer than a tent, but noisier than a circus parade. One of these days, Doc, the Union Pacific will surprise you and the Missus with a big red house."

After the party the doctor and his wife were invited to dinners, family gatherings, church socials, and picnics. Such happy, pleasant people! Where, Alice wondered, were the gun-men, train robbers, road agents, and the tin-horns who were supposed to run these western towns? Some of these new friends were gifted musicians, some were conversant with books and art, and ever so many possessed what Alice thought of as real southern hospitality.

In her sunny Mountain Trout House room Alice, humming a lullaby, sat nursing her baby boy. There was a



timid rap at her door. There stood two smiling ladies, a pale slender young blonde and a plump rosy-cheeked matron.

"We came to town especially to see you, Mrs. Hocker," said the elder lady. "I'm Mrs. Harney and this is my daughter Emma—you know—Dr. Hocker saved her life."

Soon the three ladies were chatting like old friends. Mrs. Harney and Emma each wanted to hold little Rob, and Mrs. Harney declared, "You're the tailored pattern of your fine father, my little lad."

They told Alice all about their Yellow Creek ranch and invited the Hockers to spend next Sunday at the ranch. After they were gone, Alice, to her own surprise, discovered that she could hardly wait until Sunday came.

When its rusty-red coat was dry, the little house, clean and shining within, was ready to welcome its first family. Meanwhile Arthur and Alice, anxiously awaiting the arrival of their furniture and office equipment, busied themselves getting ready the only available office space in Evanston: two rooms in the drab, one story wooden building that straggled down Tenth Street from Main to the alley. Arthur washed the paint and scrubbed the floors. Alice shined the windows, made crisp new curtains, and tidied for the chairs, and the dingy rooms took on a brighter look.

Every morning for the next two weeks the doctor stopped at the Freight Office to inquire about the shipment, and when at last it came Freight Agent Frank Foote was as relieved and happy as were the Hockers. The doctor hired teams, wagons, and drivers from the livery stable to unload, haul, and distribute the furnishings to house and office. Kind neighbors flocked in to help set up stoves and beds, lay carpets, unpack books and dishes, to bring cookies and doughnuts, and invitations to tea and dinner. These people were not strangers, Alice thought; they were old friends.

In a few days, Arthur, Alice, and baby Rob were happily settled in the little rusty-red house. Hugging her son close to her breast, Alice said, "My little man, I wouldn't trade our cozy corner for the finest mansion in the South. If Drucy could only see us now!"

Dr. Hocker's two room office, in the low drab building, had more cheer and style than its street door promised. Entering from a rough wooden sidewalk, one stepped into the small, attractive reception room which the doctor's wife, using some of the sturdy left over pieces from their overcrowded house, had arranged to suit her own taste. His consultation room in the rear, which the doctor fixed up to suit his own convenience and his needs, was roomy, neat, and professional.

There were stores in the building, and other offices. Lawyer William Hinton was the doctor's next door neighbor. Christopher Castle, the first sheriff, a comical elephantine individual with many notches on his pistol, occupied adjoining rooms which opened into the alley. Settled side by side, the Doctor, the Lawyer, and the Sheriff became the best of friends.

My father soon proved himself an able exponent of the pioneer virtues of aggressiveness and direct action. A Kentuckian, his Southern voice and gentle manners often belied a tempest of determination. He was six feet tall and weighed 195 pounds. His dark brown hair was curly, his eyes were large and blue—sometimes fiercely blue. It was his habit to cut straight to the heart of any situation, and his direct action often worked wonders.

An early demonstration of his dynamic personal qualities which made an impression upon the people of Evanston was his encounter with a certain tough and troublesome fortune seeker—a "tin-horn." This gambler, having bullied his associates with gun-play and fisticuffs, had come to be known by them as the "Cock of the Walk."

The Cock harbored a grudge against Dr. Hocker. He had once required some medical attention, after which he had attempted to browbeat the doctor; but in this effort he had failed—and so he had taken refuge in sullen malice.

Late one afternoon the doctor received an emergency call to a rooming house on Front Street; hurrying along, he passed the trouble-maker loitering in front of a saloon. The tin-horn spat out an insulting epithet; the doctor paid no heed and continued on his way.

Having attended to the accident case, Dr. Hocker was returning to his office. The Cock, still standing at the same spot, happened to be near an open trap-door in the sidewalk; the door opened into a cellar beneath the saloon. Without a word the doctor stepped up and struck the man a blow which dislodged his hat and catapulted him into the open trap-door. Picking up the hat, the doctor tossed it into the cellar. Carefully, he lowered the trapdoor, rolled a nearby barrel on it, and brushing off his hands, quietly went about his own business. That night the Cock of the Walk left town. And he never came back.

Evanston was as yet a very small town of four or five hundred people, new and raw, but growing fast. Most of the rougher element, the gunmen, gamblers and thieves who had come through during the railroad construction days, had moved on to greener pastures. Houses for permanent settlers continued to sprout like mushrooms all over town. It was the Union Pacific's policy to provide comfortable

housing for all of its employees at this Western Division point. The new homestead law brought in many new settlers who found the Bear River locale ideal for farming and ranching. With the Almy coal mines only a few miles away, Evanston was destined to grow and prosper.

Life was running smoothly for the Hockers. My mother's earlier years of unhappiness were fading into the background. Born in Kentucky, Alice Florence Reynolds had come through a lamentable childhood disrupted by the Civil War, her home ransacked and burned to ashes when she was five years old. Orphaned at the age of ten, she had grown up in a boarding school.

She had met Arthur Hocker at Harrisonville, Missouri. He had been graduated from Bellevue Medical College and had taken his internship at Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, later to open his first office in Harrisonville. There he and Alice were married in June, 1872.

But Kentucky, the Civil War, the boarding school and Harrisonville, Missouri, were all like a dream to my mother now that life had begun in Wyoming. She would glow with pride when her new friends, stopping to admire little Rob, would burst out in compliments, "What a handsome sturdy boy he is."

"Everyone admires him," Alice would say to her husband. "He inherited those glossy ringlets from you, Arthur. And they make him look positively angelic."

"Poor little fellow," the doctor would chuckle. "We'll shear him one of these days."

"Indeed we won't!" Alice tossed her head. "He's so cute with curls."

Yes, life had been running smoothly for my parents for some time, but it was about to become a little more complicated: a year and a half after their coming to Wyoming, I, Woodie, crowded into the little rusty-red house to live with Papa, Mama, and my brother Rob.



# *The Flag Ranch*

by

ROBERT H. BURNS\*

The Flag Ranch, located nine miles south of Laramie, is one of the pioneer ranches of the Laramie Plains and its history through many years is tied up with Bob Homer. Bob was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849 and was a member of one of the oldest families of that area founded in 1672 by one Captain John Homer who had a prosperous shipping business to India and other trade centers of the mysterious Far East. He spent three years as a representative of a trading firm and was in France during the Franco-Prussian War.

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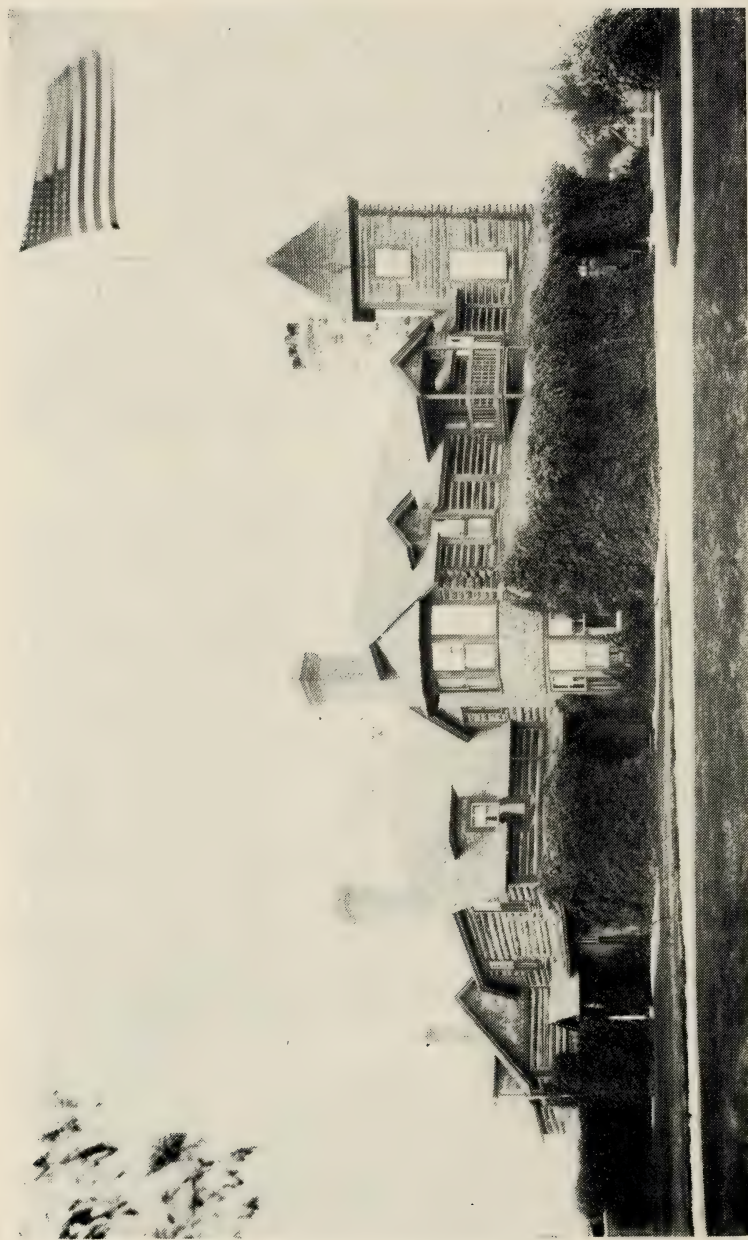
\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Dr. Robert H. Burns, University of Wyoming Wool Specialist and Head of the Wool Department, was born in 1900 on the Flag Ranch, nine miles south of Laramie. He attended Regis College in Denver and in 1916 entered the University of Wyoming to study agriculture, graduating in 1920. In 1921 he obtained a fellowship at Iowa State College and received an M. S. Degree in Animal Nutrition. He then taught at New Mexico A & M College and at the University of Arizona. Since 1924 he has been with the Wool Department at the University of Wyoming.

In 1930-31 he studied at the University of Edinburgh and obtained a Ph. D. Degree in Science working in Animal Genetics. While there he and others developed the "Wyedina" (Wyoming-Edinburgh) and "Wyedesa" fleece calipers to separate the wool from a measured patch of skin to determine how thick the wool grows on the skin. In 1938-39, he was called to Washington to organize the work on wool shrinkage in the Wool Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. In 1946 he was selected as the livestock consultant of the China-United States Agricultural Mission and was sent to China for six months by the U. S. Departments of State and Agriculture to work with Chinese colleagues and make out a program for research, teaching and extension work in Chinese Agriculture. In 1949 he was selected as the livestock consultant for Overseas Consultants Incorporated of New York and spent 3½ months in Iran making a survey of conditions in that country. His Department has had graduate students from many parts of the world and the wool short courses given each winter are very popular with the sheepmen from neighboring states and Canada. His research work has dealt with the physical measurements of fleeces including wool growth, fleece fineness and fleece density. He has worked with wool shrinkage or yield for many years and has developed methods of hand sampling for determining the clean weight of fleeces. He has published many bulletins and articles in American and English journals covering not only wool research but also fur farming and ranch history. He has furnished considerable material for the *American Wool Handbook* by von Eergen. He has collected one of the outstanding wool libraries of the country and has also collected the most complete set of wool samples from all sections of the world including some extremely rare samples of Saxony Merino of the 1830 clip.

After his return, Bob decided to throw his lot with the western country. It was a fortunate incident in Omaha in 1871 that resulted in Bob Homer stepping off at Laramie City instead of continuing on to California as was his original intention. A chum of his, Frank Sargent, was also interested in the West and their interest was kindled by contact with Dr. H. Latham, one of the first surgeons of the Union Pacific Railroad at Laramie, who was highly enthusiastic in his praise of the Laramie Plains as a prospective livestock country. In fact, Dr. Latham was a true prototype of the modern Chamber of Commerce and did a "bang-up" job of telling the Eastern populace about the luscious grasses of the west and the meat and wool which they could produce at little cost and a handsome profit. Bob Homer liked the looks of the country around Laramie City so well that he never went on to California but returned to Boston and got his friend, Frank Sargent, to come back with him.

They arrived in Laramie City in August 1871 and made immediate arrangements to start their ranching business. Bob Homer stated in a water case testimony that he leased the Lake Ranch (an old stage station) at the top of Boulder Ridge, while Frank Sargent states that he arrived in Laramie City in 1871 and immediately started to build corrals and improvements. Frank states: "I was informed by residents of the place and parties interested in livestock that no sheds nor hay were needed and notwithstanding their advice, I purchased 50 tons of hay located about ten miles from my ranch. My sheep, about 2,100 in number, were to arrive by cars the first of September. I erected a comfortable log house for myself and men, a stable for horses and corral 240 feet square. My sheep arrived in good shape from Iowa with a loss of only 10-10½ per cent.

"About October 13 snow commenced to fall and the storm raged unabated for four days and a high wind drifted the snow. Other storms followed and it was impossible to take care of the sheep or get feed to them. The storms continued until the middle of April and the sheep perished from starvation. I was thoroughly disgusted with the business and the country but finally made up my mind to try again. I then purchased a fine ranch which would cut 200 tons of hay and purchased 1,000 ewes and built a fine set of corrals and sheds. I also purchased Cotswold rams and saved an increase of 60 per cent. The first spring the sheep sheared 4½ pounds of wool apiece and the wool brought 30 cents a pound." The financial account of Mr. Sargent's venture for the first year is interesting.



**"The Big House" at the Flag Ranch. Constructed 1891, burned 1933.**



Initial Investment		
2000 Sheep @ \$3.00 each		\$6,000.00
Improvements, Machinery		3,300.00
Total Investment, First Year		\$9,300.00
Sales		
Wool, 9000 lbs. @ 30c per pound		\$2,700.00
Lambs, 1200, @ \$1.00 per lamb		1,200.00
Total Sales		\$3,900.00
Expenses		
Miscellaneous	\$1,930.00	
Interest on Initial Investment (6%)	558.00	2,488.00
NET PROFIT FOR FIRST YEAR*		\$1,412.00

\*This amount does not include any payment on the initial investment except interest.

Bob Homer mentions purchasing the place of George and Charles Brown in June, 1872, which is undoubtedly the ranch Frank Sargent also mentions. This place is the site of the present Flag Ranch buildings.

The daily routine of ranch life on the Sargent and Homer ranch in the 70's is graphically described in the book entitled "Bucking the Sagebrush" by Chas. Steedman. Charley Steedman came to Laramie City from Boston in 1876. He signed a contract with Sargent and Homer to work for his board and room for a year while learning the ranch business. The daily routine of ranch duties was somewhat different from what the young Boston boy had pictured as the life of a cowboy. Here is his description of his experiences: "There were two or three sheepherders, besides our two bosses. (Steedman had a chum with him named Balch.) We worked in teams and in the summer put up hay and hauled fence rails and firewood from the mountains. In the spring we had sheep to shear and dip while in the winter we baled hay and hauled it to Tie Siding where it was sold to the tie contractors at a good figure. The routine of the work was unchanged for months. One crew baled hay and did the chores for a week while the other hauled hay and so on, turn about. Breakfast was eaten at 4:30 a.m. in order to make the round trip of 25 to 30 miles in a day as the road led up a heavy grade."

Mr. Homer told the writer of his first business in Wyoming, that of cutting the prairie grass and hauling it to Fort Sanders, two miles south of Laramie, where the Army would buy it at a good price. Mr. Homer and his partner, Mr. Sargent, worked alone. Mr. Homer did the mowing, raking and preparing of meals while his partner hauled the hay to Fort Sanders. The work schedule was reversed at regular intervals.

Mr. Sargent mentions that his first purchase of sheep amounted to 2,100 head which were all lost in the hard winter of 1871-2. The next year another 1,000 head of ewes were purchased. In 1873, 2,000 head of sheep were sheared; in 1875, 2,272 head; and in subsequent years until 1881, the numbers sheared ran, 2,467, 3,013, 3,681, 4,662, 4,268, and 4,691 respectively. The old cash books of Sargent and Homer relate some interesting facts about their business and this information has been made available by the University of Wyoming Archives. Sheep herders received "grub" and \$30 a month. Saddle horses brought \$50.00; oats sold for \$1.50 a hundredweight; ewes sold at \$3.50 each and rams at \$10.00-\$30.00 each. An interesting item states that Ludwig Wurl was paid \$10.50 for potatoes and butter furnished a sheep camp during the summer of 1880. Another interesting transaction was a credit of four cents a pound extended to Billy Trollope, a herder, for a deer he had killed. Steers sold at three for \$100.00.

During the years Sargent and Homer purchased many blooded rams in the East and brought them out West where they were added to their flock and sold to other ranchers of the Laramie Plains. The standby was the Merinos from New England but some mutton sheep and a few Cotswold rams were brought out from Iowa and Wisconsin.

The operations of Sargent and Homer were carried on at the home place and at the Antelope Shed as well as at Spring Creek place which were located respectively 10 miles and 28 miles south of the home place. Their wethers weighed 115 pounds in 1886 and brought four cents a pound. Shearing cost nine cents a head. Wool brought 24 cents at the ranch in 1880 and 26 cents in 1883.

Mr. Hartman K. Evans joined the firm in 1882 and in the next few years sheep were trailed from Oregon and California. Mr. Evans kept a diary on the sheep trailing operation in 1883 from La Grande, Oregon to Laramie City, Wyoming. Three bands of Merino wethers totalling around ten thousand head left Oregon in May and furnished their own transportation to Laramie City where they arrived in September in good shape. The undertaking was a profitable one for the loss was small. The sheep were purchased for \$1.50 a head and sold for \$3.00 a head. The original statements from Pendleton, Oregon, merchants covering merchandise purchased for this trailing operation have been furnished by the University of Wyoming Archives. Board and room for principals and trail herders amounted to \$9.00 a day for about a week or ten days while getting the trail operation under way. Hardware, stoves, etc., for the trail

amounted to \$37.00. Wagon, springs and bows totalled \$121.00. Harness, saddles and wagon sheets totalled \$174.00. Food and supplies amounted to \$300.00. All of the bills together with the sheep account were handled through one firm. The total of \$25,000.00 was made up of \$23,512.00 for sheep and the balance for supplies. It is interesting to note that Bob Homer had 42 cents coming back out of \$25,000.00 when he returned a pistol and cartridges for a credit of \$5.50. The Oregon wethers were taken on to Missouri to be fed. Some entries in the Cash Book for November 1883 state that \$5,000.00 was borrowed to take care of the expense of feeding sheep in Missouri. Some were sold locally to the meat markets.

In 1888, the partnership of Sargent, Homer and Evans was dissolved and the Red Buttes Land and Livestock Company was incorporated. Messrs. Sargent and Evans left the partnership and both returned to the East.

Mr. Homer married Belle Stuart, a member of an old New England family, in 1889. They traveled through Europe and brought back many priceless items, including furniture and furnishings which adorned their castle-like home nine miles south of Laramie. This 21-room log house was built in 1892 by "Buckskin" John Moyer, an artist with the ax. Among the old statements in the Homer papers is a series of statements from the W. H. Holliday Company covering hardware, windows and other materials which were used in the finishing of the so-called "Big House." These statements were dated from December 1891 to May 1892, indicating that the Homer residence was completed in 1892. The large log barns were built at the same time and the excellence of the work is demonstrated by the perfectly fitted dove-tailed corners. The writer still remembers the enormous hay mows—one holding around 30 tons of fragrant native hay which made a swell place to "slide the hay."

Here at their "Castle on the Plains" Bob and Belle Homer dispensed princely hospitality. The house showed all the signs of culture and the atmosphere led one away to New England scenes, on to Gay Paree and thence to the Holy Land.

The writer was raised on the Flag Ranch and has vivid memories of the gala house parties when typical Homer hospitality was extended to their friends from Laramie and elsewhere during the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Bob Homer was a man of cultural background who had friends in every walk of life. His business dealings were



above reproach and his puritan thrift and careful business management assured the success of any undertaking he was connected with from ranching to banking.

In the 90's, the Homers and their friends took many hunting and camping trips to neighboring mountain parks. Like many other early ranchers, Bob Homer admired good horses and had some excellent carriage horses which were hitched to his Yellow Buggy and covered the distances in a short time for that mode of conveyance. The floors and walls of the home were decorated with game heads and rugs and the prize in the "writer's eye" was an enormous buffalo grizzly bear skin which Mr. Homer bagged on a hunting trip to Alberta, Canada.

In 1892, the writer's father came to the Flag Ranch and managed the property for Mr. Homer until the latter's death in 1927. For several years Otto Burns went to Oregon to select cattle to bring to the Flag Ranch where they grew fat on the rich grasses. Otto Burns discovered several of the stubs of the old telephone line which extended along the line of the Overland Trail. One of these telephone pole stubs was given to Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard and is in the collection she left to the University. This particular stub was located about a mile east of the Flag Ranch buildings.

The Homer castle was unfortunately burned to the ground in 1933 and all that remains now is the beautiful grove of trees which was developed by planting a number of native cottonwood trees each year. These trees were brought over from the Big Laramie River Valley.

The original holdings amounted to some 20,000 acres of land and the big pasture was 22 miles around, as the writer well remembers for as a youth he had the job of riding this fence three times a week and the ride took a good half a day provided a minimum of fence repair had to be done.

Bob Homer's first love was his wife and his ranch home. He was never the same person after the death of his helpmate. He was born an aristocrat from a leading Boston family but his warm personality and integrity made him well liked and trusted by people in all walks of life. He built up one of the outstanding ranch properties which is one of the few properties to withstand the vicissitudes of the pioneer boom era.

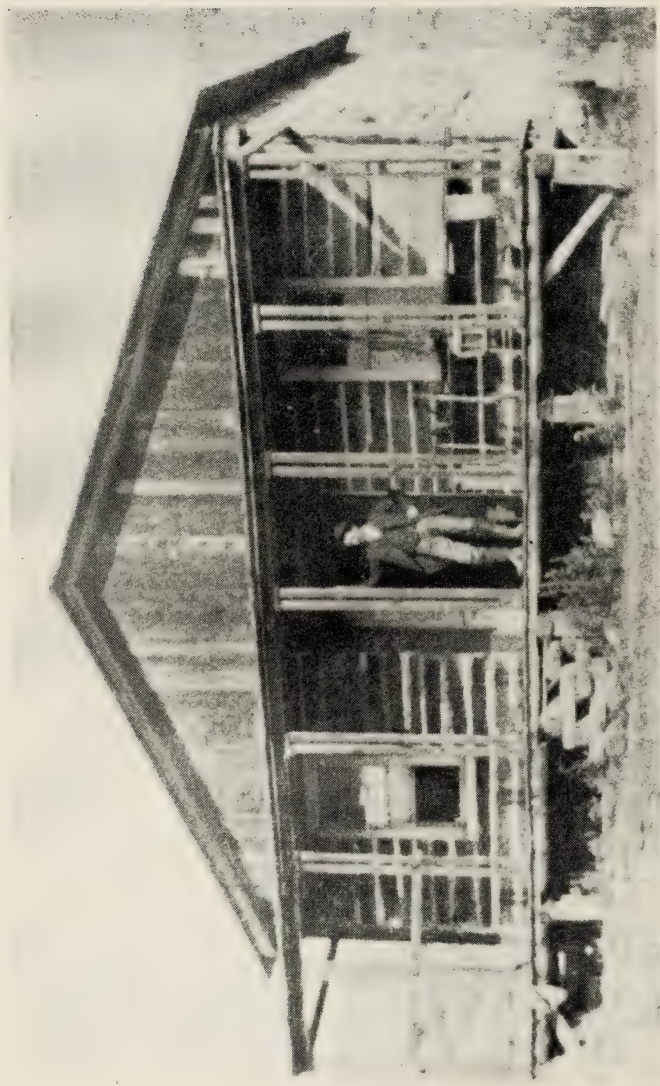
After his death in 1927, the ranch was split up and the upper part including most of the big pasture was sold to John Goetz, while the lower part including the ranch buildings constitute the present Flag Ranch owned by Ralph Klink.

John Clay, the canny Scotsman who managed the Swan Company, a large cattle outfit on the Laramie Plains, and who later owned a large livestock commission firm, penned the following appreciation of Bob Homer in "Livestock Markets" when he learned of the death of his friend:

"I write of a man whose honor was bright as the most brilliant star, who in his quiet way was liberal in his charities, who had a keen sense of humor, always kindly. In his business dealings, just, conservative in his methods, lovable on the ranch, in the bank\* or on the Rialto of Chicago where we often foregathered. He had the spirit of the cavalier, with the thrift of the Puritan. He had great mentality, was human, modest, careful of his resources, withstanding the financial gales of the west. Most of his friends had gone before him, a few are left to mourn his departure. Rest in Peace."

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\*Bob Homer was President of the Albany National Bank, a well-managed and successful concern.



**Edward Young standing in front of his first cabin built in the 1870's**



# *Little Things Can Be Important*

OR

## WHAT PRICE PIONEERING

by

W. L. MARION\*

The rays of the rising sun creeping through the window awoke the pioneer from a restless sleep. Indeed one had to sleep with one ear open for ceaseless vigilance was the price of a whole skin in that season of the year which was June 28, 1870.

Edward Young came west with his regiment at the close of the Civil War to guard the construction gangs building the Union Pacific Rail Road across the western plains. Receiving his honorable discharge from the army he drifted westward to the South Pass region which was in the midst of a gold excitement. However, Young's mind was not bent on mining but rather inclined to agricultural or horticultural pursuits.

He located at the mouth of the Little Popo Agie canyon where he built a good cabin, dug a well, and then built a barn and corral for his stock. A beautiful mountain stream ran past the place, which abounded in many kinds of wild game including elk, deer, antelope and buffalo. Here he made up his mind to stay in spite of Injuns, Hell or high water.

One day pioneer Young rolled out of his bunk, dressed, picked up the water pail to get water from the well, which

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—William L. Marion was born in the Black Hills of South Dakota, November 8, 1886. His pioneer parents moved from South Dakota to western Nebraska and settled on a homestead near Harrison. In 1891 they left Nebraska in a covered wagon to go to Washington, but stopped in Lander where they remained.

Mr. Marion was graduated from the Lander High School in 1905. He served in the First World War during the years 1918 and 1919.

In 1917 he married Minnie Emma DeWolf, whose parents were pioneers at South Pass and Atlantic City during the gold rush. Her parents were married at Camp Stambaugh in 1877 by the late H. C. Nickerson. The Marions have three sons and two daughters.

Mr. Marion made the original discovery of jade in 1930. He is the historian of the Wyoming Lodge Number 2 A. F. and A. M. of Lander, Wyoming and Ex-Officio Historian of Fremont County. He has contributed articles to the "Peek at the Past," published by the Wyoming State Journal.

was twenty-five feet from his door, but he never got that bucket of water, not then anyway. As he opened the door he noticed his old saddle horse, "Button," with his ears cocked toward the top of a ridge which ran southwest and northwest about a hundred and fifty yards from the cabin.

Now this pioneer did not have to be knocked down to take a hint, and of course it might have been a bear. There were plenty of them around, and other four-footed animals. Young was taking no chances, for it might be a two-footed variety. There had been some around. In fact, he had recently lost a valuable team to them which they had driven away and then wantonly killed a few miles from his place.

Pioneer Young went to the wall of the cabin and looked through a peep hole and made a close scrutiny of that ridge and the first thing that caught his eye was a glint from some object reflecting the sun's rays, not much larger than a silver dollar. Now, he had never seen that bright object before and determined to find out what made it tick.

He was satisfied that whatever Button had seen did not look or listen good and smelled a lot worse. Poking the barrel of his rifle through the peep hole, he drew a careful bead and let fly. With the crack of the rifle the crest of that ridge erupted three Sioux Indians who took off on a high run up the ridge towards the mouth of the canyon. Young made two quick shots and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them hit the ground. The other got away. We will hear more from that gent later.

Young's bright object was gone. He was disgusted with himself for not being quick enough to get all three of the runners, but two out of three wing shots is still considered pretty good shooting. Young stayed holed up until afternoon. He was too canny to venture outside, where there might be some more waiting for him to show himself.

In the afternoon three friends rode up to his place, E. F. Cheney, Charles Oldham and John Anthony. These men had come down from the mines the day before for supplies which they purchased from the Sutler at Camp Brown, a military post established on the Big Popo Agie, some thirty miles from the mining camp. This post was established to guard the eastern band of Shoshones, according to a treaty the government had with that tribe when they were allotted the Wind River Reservation. About seven miles from the post, they had come across the scene of a desperate fight with the Indians. Three miners, Doc Barr, Jerome Mason and Harvey Morgan had preceded Cheney and his companions from the mines to buy supplies. These they had obtained and were on their way back to the mines when they

were jumped by the Indians. They upset their wagon and fought from behind the box until their ammunition was exhausted. They were all killed and horribly mutilated. Morgan was probably the last to succumb and the Indians took terrible vengeance on him. He was a crack shot and firing from a dead rest he must have accounted for a great number of the savages. Cheney and the men with him counted nine dead Indian ponies and a great number of blotches showed the miners had exacted a heavy toll before they were overcome.

The Indians cut into Morgan's arms, legs and neck and drew out the sinews for bow strings and not content with this savagery they drove the wagon hammer through his head. This was the sight that greeted Cheney, Oldham and Anthony. No greater fight against such heavy odds was ever staged than the miners made that day of June 27, 1870. Morgan's skull with the hammer through it is still in possession of the Fremont County Pioneer Association, mute testimony to the heroic fight he made.

The three men came to Camp Brown and reported to the commanding officer the finding of the corpses. The commanding officer detailed a detachment to bring in the bodies. They were buried next morning in the post cemetery, just a short distance behind the stockade to the southwest. They lay in that spot from June 28, 1870 until the spring of 1909. Some of the old timers remembered this when workmen were digging the foundation of a house for Mrs. Hannah Harrison on West Sweetwater Street, in the four hundred block at Lander, Wyoming which now occupies the site of Camp Brown, named after Lieutenant Colonel Brown, who was killed in the Fetterman massacre. The bodies of Barr and Mason were found first and the workmen thought they had found all there were but an old timer, Sam Iiams, who was present when the men were buried said, "No, you haven't found all of them. When you find Harvey Morgan, there will be a wagon hammer through his skull." Sure enough, just a few feet farther to the north Morgan was found, and the wagon hammer was where Sam said it would be.

On their way back to the mines, Cheney, Oldham and Anthony knowing that Young was alone at his holdings, thought it might be a good idea to call on him and see if all was well. Young came out to meet them and told of his little brush early that morning. Cheney then told them about the fight north of him the day before. Young then knew that he had had a narrow escape as the Indians were part of the war party that had jumped the miners the day



before. The Indians were set afoot by the miners' marksmanship and were out to get remounts.

Young told the visitors about the bright object he had pulled down on and they went up to the ridge to see what it was. There lay an Indian, and the bright object was a small mirror he had been wearing as a sort of breast plate. It was made of eagle wing bones with feathers radiating from the little mirror which was in the center. Young had made a bulls eye on that mirror and the results were no good for the Indian. To paraphrase a popular song, "If that Indian had aknownd it, He never would have worn it." His vanity cost him his life but saved Ed. Young's.

The four men walked farther up the ridge and found two more bodies, so Young had scored three out of four but was still cussing his luck for allowing one to get away.

The men then wondered if that lone Indian would lead a war party back for reprisals, and while they were discussing this, sure enough they heard Indians singing down the valley.

They went into the cabin and distributed ammunition around where it would be handy and prepared for the attack they were sure would follow.

As the Indians came in sight, the men were prepared to let a volley loose at them. Young sang out, "Don't shoot. They are Shoshones." Young went out to meet them. The chief held up his hand which halted his warriors and rode forth to meet Young. It was Chief Washakie, with about fifty or sixty of his warriors out scouting for the enemies that had invaded his domain the day before. Young told the Chief what had taken place and showed him the dead Sioux.

Washakie and his people were overjoyed at the sight of their hereditary foes. They asked for the bodies which were readily given. The Shoshones went below the ranch, on a bench, and had a two day scalp dance over their dead enemies.

The Indian that got away went up among the rocks in the Canyon and it so happened that an old trapper, Goodson by name, had left an old coffee pot at his last camp down the canyon from where he was camped the night Young had his narrow escape. He had just picked up the coffee pot when ping, a bullet punctured that utility. That made that old trapper angry for he was fond of his morning cup of java. He promptly returned the shot from whence it came. The Indian and the trapper pot shot at each other and ruined a lot of scenery before a lucky shot from Goodson's rifle put an end to the contest. Ernest Hornecker, just a year before he died, told me he was up in the canyon a short

time ago (1935) and the results of the battle between Goodson and the Indian were still plainly visible on the trees. That was in the 1930's.

Ed Young built a beautiful ranch, stocked it with high-grade cattle and horses. His orchard was the great show place of central Wyoming. He was the first to demonstrate that apples could be grown in the state, and he developed a number of hitherto unknown varieties. The large orchard, planted way back in the 70's and 80's of the last century, is still in existence and growing fruit.

Young was a familiar figure on our streets with his wagon load of apples. He died in 1931.

The cabin has long ceased to exist and a beautiful frame ranch home occupies the spot where it stood. The well, however, is still where it was that early morning in 1870, a silent reminder of Young's narrow escape from arrow or bullet.

This ranch is now owned by William McFie and family. It is a beautiful place, well kept and maintained as Ed Young would want it if he were alive.

We might add that Button had an easy time for the rest of his life for his alertness had surely saved Young's life.



Reading left to right: William George Aber, his son, Seth Perry, and his wife, Martha Wilson McGregor, the author of "Our Western Journey." This picture was taken just before leaving Aurora, Nebraska, on the trip.



# *Our Western Journey*<sup>†</sup>

Journal of Martha Wilson McGregor Aber

Edited by

CLIFFORD P. WESTERMEIER\*

Associate Professor of History, Loretto Heights College,  
Loretto, Colorado

This is the journal of an American woman pioneer. With her husband and her eighteen month-old son, she set out to find and to make a home in America's last frontier—the northern Great Plains—the Territory of Wyoming. It is a story of anticipation, labor, observation, sympathy, initiative and courage on the part of a vigorous and forward-thinking woman on a journey which taxes her to the

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Clifford P. Westermeier, Ph. D., born at Buffalo, New York, March 4, 1910.

Dr. Westermeier received his education in the Buffalo School of Fine Arts, Buffalo, New York; Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, New York; New York School of Fine and Applied Art (Paris Atelier), Paris, France; University of Buffalo, Buffalo, New York, B. S.; University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, M. S., Ph. D.

He was Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Buffalo and at the Buffalo School of Fine Arts from 1935 to 1944. During the years 1946 and 1947 he was Assistant Professor of History at St. Louis University. Since that time he has been Associate Professor of History and Acting Head of the History Department at Loretto Heights College, Denver, Colorado.

Dr. Westermeier is the author of **Man, Beast, Dust: The Story of Rodeo** (World Press, Inc., Denver, Colorado, 1947) and has also written numerous magazine articles on the subject of cowboys and the west. He is now working on a new book, **Tall Tales of the Cow Camp**, which consists of 18 short stories.

**Who's Who in American Art**, **American Catholic Who's Who**, and **Who's Who in Colorado** all list Dr. Westermeier as outstanding in his field. He is a member of the American Historical Association, Mississippi Valley Historical Association, The Westerners, Buffalo Society of Artists and Boulder Artists' Guild.

Oil and Water color paintings by Dr. Westermeier have been exhibited in Paris, London, New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Buffalo, Denver and Boulder, Colorado. At present he is doing a series of portraits of famous rodeo cowboys and also pictures of the various rodeo contestants and their animals engaged in contests.

Dr. Westermeier has been invited by Mr. Reginald Williams, Secretary General of the Australian Rough Riders Association, to be the guest of that organization while he is doing research in Australia later this year. This organization is comparable to the Rodeo Cowboys of America.

†The editor gratefully acknowledges the permission to edit this diary and the valuable assistance given him by Mr. Seth Perry Aber, Durham, California, and Mrs. Owen S. Hoge, Cheyenne, Wyoming, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William George Aber.

limit of her ability. A pillar of strength and love for her husband, son, and the other members of the party, she records the trek, probably late at night by the light of the stars or by the dull glow of a smoky lantern, made more dull by blinding insects of the night. Her weary mind, thinking only of what the unknown morrow will bring, and her fingers, tired from her daily toil, are not concerned with style or punctuation; sentence structure does not exist, words are abbreviated and sometimes incomplete. On the first days of the journey, the entries in the record consist of several lines, but later, as the trip grows longer and more difficult, they are gradually reduced to a few simple phrases. The very physical appearance of the journal, a small, ruled, penny-note book written with a dull pencil, tells the story of the journey even more poignantly than the contents. To correct this document, an evidence of human weariness and exhaustion, or to attempt to interpret the emotions of the chronicler, would be presumptuous on the part of the editor.

Martha Wilson McGregor, daughter of Alexander and Margaret Anderson McGregor, was born near Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, March 21, 1861. She was of Scotch Presbyterian descent—her early ancestors had left Scotland during the religious persecution under James I, went to Ireland and from there they sailed to America.

She spent her youth on the family farm in Allegheny County. As the story goes, her future husband, William George Aber, from Pitcairn, Pennsylvania, first became acquainted with her parents and was so fond of them that he was very anxious to meet their daughter. They were married December 11, 1883. A son, Seth Perry, was born to them November 11, 1884 at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

In the spring of 1885 they and Ira Almos Aber, a cousin, went to Aurora, Nebraska. They spent about one year here and during this time were joined by William George's brother, John Aber, his wife Ella and two sons, the older of which was named Perry, but the youngest boy's name is unknown. He was about nine months old when the Western Journey began and learned to walk in his father's wagon. Later he died of typhoid fever. Ed, the hired man, was also a member of the party.

Their original plan to go to the Green River Country was changed en route although they had shipped all the farm machinery to Rock River, Wyoming. A chance meeting with a man from the Wolf Creek Country caused them to make this change and turn northward.

The caravan consisted of three wagons and a buggy—

one of the wagons was driven by Mrs. William George Aber, a team of two mares, Molly and Daisey, with two milk cows at the wheel. John was the "bullwacker." He drove two wagons which were hitched together by a short tongue and pulled by a long string of oxen. Ed, the hired man, probably drove the buggy. William George and Ira Almos drove seventy-five head of cattle, and an unknown number of calves, ponies, and colts. The route was that of the Mormon Trail, the Fort Laramie, Fort Fetterman and Fort McKinney wagon and stage roads, and a part of the Bozeman Trail.

William George and Martha Aber were deeply religious, forward looking, and did not live in the past. They refused to look back and Martha refused to be discouraged. She told her children that many times William George was ready to turn back, but she was always firm and said, "I wouldn't have turned back if I had seen a band of Indians on a scalping forage."

On this note of optimism and courage the journal begins.

### 1

We left Aurora [, Nebraska] for our western trip June 9", 1886. by the time we got our wagons fixed, and things ready to go, it was ten O.C. it was a very bright warm day we had two horses and three yoke of cows to the first two wagons and a pony tied behind and two horses to the next wagon and buggy with a pony and colt tied to the buggy

### 2

Traveled about a mile and a half and stoped for dinner and ate in the hot sun. hitched up and went about 9½ miles that afternoon and camped on a qr. Sec. of nice grass, struck camp lighted up a fire and baked biscuit boiled potatoes and made coffee for supper. night herded the cattle.

10" Second day went about 5 mi and stoped on the south side of the Platte river for dinner ate under shade of cotton wood trees crossed the Platt after dinner drove the cattle over a few at a time we came last with our team and felt very timid it is a very long bridge built of timber we thought a colt had fallen over, (one of the pony's colts) but it had stayed on the other side. went about 6 mi. and camped on Wood river for the night it is a small stream not as wide as Turtle Creek.<sup>1</sup> held the cattle that night by

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1. Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.



tying ropes across each end of a lane that was fenced on both sides.

11" Went about 3 mi when a tire came off one of Johns wagons stoped on prairie a little over a mile west of Grand Island [, Nebraska] John went to G.I. and had his tire cut. had dinner there and traveled in the after noon 4 or 5 mi struck camp about 6 O.C. along U.P.R.R.

12" Got a good early start we get up about 5 O.C. but by the time we get every thing rid up<sup>2</sup> ready to start it is about 8. went 6 mi struck Wood R. again and stoped to water the cattle crossed the bridge went about a mile and struck camp it was then after 2 O.C. it was such a turn to get on the bridge John had to take his cattle out they makes such a long string and takes so much room to make a turn.<sup>3</sup> We stoped on 80 acres of prarie crops in all around one Sweed came down very angry and said he would tellegraph to chicago to have us put off. he was very much afraid the cattle would stampede and and destroy his corn. as it looked very much like a storm coming up we prepared for it. had our wagons drawn close and the canvas thrown over and the wagons tied down with but no storm came

ropes we washed some. In the evening one of the neighbors let us put the cattle in his correl. Stoped here over Sabbath.

14" Drove about 6 mi and stoped for dinner at School house west of Wood R. town [, Nebraska] after dinner drove 7 mi and camped immediately east of Shelton [, Nebraska] rained the after part of night first rain we had.

15" Drove between 6 and 7 mi in the morning, drove the cattle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mi off the rode to water the Wood R cattle. Took dinner east of Gibbon [, Nebraska] put cattle into a carrol while eating. bought Billy.<sup>4</sup> Went 2 mi west of Gibbon and stoped for night. rained during the night

16" Stoped until after dinner on account of wet roads. we washed some. drove  $4\frac{1}{4}$  mi stoped on account of a rain coming up. just got fixed up in time when a very heavy dash came only lasted about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.

17" In the morning drove about 5 mi stoped 1 mi east of Kearney [, Nebraska] for dinner

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2. rid up for redd up, in Scotch or dialect, meaning to clean or make tidy.

3. According to this entry, John must have had a large number of oxen pulling the wagons.

4. A horse.

[Pages missing from June 18 to July 2 inclusive.]  
man from Wy.<sup>5</sup>

3" Came over the bluffs down into a canyon where was a creek   drove up the other side and stoped for dinner in a prairie dog town   stoped for supper by a small Cr   Mollie<sup>6</sup> went away when J. was after her   saw a nicer place to stop over Sab. about 1 mi further on so we ate supper, and packed up a   started   a very nice place among the sand hill on a Creek<sup>7</sup>

4" Sabbath morning dawned calm and bright.   very thing so peaceful and quiet.   John shot two ducks   we cooked them for dinner.   I went swimming in the Platte.

5" Traveled 8 mi in morning and nooned on White tale Cr.<sup>8</sup> in afternoon went between 5 & 6 mi and camped on a creek. Geo shot a duck   had mush for supper

6" Made about 6 mi in the morning and 6 afternoon to the bluffs   all went into the Cr to wade.   when it got cooler  
itoes

drove over the bluffs.   got out of mosqu

7" Drove 6 mi in the morning.   and 6 mi after dinner. camped on the river

8" Drove 8 mi   crossed Blue Water Cr.<sup>9</sup>   stoped for dinner on Lost cr.   the men went back a mi to seign [seine]  
around

and caught about 50 lb   a man told us to go   a pasture and Geo sold lame calf

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5. The statement the "man from Wy." is of significance, and information was offered by Mrs. Owen S. Hoge, the daughter of Mrs. William George Aber. Originally, the party had planned to settle in the Green River Country. However, they met a "man from Wy." who had just come from the Wolf Creek Country, and his glowing story of opportunities and advantages in that area caused them to turn northward, after reaching Fort Fetterman.

6. One of the two mares, Mollie and Daisey.

7. Mrs. Aber was remarkably accurate in her estimates of distance. Judging by her daily estimates and the number of days travelled, it seems probable that the party was near Birdwood Creek (on some maps Sping Creek) and O'Fallons Bluffs. See map, **Johnson's Nebraska, Dakota, Montana and Colorado, showing also the southern portion of Dacotah, 1869.** From collection of maps of State Historical Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

8. There are innumerable small creeks which flow into the North Platte between O'Fallons and Scottsbluffs. Unfortunately, the editor was unable to locate some of these streams on any of the maps available.

9. Maps dating from this period indicate this as Blue Water Creek. At the present time, however, it is Blue Creek.

we would get water    went 4 mi but found no water    had  
supper  
crackers and milk for

9" Had to drive nearly a mi before we could get any water  
to cook breakfast    came about 7 mi before we came to the  
river to water the stock    ate dinner there    drove 5 mi  
further and camped    Geo roped a wild cow

10" Drove about mi to Cold Water Cr.    watered    came 4  
mi through devil tongue cactus.    old woman<sup>10</sup> and burg  
amont.<sup>11</sup>    drove 2 mi after dinner when upset the wagon  
came over bluff and camped on river

11" Sabbath a pretty bright day.    We took a walk up the  
bluffs    little Knats & Mosquito were very bad

12" Came by a herd of 600 horses and 300 little colts.  
stoped for dinner on river bank    camped by a hotel    drove  
between 12 & 14 mi

13" Arrived at Camp Clark    drove 12 mi about.    We met  
a very large herd of cattle & out fit.    I got my first letter  
from home<sup>12</sup> since we started

14" Washed the white clothes in the morning.    an awful  
hot day.    & dark ones after it got cooler    carried the water  
from a house well in the kitchen

15" In the morning the men branded all the colts, and  
after dinner fixed the stove, cooked beans and made pies

16" Laeft Camp Clark and drove 9 mi    ate dinner and  
took the big horses to a carrol to brand    drove 4 mi and  
camped    Threatened rain

17" Took Mollie out to catch Daisey, she went to the river  
and Mollie stuck.    drove through a little settlement called  
Tabor    camped down by the river    came 14 or 15 mi  
rained quite a heavy shower

concrete houses\* 18" Such a pretty Sabbath    not very hot, boys saw some  
antelope    rained very heavy during the night    camped  
opposite Scotch bluffs

19" Drove 7 mi and stoped for dinner by a nice clear creek<sup>13</sup>  
after dinner drove 7 mi and stopped about 3 mi west of —T  
ranche    drove in on account of rain, were about 1½ mi  
from water    had some rain in night

10. Old Woman—a species of worm wood.

11. Bergamot—a camphor or mint oil plant.

12. Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania.

13. Possibly Spoon Hill Creek. See maps of State Historical  
Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

\*"Concrete Houses." Mrs. Aber, an Easterner, possibly mis-  
took the sod houses of the area for concrete houses. Concrete as a  
building material for houses was not used until 1875, and it is not  
probable that the material was found on the western plains of Ne-  
braska at this time.



20" John went to the river for water to make breakfast  
drove 7 mi and stoped by the river where were such nice  
3 or 4 [mi]

trees. Geo saw 7 antelope camped just by the state line

21" Came through a pasture with the wagons into Wy  
but drove the cattle around. One of the wagons stuck in the  
ditch were about 2½ hr getting it out. drove out of pas-  
ture and stoped for dinner Stuck again by the ditch only  
drove about 5 mi

drove 6 mi rained quite heavy

22" Had a very hard ½ days drive through the sand 7  
mi, yesterday and today cooked with water from ditch  
drove 7 mi and camped on Rawhide cr it rained very  
heavy last night and the cr. was very muddy had awful  
hard pulling through the sand

23" Came about 8 mi this morning the roads were sandy  
but the heavy rain washed them stoped for dinner on top  
of a sand [hill] watered in a pasture in swamp broke a  
in morning

short tongue<sup>14</sup> coming over a deep place came 3 mi and  
camped on a flat about 1½ mi East it

[Pages missing from July 24 to July 30 inclusive]

of a hill 5 mi long camped on R [right] la Bonte creek

31" Drove up on the hill and stoped about 2 hr to feed, and  
had an early dinner drove a short distance through red  
clay to a small creek Wagon hound and watered, saw a huge  
round pile of stone different from those around<sup>15</sup> had to  
drive in on account of rain rained very heavy while at  
supper there was no water handy by some mud holes.  
drove between 7 and 8 miles

Aug 1" Lovely Sabbath morning an old man went by  
with two saddle horses & two pack horses, he said there  
was no water in the next cr. but we drove over about 1½  
mi and found a nice spring by the crossing call [close] to cr  
Bedtick [Redtick]

2" Drove to Fetterman about 12 mi and camped about 1  
mi up R de [right side] la Prele creek. had a very heavy  
rain during the night

3" Unloaded the trap wagon set up the stove and got

\*\*The travelers were at the corrals of the Pratt & Ferris Ranch.  
See map **Wyoming, compiled by permission from official records in  
the U. S. Land Office**, published by George L. Holt, Cheyenne, Wyo-  
ming, 1883. This map shows all the large cattle ranches and wagon  
roads of the state. State Historical Museum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

14. The tongue which joined the two wagons together.

15. The "huge round pile of stone" may possibly be Moss Agate  
Hill northwest of Wagon Hound Creek.

things ready to start to look up a location      There is a  
in

corral across the cr we put the horses

4" Geo & John started this morning.<sup>16</sup>      baked bread before breakfast      Washed in afternoon      carried water from a spring across the cr      Ed<sup>17</sup> let four of the horses stray

5" A quiet uneventful day in camp      J & G came home at supper time      saw nothing suitable

6" John started for Rock cr<sup>18</sup> this afternoon      all quiet in camp

13" Geo got word to go to meet John and look up a place

16" They came back at noon having found nothing

18" Started again on our Journey.      one of John's calves got sick      stoped early on account of it, at sage cr      came about 8 mi      had rain

19" Traveled about 8 mi before dinner, and 6 mi after, had a dry camp      John left his calf and got oats for it

20" When ready to start found the calf's mother had gone back      brought her back      stoped at Brown sp R [Brown's Spring Creek] for dinner      drove 10 or 11 mi      camped at dry [fork of the] cheyenne

21" When we were ready to hitch up could not find the two white, [yearlings] but found them after a 10 minutes search      drove 4 mi and stoped to water.      got a keg of water for dinner here at a hole.      Camped on sand cr.

22" Another bright Sabath      Geo was sick all day

23" Drove 7½ mi and stoped on Wind R. for dinner      no water only in holes      made a can of tea and filled every thing with water that would hold      drove out about 4 mi and camped

24" Started at half past 1 in the morning and drove 10 mi till 6 O.C.      got breakfast and watered the horses at a spring, then drove 8 mi till dinner      camped on Powder River, dry fork

25" Drove 11 mi and stoped at a spring for dinner, then drove to Powder R      6 mi      it was dark when we camped      came along the bed of the Dry fork all the way

26" Started from Powder R at noon and drove 11¼ mi      the cattle were very tired

27" Had to stay here on account of stock

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16. A side trip to look over a likely ranch site.

17. The hired man.

18. John went to Rock River, a station on the Union Pacific railroad, to pick up the farm machinery which they had shipped to that point.

28" Saturday morning drove 8 mi and went away off the  
of day

road for water. stayed the rest

29" Sabbath

30" Thought we would get an early start, and found 4 horses were lost we re all now looking for them and found them near the water did not get started until 3 P.M. and drove 9 mi to Crazy Woman Creek

31" From here drove about 4 mi and stoped to feed. drove about 8 mi after an early dinner and camped on top of a hill

Sept 1" Drove 7 or 8 mi and nooned north of 6 mi ranche. saw a buffalo after dinner drove into Buffalo, [Wyoming] camped 2 mi west of town on Clear cr.

2" In the morning fixed Johns wagon wheels John sold a cow and two calves only drove about 2 mi and camped on Rock creek

3" Came 5 or 6 mi and stoped for dinner by a ditch in afternoon drove down 6 mi to Pinney [Big Piney]

4" Came over some awful hilly road and stoped for dinner north of Jinks creek about 6 mi

[Thus the journal ends.]

The party pushed forward to Kearney on the Big Piney, from there through Big Horn to the Goose Creek, to Soldier Creek and arrived at Wolf Creek September 9, 1886.<sup>19</sup> This was exactly three months to the day since they had started the Western Journey!

In the years that followed they acquired lands which approximated 1,280 acres. William George Aber bought a relinquishment of 160 acres from a man named Shields; later the Millsan place of about 320 acres was added, and in 1903 they bought the Garrard and Snyder lands. Ira Almos took up a desert claim. John Aber did not stay in Wyoming. Ella, his wife, could not 'abide' the place and they left before the winter of the same year. William George and Ira Almos formed a partnership, were thereafter known as the Aber Brothers, and transacted business under that name. On this ranch their second child, a daughter, Margaret Anderson Aber, (Mrs. Owen S. Hoge) was born.<sup>20</sup> During its heyday, the ranch grazed one of the finest herds in the country. Later, in 1908-1911, they stocked sheep for

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19. The place on which they arrived that day had a small one-room cabin. William George later related to his children that it was snowing hard and "one could throw a cat through the cracks of the building, but it looked like heaven to us."

20. When Margaret was only four days old, Martha got up and went out to drive a buck rake, for it was haying time. She said it was imperative that the hay be stacked before the fall storms.



a short time, but soon restocked the ranch with cattle, Percherons, and some mules. Upon the death of William George, December 10, 1925 and Ira Almos in 1926, the direction of the ranch was in the hands of the son, Seth Perry Aber. Earlier unfortunate investments, about which his father was not enthusiastic, and the depression of 1929 brought the venture to an end. Mrs. William George Aber, the Martha Wilson McGregor of this journal, went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Owen S. Hoge on the Horseshoe Ranch, at the mouth of the canyon of the Little Tongue River.

Martha's dreams must have been partially fulfilled. She lived to see the railroad come to Sheridan, Wyoming; to see her husband, William George, become County Commissioner under whose supervision the court house now standing in Sheridan was constructed; and to see him as a Representative of Sheridan County in Cheyenne. Probably more important to her, she saw the construction of a ranch home, surrounded by a yard and flowers, and known throughout the country for its great beauty. She saw her son and daughter married and knew all her grandchildren, of whom William Douthett Aber<sup>21</sup> was the oldest. Martha Wilson McGregor Aber died July 2, 1932.

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21. Doff Aber, a nationally known rodeo cowboy—World Champion Saddle Bronc Rider, 1941, 1942. He was killed May 6, 1946. His son, Lynn Aber, a great grandchild of William George and Martha Aber, is the only remaining descendant to carry on the name.

## *Coutant's "History of Wyoming"*

In 1899 Colonel Charles G. Coutant published volume 1 of the "History of Wyoming." It was his intention to publish three more volumes. The second volume was to have completed the historical text, and the third and fourth volumes would have consisted of biographical sketches and photographs of prominent men and women of the state. The first volume is among the most highly-prized Wyoming historical publications in existence. It is looked upon by historians as authentic. The author had the ability to write interestingly and was able to get information that no other man could have obtained. Even though he was suffering from palsy, which made it difficult for him to write, he worked hard and produced a book that will always stand out as a monument to his credit and untiring efforts. In a financial way, however, the publication was a complete failure, and it not only cost Colonel Coutant a great deal of time, hard work and money, but a number of his friends also suffered financial losses on account of his venture. After gathering data for several years and preparing the manuscript, Mr. Coutant, in 1897, made arrangements with the Laramie Republican company for the manufacture of 1,000 copies of his history. He had advance orders for his publication amounting to about \$400, but this was not a sufficient guarantee for the publishers to commence work. In addition to the advance orders, Mr. Otto Gramm of Laramie City signed a note with Mr. Coutant guaranteeing payment to the publishers for the manufacture of the first edition. Mr. H. G. Balch, president of the First National Bank of Laramie, agreed to accept the note at its face value. This was acceptable to the printers, and a "batch" of copy was turned in to the publishers. The type setting began, but the matter of furnishing copy to the compositors dragged along for a period of more than ten months. The publishers could easily have completed the job in two months if the author had furnished sufficient copy to have kept the typesetting machines in operation. The delay not only caused the publishers a great deal of lost time and inconvenience, but reduced the small profit they would have made to a loss. After more than a year of exasperating delays the job was completed, but Mr. Coutant gained possession of only a small number of the books. The First National Bank of Laramie had to pay the publishers for them, and naturally

the officers of that institution demanded that most of the books be delivered to them. The bank disposed of the books to the public, and Mr. Gramm paid to the bank the amount specified on the note he had signed with Mr. Coutant, but even with this, the bank lost some money. Mr. Coutant, together with his daughter, who had done all of the typing and a great deal of the stenographic work, lost their time and money it had cost them for traveling and other expenditures incident to collecting the data and other material for the publication. The author had collected a great deal of material that was to be included in the second volume, but because of the difficulties he had had with his first volume precluded all chances for the publication of the second, third and fourth volumes. After failing to find a publisher who would undertake the manufacture of the second volume, the author became discouraged, and early in the present century moved to Oregon where he engaged in the publication of a weekly newspaper. On January 17, 1913, the author and publisher died at Grants Pass. At the time of his death he was seventy-two years of age. Mrs. Coutant, the widow, later sold the accumulated manuscript her husband had prepared for the second volume to Dr. Grace R. Hebard. Dr. Hebard used some of the material in her publications and after several years sold the remainder to the Wyoming Historical department. The copy lay dormant in the state department until 1940, when a considerable amount of the manuscript was edited by Mrs. Inez Babb Taylor, assistant state historian, and has been and is yet being published in the "Annals of Wyoming." It was this writer's pleasure to know Mr. Coutant for a number of years. He was always an enthusiastic worker for the state, and he held a number of responsible public positions, among them being state librarian for a number of years and later secretary and manager for the Wyoming Industrial Conventions, which eventually merged into the Wyoming State Fair Association. Although the first and only volume of "Coutant's History of Wyoming" has long been out of print, a few copies are occasionally sold at \$25 per copy. The original price was \$5 per copy. If the author could have lived long enough to know that his labors were valued so



highly, no doubt it would have been a great deal of satisfaction to him, and even though his work resulted in a financial loss to him and his friends, it would have pleased him to know that his efforts resulted in preserving a creditable history of our state for others to enjoy.\*

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\*This article was copied from **The Wyoming Pioneer**, volume 1 number 5, the July-August, 1941 issue. It was written by the editor, Mr. Alfred J. Mokler, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday May 21 this year. He came to Casper in 1897 and purchased the weekly newspaper which is now the **Casper Tribune-Herald**. Mr. Mokler is widely known as a historian and is the Grand Historian of Grand Lodge A.F. and A.M. of Wyoming. He has occupied the same chair for many years in the Casper lodge, and as a tribute to his continued faithfulness some of the members affixed a plate to this chair bearing the inscription, "A. J. Mokler Homestead."

Mr. Mokler is a prolific writer and is one author who has played an important part in preserving Wyoming's History. He has published: **History of Natrona County, Wyoming, Oregon Trail Markers and Memorials, History of Free Masonry in Wyoming, The Transition of the West, Old Fort Casper** and many short stories and articles.

Mr. Mokler, now retired, spends much of his time in his study surrounded by his wonderful collection of files on Wyoming History.

## *Grandma Schoolhouse* \*

Near the fort that once protected,  
Stands a schoolhouse, old and small,  
Almost ninety years she has weathered—  
Great, great grandma of them all.

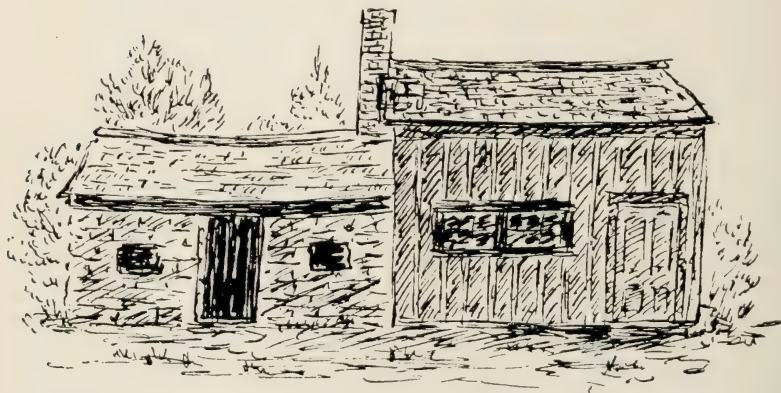
Grandma of the vast brick buildings  
That now grace Wyoming's plains;  
Grandma of the sand-stone structures  
Where profoundest wisdom reigns.

Just one room, a pine board cabin,  
Where the simple things were taught  
To the first Wyoming children  
While their dads explored and fought.

Braced against her stands the milk house,  
Staunch companion through the years.  
Grey and curling are her shingles;  
In her ridge a curve appears.

Wrapped in shawl of russet color  
(Once, they say, that it was red)  
Grandma Schoolhouse sits a-dreaming  
Of the trend that she has led.

Mae Urbanek  
Lusk, Wyoming



\*First school house in Wyoming, built at Fort Bridger, 1860.  
Sketch by Norman Evans appearing in book of poems, "Wyoming  
Winds," by Mae Urbanek.

## *Shoshonean Princess--Crimson Dawn*

Some twenty thousand years ago her fathers came  
Across the Bering Strait.  
Pursued by Eskimos, they sought to claim  
Western Plains of Paradise.  
Then from the hills of Himalaya in the days  
Of Jesus the savage Athapascans swept,  
Exterminating and absorbing. Asian invasions, three,  
Molded her lineage—Shoshonean Ancestry.

Then Pah-de-kunda, Chief of Tribal Fate,  
Pitched camp along the timbered bend  
Of River Green. Here, sojourning to await  
The early flaming Wyoming sun  
Proclaim a princess, newly born.  
The mother christened her "Crimson Dawn."

The father brave was killed in war  
Against the raiding Blackfoot band.  
Her grandsire, Pah-de-kunda, guarded her,  
Until young Washakie, rattler in hand,  
In tortuous ritual to the Sun  
Captured the love of Crimson Dawn.

The days of Crimson Dawn and Washakie  
Were short. For Destiny ordained  
An heir, Nanaggai, who was to be  
His father's aid in stemming hated wars.  
To bear this son, Shoshonean Princess, Crimson Dawn,  
In Indian sacrifice, passed to Manitou's Beyond.

Mary Lou Pence  
Laramie, Wyoming



## *Imprints on Pioneer Trails* \*

"Imprints on Pioneer Trails" is not a history; it is the actual experiences of pioneers who in working out their own destiny worked out the destiny of an empire. They were given directly to the author and all are historically accurate. At the beginning we meet the quiet-mannered Montana pioneer, Hugo Hoppe, uncle of the author's mother, and a direct descendant of the proud German House of Hans Carl Leopold Von der Gabelenz. Experiencing many of the vicissitudes of life, he had his days of discouragements and disappointments, but he was always jerked back into the ruts in life's road by the thoughts of his nobility and the great name he loved. The story of his trek to California in 1851 and the dangers encountered by the early settlers in their quest for rich ore and mines as Americans looked to new dominions is a fascinating story in all its details.

It was to the town he founded, Cinnabar, Montana, that the author, Ida Miller, came at the age of nine years. Cinnabar, where the East clashed in an amusing way with the West. Here, lighting the candle of memory for her, Hugo Hoppe, recalled his many years of pioneering and, together with her own memories of this rugged country, she portrays life as it was lived from the rise of the curtain in the West with the gold rush of '49 to the lowering of the shade with the iron rails, the incandescent light, and the horseless buggy. It is as if a wind blows through the pages stirring everything to life and action. A world of gayety and sparkle on the West Coast, richly-hued countrysides, savage Indians, mountain-men, fur traders, God-fearing Mormons, intrepid settlers, sturdy pioneers and soldiers of the old frontier forts are vividly portrayed. The humor of old prospectors' tales, good stories about well known characters she met at Cinnabar—Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, Marcus Daly and others. There are pages of folklore and an insight into the disposition and customs of the Indian which the author learned while living in an Indian home on the Crow Reservation.

Flashing and powerful, tender, terrible, humorous and mordant, ever punctuated with drama, the rugged forces of frontier America have given us another zestful epic from out the splendid past of the colorful West. "Imprints on

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\*This is a preview of **Imprints on Pioneer Trails**, by Ida McPherrin, which is being published by The Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts, to be released early this summer.

Pioneer Trails" is told in a light vein for it is meant to amuse as well as enlighten the lover of the old West. The author is well known for her accuracy in stories of an historical background. In this book she has given many unknown and hitherto unpublished anecdotes of a day that is no longer with us.

Ida McPherrren's (nee Miller) writings are well known throughout the West, and her gems of poetry are welcomed by numerous periodicals and newspapers. She has received the unique distinction of membership in the Eugene Field Society and the Mark Twain Society and the National Writers Club of Denver, for her excellent craftsmanship and her contribution to contemporary American literature. Some of her works are: "Trail's End," "Empire Builders," and the "Banditti of the Plains" (1930), which carried Mercer's story of the same name that had been suppressed for thirty-six years, along with her well-known poem, "The West," and her song "The Love of Ah-ho-appa."

# *In Memoriam*

## **MINNIE ADALINE GRIFFIN RIETZ**

**Born October 17, 1875**

**Died January 14, 1950**

Mrs. Rietz came to Wyoming in 1882. She was a graduate of the University of Wyoming, and taught school at Cottonwood prior to her marriage to Charles R. Rietz at Cheyenne, Wyoming on August 27, 1894.

After their marriage they moved to their homestead on the Laramie River, where they resided until they moved to Wheatland, Wyoming.

Mrs. Rietz was a charter member of the First Christian Church of Wheatland, founded in 1906. She was also a member of the Eastern Star, the D.A.R., the American Legion Auxiliary, the Grandmothers' Club and the Christian Women of the Christian Church.

Her enthusiasm for research and her knowledge of Wyoming history made her a valuable member of the State Historical Advisory Board of the Wyoming State Historical Department.

## **GEORGE O. HOUSER**

**Born July 19, 1887**

**Died May 23, 1950**

The death of George O. Houser, editor and publisher of the **Guernsey Gazette** and proprietor of the Wyoming Printing Company of Cheyenne, has taken from Wyoming one of its greatest present-day historians.

In 1929 he served as representative from Platte County in the State Legislature, and for seven years was head of the State Commerce and Industry Commission. He selected the site of the Guernsey Dam and gave it its name. His name is so closely associated with the town of Guernsey it is almost impossible to think of one without the other.

His keen and scintillating mind plus his knowledge and love of Wyoming gave him an enviable position on the Wyoming State Historical Advisory Board. At the time of his passing he was preparing a manuscript for the **ANNALS OF WYOMING**. We regret his passing as do all of his friends. He was of the opinion that his life belonged to the community in which he lived and it was always his desire to do for that community whatever he could.



## ACCESSIONS

to the

## Wyoming State Historical Department

December 1949 to July 1950

Griggs, Burt, Buffalo, Wyoming: Donor of a KP Charm, which was presented to Dr. John C. Watkins by Johnathan E. Chapple in 1882. The charm was given to Mr. Burt Griggs by Faye Watkins, son of Dr. Watkins.

Hanson, Rodney T., Box 146, Fox Farm, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a skeleton of a smilodon or saber tooth cat, found in Lake Marie, Wyoming.

Boice, Mrs. Fred D., 2410 Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a flag decoration used at a dinner of the United Nations in New York City.

Rothwell, John, 2614 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of two shells taken from a tree on the property of Fort McKinney, which is now the Soldier's Home located three miles west of Buffalo. One cartridge made December 1886. One box of Richardson's Telegraph Matches made by the Diamond Match Company in 1880 and taken from the store at South Pass City. Three bullets unscrewed from the shells from the rifle range at Fort McKinney.

Ekdall, Dr. A. B., 516 West 28th Street, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of an iron weight used on the front step of old time delivery wagons.

Temple, C. M., 2114½ Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a shell found about one mile from Fort Laramie.

Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. William, 2310 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of a picture of the dedication of the Robert Burns Monument, which monument was donated by Mrs. Andrew (Mary) Gilchrist. This is the only monument in the world of Robert Burns, dedicated free of debt and given by a single donor.

Rymill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J., Fort Laramie, Wyoming: Donors of two Souvenir Programs of Old Fort Laramie Pageant given in 1949.

Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc., Main Street at Lakeside Avenue, West Orange, New Jersey. Vice Admiral Harold G. Bowen: Donor of a plaster of Paris replica of a bust of Thomas Alva Edison.

Meyer, Mrs. Ermel Fay, Wellington, Colorado: Donor of a framed painting of an old building at Round Top, Wyoming.

Delaney, William H., 5418 W. Monroe St., Chicago 44, Illinois: Donor of a pair of buffalo horns, Indian stone implement and one petri-fied bone segment.

Delzell, Ralph C., 2108 Central Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of thirty-six Wyoming stones mounted on cardboard in a gold frame.

Bishop, L. C., State Engineer, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a booklet on LaBonte.

Richardson, Warren, 2220 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a muzzle-loader given to him by his father in 1876.

Richardson, Laura and Valeria, 2220 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of jewel box with shells given to Mrs. Warren Richardson by her mother in 1841. Two hand made candles; one candle holder; four vases which were wedding presents given to the Richardsons in 1861; piccolo, flute and zither played by Arthur Richardson in 1880; hand made Mexican fan brought from México in 1909; fly chaser used by the tourists in Egypt, brought from Egypt in 1905; sugar bowl given to Mrs. Richardson by her husband when Clarence was born in 1868; coin purse—a souvenir of Columbus four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; costume from Honolulu; patch work quilt made from scraps used in 1861; match box made by Warren for his mother in 1875.

Hofmann, Mr. R. J., 2803 Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of "Constitution and By-laws of the Frontier Association of Wyoming together with the Roll Call of Members," 1898.

Snyder, Marcus, Billings, Montana: Donor of "Snyder Brothers Trailed First Longhorns to the West"; some of the early history of the XIT ranch; letters from old friends and members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association; picture of D. H. Snyder; manuscripts and newspaper clippings on the Snyder Brothers.

Reckmeyer, Clarence, Black Hawk, Colorado: Donor of map of Wyoming in 1867; envelope addressed to Henry Reckmeyer, Cheyenne, Dakota, sent by his mother in Quincy, Illinois, June 25, 1868, arrived nine days later.

Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H., Laramie, Wyoming: Donors of a picture of the Flag Ranch, built in 1891—burned 1933.

Hamilton, William J., Librarian, Dayton Public Library, Dayton 2, Ohio: Donor of five pictures of Yellowstone National Park.

### Books—Gifts

Kiskaddon, Bruce, **Rhymes of the Ranges and Other Poems.** Published by the author, 1947.

Westermeier, Clifford P., **Man, Beast, Dust.** Published by the author, 1947.

Lewis, Lloyd, **Granger Country.** Little Brown, 1947. Gift of the Burlington Lines.

Mattes, Merrill J., **Fort Laramie and the Forty-Niners.** Rocky Mountain Nature Association, 1949.

**Alexander Ramsay's Gold Rush Diary, 1849.** Reprint from the **Pacific Historical Review, 1949.**

Morgan, Dale Lowell, **Letters by Forty-Niners.** Reprint from **Western Humanities, 1949.**

Richardson, Warren, **Dr. Zell and the Princess Charlotte.** L. Kabis and Company, 1892.

Carter, Kate B., **Heart Throbs of the West** (ten volumes). Published by Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake City, Utah. 1947. Gift of Nicholas G. Morgan.

### **Books—Purchased**

Gardiner, James F., **Indian Tribes and Trapper Trails**. Published by the author, 1949. \$3.50.

Wolle, Muriel Sibell, **Stampede to Timberline**. Published by the author, 1949. Price \$6.58.

### **Miscellaneous Purchases**

Two cases for the display of saddles belonging to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association—Cost \$414.00.

Two glossy prints, Three Crossings Station and Old Platte Bridge, from the Hopwood Studio in Denver—Cost \$3.00 each.



# *General Index*

## VOLUME 22—NUMBERS 1 AND 2

### —A—

Aber, Ira Almos, 22:2:92-100  
Aber, John, 22:2:92-100  
Aber, Margaret Anderson, 22:2:99  
Aber, Martha Wilson McGregor, her journal, 22:2:91-100  
Aber, Seth Perry, 22:2:91-100, Picture, 22:2:90  
Aber, William Douthett, ("Duff") 22:2:100  
Aber, William George, 22:2:91-100, Picture, 90  
Aber, Mrs. William George, 22:2:91-100  
Agriculture, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1-48  
Ah-ah-why-per-die, wife of Chief Washakie, 22:2:7  
Alamosa National Bank, 22:1:85  
Albany National Bank, 22:2:83  
Alder Gulch, Montana, 22:2:6  
Alexander boys, 22:2:38  
Alexander, Dr., of Pinedale, Wyoming, 22:2:34  
All Hallows College, Salt Lake City, Utah, 22:2:34  
Allen, Johnny, 22:2:34, 38  
Allyn, Frank H., gift, 22:1:98  
**American Wool Handbook** by Von Bergen, 22:2:76  
Anaconda Copper Company, 22:2:28  
Antelope in large bands in early days, 22:2:36  
Antelope Shed, 22:2:80  
Anthony, 22:2:87  
Anthony, John, 22:2:86  
Antioch College, 22:1:5  
Appulosa horses, 22:2:44  
Arapahoes, and Governor Hoyt, 22:1:36  
Army Press, 22:2:31  
Arthur, President, 22:1:31, 65  
Aspen Summit, 22:2:69  
Aspen, Wyoming, 22:2:67  
Astor, John Jacob, 22:2:31  
Atlantic City, Wyoming, 22:2:36  
Auburn, Wyoming, 22:2:50  
Augspurger, Marie M., 22:1:93  
Aurora, Nebraska, 22:2:92

### —B—

Baker, Lester G., 22:2:42  
Balch, H. G., 22:2:101  
Ball, Charles F., 22:2:29  
Ball, Charley and Frank, 22:2:38  
Ball Post Office, 22:2:29  
Ballou, Fred, 22:2:37  
Barber, Amos W., 22:1:88  
Barlow, Bill, 22:2:43  
Barnes, Eva, 22:2:71  
Barnes, J. B., Jr., 22:1:89  
Barr, Doc., 22:2:86  
Bartheloni No. 1, 22:1:88  
Bartleson Party, 22:2:52  
Barton, Bruce, 22:2:41-42  
Barton, Charles W., 22:2:41  
Bates, Helen, 22:2:34

- Bayers, Billy, 22:2:37  
Beachler, John, Sr., 22:2:37  
Beal, Merrill D., **Story of Man in the Yellowstone**, 22:1:99  
Bear River, 22:2:68, 69  
Bear River Valley, 22:1:49  
Beaver Meadows, 22:2:40  
Bellevue, 22:2:64  
Berry, Clarence, 22:1:77  
Bess ranch, 22:2:29  
Big Horn country, 22:2:42  
Big Horn Hot Springs, Thermopolis, Wyoming, 22:2:8  
Big Horn mountains, 22:2:42  
"Big House," 22:2:81  
Big Laramie River Valley, 22:2:82  
Big Piney country, 22:2:32, 36  
Big Piney, Wyoming, 22:2:28, 29, 50, 57, 58  
Big Popo Agie, 22:2:86  
Big Sandy, 22:2:30, 50, 51, 52, 54, 61, 62  
Binning, Eurleigh, 22:2:37  
Bird, Charley, his ranch, 22:2:29  
Bishop, L. C., gift to museum, 22:2:110  
Blackmer, Henry M., 22:1:90  
**Black Range**, 22:2:21  
Bloom, Johnny, 22:2:38  
Boice, Mrs. Fred D., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
Bond, Wallace, 22:1:28; 22:2:88  
Bonneville, Captain, 22:2:31  
Boulder creek, 22:2:31  
Boulder Ridge, 22:2:77  
Bowen, Vice Admiral Harold G., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
Bridger, Fort, 22:2:47, 52, 53, 59  
Bridger Valley, 22:2:4  
Brandon, C. Watt, "Building a Town on Wyoming's Last Frontier and Within Ten Miles of the First Rendezvous of the Early Day Trapper Back in 1811," 22:2:27  
Brandon, DeLos, 22:2:33, 34  
Brandon, Mrs. C. Watt, 22:2:31, 33, 35, 40, 41, 42, 45  
Bridger, Jim, 22:2:31, 52  
Brooks, Bryant B., 22:2:43  
Brooks, Ralph D., 22:1:90, 91  
Brown, Charles, 22:2:79  
Brown, Francis, 22:1:91  
Brown, George, 22:2:79  
Brown, Lieutenant Colonel, 22:2:87  
Bruff, J. G., 22:2:54, 55  
Bucket of Blood, 22:2:28, 34  
**Bucking the Sage Brush**, 22:2:79  
Budd boys, 22:2:38  
Budd, Dan, 22:2:57  
Budd, John, 22:2:57  
Budd log building, Big Piney, Wyoming, 22:2:29  
Budd, Postmaster Jess, 22:2:29  
Buffalo, Wyoming, 22:2:99  
"Building a Town on Wyoming's Last Frontier and Within Ten Miles of the First Rendezvous of the Early Day Trappers back in 1811," by C. Watt Brandon, 22:2:27  
Burch, Phil, 22:2:37

Burdick, C. W., 22:1:88, 89, 91  
 Eurlington Lines, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Burnett, James Danforth, 22:2:55  
 Burns post office, Wyoming, 22:2:30  
 Burns, Dr. and Mrs. Robert H., gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Burns, Dr. Robert H., biographical sketch, 22:2:76  
 Burns, Otto, 22:2:82  
 Burton, Henry W., 22:2:55  
 "Button," 22:2:86  
 Byers, Charley and Billy, 22:2:38  
 Byers, W. N., 22:1:69

## —C—

Caldwell, Kansas, 22:1:24  
 California, 22:2:8  
 Camp Brown, 22:2:6, 86  
 Caplane, P. E., 22:1:89, 91  
**Captain of the Grey Horse Troop**, 22:2:40  
 Casper, Wyoming, 22:2:42, 43, 44  
 Cassidy, Hopalong, 22:2:45  
 "Castle on the Plains," 22:2:81  
 Clark, Bert, Sr., and Jr., 22:2:38  
 Clark, Bennett C., 22:2:55  
 Clark, Camp, 22:2:96  
 Clark, Senator W. A., 22:2:28  
 Clough, Aaron, 22:2:56  
 Clough, Governor D. M., 22:2:27  
 Clay, Henry, 22:1:4  
 Clay, John, 22:2:83  
 Clemensen, Mrs. Agnes, 22:2:56  
 Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, 22:1:19  
 Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company, 22:1:88  
 Charleston Company, 22:2:54  
 Chase, Salomon P., 22:1:4  
 Chicago Historical Society, 22:1:16  
 Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company, 22:1:19  
 Chilcoat Pass, 22:1:76  
 Cheney, D. F., 22:2:86, 87  
 Cheyenne, Wyoming, 22:2:28  
**Cheyenne Daily Leader**, 1873, 22:1:14, 24  
**Cheyenne Leader**, 22:2:28  
**Cheyenne Tribune**, 22:2:28  
 Chief Washakie, 22:2:3  
 Chillicothe, Missouri, 22:2:10  
 Chinese waiters, 22:2:71  
 Coal, Wyoming Territory, 22:1:51  
**Cokeville Register**, 22:2:41  
**Companions of the Trail**, 22:2:40  
 Compton, Jil, 22:2:9  
 Concord Stage coach, 22:2:44  
 Conservation, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:54  
 Consolidated Royalty Oil Company, 22:1:81  
 Continental Divide, 22:2:69  
 Cook, A. D., 22:2:43  
 Coolidge, Calvin, 22:2:45  
 Cora, Wyoming, 22:2:30, 32  
 Cornell, William, 22:2:55  
 Cossley, Jo, 22:2:65, 66  
 Cotswold rams, 22:2:77  
 Cottonwood creek, 22:2:29  
 Coutant, Charles G., History of Wyoming, 22:2:101



Coutant, Mrs. Charles G., 22:2:102  
 "Cowboy Capers" by Clifford P. Westermeier, 22:2:13  
 Cowboy and religion, 22:2:23  
 Cowboy, what he did in town, 22:2:13  
 Cowdell, Jens, 22:2:30, 38  
 Crawford, Medarem, 22:2:52  
 Creston, 22:2:69  
 Crimson Dawn—Shoshonean Princess, poem, 22:2:105  
 Cripple Creek, Colorado, 22:1:84  
 Cumberland payroll holdup, 22:2:38  
 Cut-offs, Lander's, Sublett's, Greenwood's, Headpath's, 22:2:49, 51,  
 53, 59, 61

## —D—

Daly, Marcus, 22:2:28  
 Dance in pioneer Pinedale, Wyoming, 22:2:37  
 Daniel Detour, 22:2:50  
 Daniel postoffice, Wyoming, 22:2:34  
 Daniels, Steve, 22:2:58  
 Darby, Mount, 22:2:50  
 Davis, 22:2:55  
 Dawson City, 22:1:77  
 Delaney, William H., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Delzell, Ralph C., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Deming, William C., 22:2:28  
**Democratic Leader**, 22:1:23  
 Dentist in pioneer Pinedale was local blacksmith, 22:2:34  
 Denver, Colorado, 22:2:45  
**Denver Daily Times**, 22:1:18, 23  
 Denver University, 22:2:10  
 DeWolf, Minnie Emma, 22:2:85  
 Diamond Dick, 22:2:45  
 Dickson, A. J., 22:2:56  
 Dietrick, William, 22:1:91  
 Dillard, 22:2:55  
 Dines, Dines, and Holmes, 22:1:84  
 Dines, Tom, 22:1:84  
**Doctor Zell and the Princess Charlotte**, by Warren Richardson, Sr.,  
 22:1:69  
**Douglas Budget**, 22:2:43  
 Dowell Company, 22:2:55  
 Durcy, 22:2:69, 70, 71  
 Dry Drive, 22:2:54, 61  
 Dubois, William R., 22:1:88  
 Dude ranch, first, 22:2:42  
 Dunbar, J. R., 22:1:91  
 Dutton, Myron, 22:1:91

## —E—

Eastfork creek, 22:2:30, 36  
 Eaton, Alden, Bill and Patty, 22:2:42  
 Eaton brothers resort, 22:2:42  
 Eaton, Howard, William, Alden, 22:2:42  
 Earl, O. H., Division Superintendent, 22:2:65, 70  
 Earl, Mr. and Mrs., 22:2:72  
 Edison Foundation, gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Edmundson, Lee, 22:2:38  
 Education, public, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:56  
 Eclectic Medical Institute, 22:1:6  
 Eels, Cushing and Myra, 22:2:52  
 Egyptian Grauman Theater, picture, 22:2:2  
 Ehrlich, D. A., 22:1:89

Ekdall, Dr. A. B., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Ekstrom, Laura Allyn, "Where the Paintbrush Grows," poem, 22:1:96  
 Election procedures, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:44  
 Elk hunting for food permitted in early days, but not for sport, 22:2:36  
 Elk teeth used for money in early days, 22:2:39  
 "Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones"—Mary Lou Pence, 22:2:3  
 Emigrant Canyon, Utah, 22:2:9  
 Empress Eugenie, 22:1:13  
 Episcopal Church at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, 22:2:3  
 Episcopal Church, Saint Mark's, first in Wyoming, 22:1:71  
 Evans, F. P., 22:1:91  
 Evans, Hartman K., 22:2:80  
 Evanston, 22:2:30, 65, 67  
 Everett, Washington, 22:2:27

## —F—

Faler, Vint, 22:2:38  
 Fardy Hotel, 22:2:35  
 Farlow, Jule, 22:2:8  
 Farnham, Thomas J., 22:2:53  
 Farson Store, 22:2:30  
 Fetterman, Fort, 22:2:97  
 First dude ranch, 22:2:42  
 First National Bank of Laramie, 22:2:101  
 Fisher, Cassius, 22:1:87, 90  
 Fitzhugh, William M., 22:1:87, 88, 90  
 Flag Ranch, 22:2:76, 89  
 Fontgalland, de A., 22:1:89  
 Fontenelle Creek, 22:1:50  
 Fontenelle, Wyoming, 22:2:29, 37  
 Food in the early days in Wyoming, 22:2:33  
 Foote, Carl, gift, 22:1:98  
 Foote, Frank, 22:2:73, 98  
 Fort Augur, 22:2:6  
 Fort Boice, 22:2:52  
 Fort Bridger, 22:2:49, 53, 59  
 Fort Hall, 22:2:51, 52, 54, 59  
 Fort Kearny, Wyoming, 22:2:61  
 Fort Laramie, 22:2:51  
 Fort Morgan, First National Bank, 22:1:85  
 Fort Sanders, 22:2:79  
 Fort Washakie, Wyoming, 22:2:3, 6, 9  
 Foulo de Vault, H., 22:1:89  
 Fourteen Mile Hill, 22:2:30  
 Fox-Intermountain Theatres in Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Idaho and Montana, 22:2:45  
 Fox Pictures, 22:2:7  
 Fox-West Coast Theatres, 22:2:45  
 Franco Petroleum Company, 22:1:84, 89, 91  
 Fremont County Pioneer Association, 22:2:87  
 Fremont Lake, 22:2:39  
 Fremont's Peak, 22:2:39  
 Frontier Days, 22:1:71, 22:2:15  
 Fuller, R. P., 22:1:88

## —G—

Garland, Hamlin, 22:2:32, 39, 40  
 Gard, Wayne, **Frontier Justice**, 22:1:99  
 Gibbon, Nebraska, 22:2:94  
 Gift of the Waters, pageant, 22:2:8

Gillette, Edward, 22:2:43  
 Glover, George, 22:2:37  
 Glover, George and bunch, 22:2:37  
 Glover Pass, Wyoming, 22:2:40  
 Goetz, John, 22:2:82  
 Goodson, 22:2:88  
 Gracht, Camille, M. A. de Rychvander, 22:1:88  
 Granger Detour, 22:2:51  
 Graham, Celia and Robert, 22:2:32  
 Graham, Fred, 22:2:58  
 Graham, Fred and Stella Hibben, 22:2:59  
 Graham, R. O., 22:2:33  
 Gramm, Otto, 22:1:88; 22:2:101, 102  
 "Grandma Schoolhouse," poem, 22:2:104  
 Grand Valley National Bank, 22:1:85  
 Granger Detour, 22:2:51  
 Grant, ex-President, 22:1:39  
 Grant, LeRoy, 22:2:43  
 Grant's Pass, 22:2:102  
 Gray, Mr. and Mrs. W. H., 22:2:52  
 Grauman Chinese theatre, 22:2:8  
 Grauman Egyptian theatre, 22:2:8  
 Green, Ralph, 22:2:112  
 Green River, 22:2:31, 34, 40, 69  
 Green River City, Wyoming, 22:2:29, 30  
 Green River lakes, 22:2:36  
 Green River Lumber Company, 22:2:29  
 Green River Mesa, 22:2:28  
 Green River Timber Company, 22:2:34  
 Green River valley, 22:2:28, 32, 49, 51, 52, 57, 60  
 Greenwood, Caleb, 22:2:61  
 Greenwood Cut-off, 22:2:49, 61  
 Griffith, James B., gift to museum, 2:1:98  
 Griggs, Burt, gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Grooh, Howard, his ranch, 22:2:29

## —H—

Hagens, Graddus R., 22:1:88  
 Hale, Governor William, 22:1:65  
 Hall, Fort, 22:2:51, 52, 54, 59, 60, 61  
 Halliday Company, 22:2:81  
 Ham's Fork, 22:2:50  
 Hamlin, C. C., 22:1:85  
 Hamilton, William J., gift to museum, 22:2:110  
**Handbook of Gold Fields of Kansas and Nebraska, 1859, 22:1:99**  
 Hanson, Rodney T., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Harrett, Jesse and Company, 22:2:53  
 Harris, Lydia Norman, 22:2:10  
 Harris, Robert, 22:2:10  
 Harris, Mrs. Robert, 22:2:10  
 Harrison, Mrs. Hannah, 22:2:87  
 Harrison, J. M., 22:2:53  
 Harney, Emma, 22:2:66  
 Harney, Mrs., 22:2:73  
 Hart, Mrs. Shelia, 22:2:8  
 Hartley, Roland, 22:2:27  
 Harty, James, 22:2:54  
 Hay, John, 22:2:35  
 Haystack Butte, 22:2:50, 61  
 Haynes, Billy, 22:2:29



- Hayes, President, 22:1:22, 23, 24, 25, 39  
 Health, public, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:59  
 Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond, 22:2:47, 62, 82, 102  
 Hennick, L. H., 22:2:57  
 Helena, Montana, 22:2:6  
 Henning Hotel, 22:1:81, 91  
 Henning, W. F., 22:1:91  
 Henry's fork, 22:2:7  
 Henshaw, William G., 22:1:87, 90  
 Hereford, Ellen Lewis, 22:2:3  
 Hereford, Robert, 22:2:3, 5, 6  
 Herr, Harry H., 22:2:56  
 Hertzman, Benjamin, 22:1:86  
 Hill boys, 22:2:38  
 Hill's, Nancy, grave, 22:2:50  
 Hines, Missou, 22:1:91  
 Historical Landmark Commission, 22:2:59  
 Historical pageant depicting the gift of the hot springs to the white man, 22:2:8  
 Hoback canyon, 22:2:49  
 Hoback detour, 22:2:50, 51  
 Hocker, Bob, 22:2:64, 72  
 Hocker, Dr. William Arthur, 22:2:64, 65  
 Hodgson, Arthur C., "O Wyoming Wonderful and Wierd," poem, 22:1:97  
 Hoff, Harry and Sam, 22:2:37  
 Hofmann, R. J., gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Hoge, Mrs. Owen S., 22:2:95, 99, 100  
 Holden Hill, 22:2:50  
 Holden, Judge, his ranch, 22:2:28  
 Holden, Minnie, 22:2:56  
 Hollywood, 22:2:8  
 Hollywood home of Hamlin Garland, 22:2:40  
 Homer, Andrew, 22:2:58  
 Homer, Belle and Bob, 22:2:76, 81  
 Honey Lake Road, 22:2:61  
 Hopkins, A. G., 22:1:91  
 Hopkins, Berne, 22:1:86  
 Hornecker, Ernest, 22:2:88  
 Horse creek, Wyoming, 22:2:30, 31  
 Horseshoe Ranch, 22:2:100  
 Houser, George O., In Memoriam, 22:2:108  
 "Howard Eaton Trail," 22:2:42  
 Hoyt, John Wesley, 22:1:3 to 68  
 Hoyt's Report on Education, 22:1:14  
 Hughes, Daddy, 22:2:35  
 Hughes, Milton, 22:2:35  
 Hulburt, Archer Butler, 22:2:61, 62  
 Hunnewell, Kansas, 22:2:24  
 Hunting with dogs banned by Wyoming Legislature, 22:2:39  
 Huston, Joseph M., 22:2:58

—I—

- Iba, Cy, 22:1:87  
**Imprints On Pioneer Trails, preview, 22:2:106**  
 Independence Mine, 22:1:85  
 Independence Rock, 22:2:56, 58  
 International Jury for Education and Science, 22:1:20  
 International Trust Company, 22:1:89, 90

**Iron Horse**, western motion picture, 22:2:8

Irrigation, many used roads for irrigation ditches in early days, 22:2:36

—J—

Jackson Creek, 22:2:50

Jackson Hole country, 22:2:45, 49, 51

Jackson Hole detour, 22:2:50, 51

Jacksonville, Florida, 22:2:41, 46

Johnson, A. M., 22:1:86, 89, 90

Johnson, Iver, 22:1:73

Johnson, Judge Bally, 22:2:33

Jones, Louis, 22:2:57

Jones, Zeph, 22:2:34, 35, 38

Jorgensen, Nelse, 22:2:37

—K—

Kearney, Nebraska, 22:2:94

Kearns, John T., 22:2:55

**Kemmerer Camera**, 22:2:41, 45

**Kemmerer Gazette**, 22:2:41, 42

Kemmerer, Wyoming, 22:2:30, 37, 38, 41, 42

Kendall Ranger Station on Green River, 22:2:39

Kendall, Wyoming, 22:2:29, 34

Kerbert, Coenraad, 22:1, 87, 88

Kinney Cut-off, 22:2:50

Kiskaddon, Bruce, gift to museum, 22:2:110

Klink, Ralph, 22:2:82

Klondike, 22:1:75

Kohler, 22:2:55

Kossuth, Louis, 22:1:5, 18

—L—

LaBarge, Wyoming, 22:2:29

LaGrande, Oregon, 22:2:80

Lake Ranch, 22:2:77

LaLonde, Frenchy, 22:2:38

Lander Creek, 22:2:49

Lander Road, 22:2:49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 61

Lander-Wagner Map, 1857-58, 22:2:49, 61

Lander, Wyoming, 22:2:7, 8, 9, 36, 44

Laramie City, Wyoming, 22:2:77, 80

Las Animas County, 22:2:18

Latham, Dr. H., 22:2:77

Lava Hot Springs, Wyoming, 22:2:31, 41, 42

LaValle, Wisconsin, 22:2:33

Leckie, Wyoming, 22:2:36

Lee, Daniel and Jason, 22:2:52

Lees of Colonial times, 22:2:3

Legislature of 1911, 22:2:41

Legislature, Territorial, 22:1:29

LeMars, Iowa, 22:2:33

Lewis and Clark Expedition, 22:2:6

Lewis, Dave, 22:1:91

Libertyville, Illinois, 22:2:33

Lincoln, Abraham, 22:1:8

Lincoln County created, 22:2:41

Lincoln-Douglas Debates, 22:1:8

Little Colorado Desert, 22:2:31

Little Popo Agie Canyon, 22:2:85

Little Sandy, 22:2:30, 50, 52, 62

**Little Things Can Be Important or What Price Pioneering**, by W. L. Marion, 22:2:85

"Little White House" of Calvin Coolidge in the Black Hills, 22:2:45  
 Livestock Industry, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:44  
 "Livestock Markets," 22:2:83  
 Lobell, Joseph H., 22:1:87  
 Loring, W. W., 22:2:54  
 Los Angeles, 22:2:8  
 Luman, Abner, 22:2:39  
 Luman outfit, 22:2:39  
 Lumbering in Wyoming, 22:2:29  
 Lummis, B. O., 22:1:89  
 Lusk, Wyoming, 22:2:32

## —M—

Madden, Bill, 22:2:43  
 Manley, Woods Belle Hocker, biographical sketch, 22:2:64  
 Mann, Horace, 22:1:5  
 Manufacturing, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:52  
 Marion, William L., biographical sketch, 22:2:85  
 Marique, 22:2:4  
 Martin, Lem, 22:1:86  
 Martin, Minnie, 22:1:86  
 Martin, Sammy, 22:2:28  
 Martinez, Mrs. Virginia, 22:2:10  
 Mason, Henry, 22:1:88  
 Mason, Jerome, 22:2:86  
 Mattes, Merrill J., gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Meeker, Ezra, 22:2:50  
 Meldrum, Hon. J. W., 22:1:66  
 Merino, 22:2:80  
 Merrit, Ed., 22:2:43  
 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 22:2:7  
 Mexico, 22:1:78  
 Meyer, Mrs. Ermel Fay, gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Middle Piney Creek, 22:2:50  
**Middle West**, 22:2:40  
 Midwest Hotel, 22:2:43, 91  
 "Midwest Oil Company, The" by Ben H. Pelton, 22:1:84-92  
 Midwest Refining Company, 22:1:84, 92  
 Miller, Leslie A., 22:1:93  
 Miller, Vego, his ranch, 22:2:30  
 Mineral Resources, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:50  
 Mining, National Mining and Industrial Exposition, Denver, 22:1:60  
 Minneapolis, 22:2:27  
**Minneapolis Journal**, 22:2:32  
 Missouri River Fur Trading Company, 22:2:31  
 Mitchell Map, 1846, 22:2:49, 61  
 Mokler, A. J., 22:2:43, 44, 103  
 Mondell, Frank W., 22:2:43  
**Money Magic**, 22:2:40  
 Montana, 22:2:5, 28  
 Montrose, Dr. J. W., 22:2:34  
 Moore, Charles B., 22:2:55  
 Moore, Edward S., 22:2:42  
 Morals, Public, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:60  
 Morgan, Dale Lowell, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Morgan, Harvey, 22:2:86, 87  
 Morgan, Nicholas G., gift to museum, 22:2:111  
 Mormon colonists, 22:2:9  
 Morrill, Bill, 22:1:12  
 Mott, Mr. and Mrs., 22:2:57



Mount Darby, 22:2:50  
 Mount Thompson, 22:2:50  
 Mountain Trout House, 22:2:65, 67, 71  
 Moyer, John, "Buckskin," 22:2:81  
 Muddy Creek, Wyoming, 22:2:29, 49

## —Mc—

McAdams, John, 22:2:7  
 McAdams, Mrs. John, 22:2:7  
 McAdams, Lonnie, Iva, William and Lucy, 22:2:7  
 McAdams, William and Lonnie, 22:2:10  
 McAdams, Wilma Jean, 22:2:9, 10  
 McBride, Judge John R., 22:2:53  
 McCallister, Rev. John, 22:2:55  
 McCammon, Idaho, 22:2:41  
 McComas, E. S., 22:2:56  
 McCoy, Billy, 22:2:43  
 McCoy, Tim, 22:2:8  
 McCutcheon, 22:1:74  
 McFie, William, 22:2:89  
 McGinnis Ranch, 22:2:38  
 McGregor, Alexander and Margaret Anderson, 22:2:92  
 McGregor, Martha Wilson, 22:2:91-100, picture, 22:2:90  
 McGrew, Mrs. F. E., 22:2:28  
 McKay, 22:2:57  
 McKinnie, J. R., 22:1:85  
 McNamee, 22:2:54  
 McPherrren, Ida, preview of **Imprints on Pioneer Trails**, which is being published by the Christopher Publishing House of Boston, Massachusetts, 22:2:102  
 McReynolds, Pete, 22:2:31

## —N—

Names Hill, 22:2:50  
 Nanaggai, 22:2:105  
 Nancy Hill's grave, 22:2:50  
 National Education Association, 22:1:15  
 National Theatres, 22:2:45  
 National University, 22:1:15  
**Natrona County Tribune**, 22:2:43, 44  
 Natrona Pipe Line and Refinery Company, 22:1:88, 89, 91  
 Naylor, H. G., 22:1:91  
**New Mexican** of Santa Fe, 22:2:14  
 New Orleans, La., 22:2:41  
 Newfork Creek, 22:2:30, 36  
 Newfork Lake, 22:2:37  
 Newfork River, 22:2:57  
 Newfork valley, Wyoming, 22:2:28  
**News**, McCammon, Idaho, 22:2:41  
 Newspaper, early day in Wyoming, 22:2:30  
 Nickerson, Captain, 22:2:7, 43  
 Nickerson, H. C., 22:2:85  
 Noble, Mrs. Gene, 22:2:28  
 Noble, Jim, 22:2:30, 38  
 Nolan, Shorty, 22:2:37, 38  
 Norman, Bertha, 22:2:10  
 Norman, Bertha, picture, 22:2:2  
 Norman, Iva McAdams, 22:2:7  
 Norman, Lydia, 22:2:10  
 Norman, Lydia and Bertha, 22:2:7  
 North Piney Creek, 22:2:50

Northwestern railroad, 22:2:43, 44  
 Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., gift, 22:1:98

—O—

Oakes, Rev. George, 22:2:10  
 Ohio Wesleyan University, 22:1:4  
 Oil, Consolidated Royal Oil Company, 22:1:81  
 Oil, "The Midwest Oil Company" by Ben H. Pelton, 22:1:84-92  
 Oil, Salt Creek Oil Field, 22:1:71  
 Oil, Western Exploration Company, 22:1:81  
 Old Printing Presses, 22:2:112  
 Oldham, Charles, 22:2:86, 87  
 Olson boys, 22:2:30  
**Omaha Daily Herald**, 22:2:44  
 Omaha, Nebraska, 22:2:68  
**Omaha World**, 22:2:44  
**Omaha World Herald**, 22:2:44  
 One-Shot-Antelope Hunt, 22:2:9  
 Opal, Wyoming, 22:2:28, 29  
 Orcutts, 22:2:35  
 Oregon Short Line, 22:2:41  
 Oregon Country, 22:2:57  
 Oregon Trail, 22:2:47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63  
 Oregon Trail Commission, 22:2:59  
 Oregon Trail Markers, 22:2:50  
 Oregon Trail North, 22:2:49, 50, 51, 57, 61  
 Oregon Trail South, 22:2:49, 50, 51, 57, 61  
 Oregon Trail, "Wyoming's Oregon Trail West of South Pass" by Mary Hurlburt Scott, 22:2:47-63  
 Osterhout, Al, 22:2:38  
 "Our Western Journey," Journal of Martha Wilson McGregor Aber, edited by Clifford P. Westermeier, 22:2:91-100  
**Outlaw and the Girl**, 22:2:40

—P—

Pacific Springs, 22:2:61  
 Paden, Irene, 22:2:57  
 Pah-de-kunda, 22:2:105  
 Palisades National Bank, 22:1:85  
 Palmer, E. G., gift, 22:1:98  
 Palmer, E. Percy, 22:1:88  
 Palmer, Joel. his party, 22:2:53  
 Paradise Valley, 22:2:50  
 Paris Universal Exposition, 22:-1:13  
 Parker, Ines Eugenia, 22:2:55  
 Parker, Samuel, 22:2:52  
 Patterson, Charles F., 22:2:32  
 Patterson, J. F., 22:2:32  
 Patterson store, Pinedale, Wyoming, 22:2:34  
 Paul, Elizabeth, 22:2:59  
 Peck, Carrie, 22:2:35  
 Peck, W. S., 22:2:35  
 "Peek at the Past," 22:2:85  
 Pelton, B. H., Jr., 22:1:91  
 Pelton, Ben H., "The Midwest Oil Co.," 22:1:84-92  
 Pence, Mary Lou, biographical sketch, 22:1:94, 22:2:3  
 Pence, Mary Lou, "Ellen Hereford Washakie of the Shoshones," 22:2:3  
 Pence, Mary Lou, Review of **Yellowstone National Park**, by Marie M. Augspurger, 22:1:93  
 Pence, Mary Lou, "Shoshonean Princess—Crimson Dawn," poem, 22:2:105

Pendleton, Oregon, 22:2:80  
 Penney, J. C., 22:2:45-46  
 Penney, J. C., mother store is in Kemmerer, 22:2:45  
 Pennsylvania Oil and Gas Company, 22:1:87  
 Perry, Felix, 22:2:9, 10  
 Pershing, General, 22:1:80  
 Peterson, Charles, 22:2:33  
 Peterson, Charley, 22:2:35  
 Peterson, Dr. Henry J., biographical sketch, 22:1:67  
 Peterson, Dr. Henry J., "John Wesley Hoyt, Territorial Governor of Wyoming, 1878-1882," 22:1:3-68  
 Petroleum Maatschappij, 22:1:89  
 Petroleum Maatschappij Salt Creek, 22:1:87  
 Piedmont, 22:2:69  
 Pine Bluffs, 22:2:69  
 Pine Creek, Wyoming, 22:2:28, 32, 39  
 Pinedale, one of first buildings in, 22:2:33  
 Pinedale plat, 22:2:35  
**Pinedale Roundup**, 22:2:30, 31, 37, 41  
**Pinedale Roundup**, first issue, 22:2:38  
 Pinedale Townsite Company, 22:2:33, 35  
 Pinedale, Wyoming, 22:2:31, 32, 35, 36, 38, 44, 49  
 Philippott, J. A., 22:1:89  
 Platte River, 22:2:93  
 Pole Creek, 22:2:31  
 Pony Express, 22:2:51, 56  
 Porro, Caesar, 22:1:87  
 Poverty Flat, Wyoming, 22:2:29  
 Prairie Cattle Company, 22:2:18  
 Pratt and Ferris Ranch, 22:2:97  
 Prescott, William, 22:1:91  
 Price, Alex, 22:2:38

## —Q—

Quakenasp Hill, 22:2:69  
 Queen of England, 22:2:3

## —R—

Rathvon, Henry, 22:1:91  
**Raton Weekly Independent**, 22:2:21  
 Raynor, James, 22:2:54  
 Reckmeyer, Clarence, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Recreation, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:55  
 Red Buttes Land and Livestock Company, 22:2:81  
 Red Canyon, Wyoming, 22:2:36  
 Red Desert, 22:2:69  
 Redwood, J. Boverton, 22:1:75  
 Reed and Hamlin Investment Company, 22:1:85  
 Reed Building Company, 22:1:85  
 Reed Investment Company, 22:1:84, 89, 90  
 Reed, L. A., 22:1:91  
 Reed Midwest Investment Company, 22:1:91  
 Reed, Verner Z., 22:1:84, 89  
 Register Cliff, 22:2:50  
 Republican Committee, 1876, 22:1:20  
 Republican nomination as good as election in the early days in Wyoming, 22:2:43  
 Republican State Convention, 1906, 22:2:42  
 Raynold's Government Map, 1859-60, 22:2:49, 61  
 Richards, Governor DeForrest, 22:2:43  
 Richardson, Arthur, 22:1:77



- Richardson, Clarence B., 22:1:69  
 Richardson, Clarence B., "Pioneering Over Western Trails," 22:1:72  
 Richardson, Emile, 22:1:72, 74  
 Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. William, gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Richardson, Laura, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Richardson, Valeria, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Richardson, Victoria A. D., (Mrs. Iver Johnson), Warren, Jr., Clarence B., Emile, Laura V., Arthur, and M. Valeria, 22:1:69  
 Richardson, Warren, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
 Richardson, Warren, Sr., 22:1:69  
 Richardson, Mrs. Warren, Sr., 22:1:69  
 Richardson, Warren, Jr., 22:1:69-83  
 Ricketson, Rick, 22:2:45  
 Rietz, Minnie Adaline Griffin, In Memoriam, 22:2:108  
**Rio Grande Republican**, 22:2:20  
 Riverton bridge, 22:2:44  
 Riverton, city of tents, 22:2:44  
 Roberts, Bishop John, 22:2:7  
 Roberts, Harold, 22:1:84  
 Robertson, John, 22:2:4, 6  
 Robertson, Lucile, 22:2:4  
 Rock Springs, Wyoming, 22:2:30, 31, 36  
 Ross, George, his ranch, 22:2:30  
 Ross, Nellie Tayloe, 22:2:8  
 Rothberger, Henry, 22:1:77  
 Rothwell, John, gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Russell, Fort D. A., 22:1:39  
 Rymill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J., gift to museum, 22:2:109

## —S—

- Sage Brush Philosopher**, 22:2:44  
 Sage, Russell, 22:1:80  
 Saint Louis, 22:2:4  
 Saint Paul, 22:2:27  
 Saint Stephens Mission, Wyoming, 22:2:7  
 Salisbury, Judge of Pueblo, 22:2:18  
 Salt Creek Oil Field, 22:1:71, 75, 87, 90  
 Salt River, 22:2:50  
 Sammy Martin's relay station, 22:2:28  
 Sampson, Elizabeth Orpha, 22:1:6  
 Sand Springs, 22:2:30, 49  
 Sanford's ranch, Kansas, 22:1:24  
 Santa Fe, **New Mexican**, 22:2:14  
 Sargent, Frank, 22:2:77  
 Saunders, Rev. Dr., 22:1:38  
 Schools for Shoshones in Wyoming, 22:2:6  
 Schurz, Carl, 22:1:21  
 Schwartz, Rudolph, 22:2:34  
 Schuyler and Schuyler, 22:1:87  
 Schuyler, K. C., 22:1:90  
 Schwabacker, Albert F., 22:2:30  
 Scott, John, 22:2:35  
 Scott, Mary Hurlburt, "Wyoming's Oregon Trail West of the South Pass," 22:2:47  
 Scott, Richard H., 22:2:43  
 Schnitzer, William R., 22:2:43  
 Seabolt boys, 22:2:38  
 Selhorst, Sikko Berend, 22:1:88  
**Semi-Weekly Post**, Sheridan, Wyoming, 22:2:41  
 Seward, Secretary William H., 22:1:13, 14

- Shanley, Bill, 22:2:38  
Shannon Field, oil, 22:1:87  
Sharp, Joe, 22:2:55  
Sharer, E. C., 22:1:85  
Shelton, Nebraska, 22:2:94  
Sheridan Land and Irrigation Company, 22:1:84  
Sheridan, Wyoming, 22:2:41, 42  
Sherman, Harry, 22:2:45  
Sherman Summit, 22:2:69  
Shining Mountains, 22:2:5  
Shoshones, 22:2:4, 6, 86, 88  
Shoshone Council, 22:2:10  
Shoshone Indian ceremonies, 22:2:9  
Shoshonean Princess—Crimson Dawn, poem, 22:2:105  
Shoshones of Wyoming, 22:2:10  
Shoshoni, Wyoming, 22:2:42  
Shoup, Oliver H., 22:1:85, 89, 90, 92  
Silver Crown mines, 22:1:73  
Sioux Indians, 22:2:86  
Skouras, Charles P., 22:2:45  
Slack, Colonel E. A., 22:1:73  
Slate Creek, Wyoming, 22:2:28, 50  
Slaughter House Gulch, 22:2:44, 45  
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. B., 22:2:52  
Smith, Frank, 22:2:44  
Smith, Hy, 22:2:29  
Smith, Uncle George, 22:2:38  
Smith's fork, Wyoming, 22:2:4, 6, 50  
Snake River Valley, 22:2:49  
Snyder, Marcus, gift to museum, 22:2:110  
Snyder, Mrs. Viola, 22:2:10  
Societe Belgo—Americaine des Petroles du Wyoming, 22:1:87  
South Pass, Wyoming, 22:2:36, 37, 44, 45, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 59, 60, 61  
Spring Creek, 22:2:80  
Stage travel in Wyoming, 22:2:28  
Stanolind Oil and Gas Company, 22:1:92  
Star Valley, 22:2:49, 50, 57, 58  
Starling, Colonel W. H., 22:2:45  
Steadman, Charles J., 22:2:56  
Steedman, Charley, 22:2:79  
Stevens, George, 22:2:35  
Stevens-Townsend-Murphy party, 22:2:53  
Stimson, Francher, his company, 22:2:55  
**Stock Grower and Farmer**, 22:2:22  
Stock, Jim, 22:1:87  
Stock Oil Company, 22:1:87  
**Story of Man in the Yellowstone**, by Merrill D. Beal, 22:1:99  
Stratton, W. S., 22:1:84  
Stuart, Belle, 22:2:81  
Sturth, H., store and tavern keeper of Pine Bluffs, 22:2:17  
Sturdevant, Dr., 22:2:30, 34  
Sublette County Historical Department, 22:2:31, 32, 33  
Sublette County, Wyoming, 22:2:32  
Sublette Road, 22:2:52  
Sublette, William, 22:2:31, 51, 59  
Suffrage for women, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:59  
Sullivan, Pat, 22:2:43, 87, 88  
Sun dances of Wyoming Indians, 22:2:9  
Sun, Tom, 22:2:56

Sutton, William, 22:2:56  
 Swan Company, 22:2:83  
 Sweetwater River, 22:2:47, 60

## —T—

Tampa, Florida, 22:2:41  
 Tarter, Mrs. F. M., 22:2:34  
 Taylor, Inez Babb, 22:2:102  
 Taylor, William R., 22:1:18  
 Taxation, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:42  
 Teapot Dome, 22:1:75  
 Temple, C. M., gift to museum, 22:2:109  
 Ten Trees, 22:2:30  
 Territorial Legislature, 22:1:29  
 Territory of Wyoming,  
   agriculture, 22:1:48  
   conservation, 22:1:54  
   election procedures, 22:1:44  
   livestock industry, 22:1:44  
   manufacturing, 22:1:52  
   mineral resources, 22:1:50  
   public education, 22:1:56  
     health, 22:1:59  
     morals, 22:1:60  
   recreation, 22:1:55  
   suffrage for women, 22:1:59  
   taxation, 22:1:42  
   transportation, 22:1:52  
 Thayer, Governor, 22:1:26  
 Thermopolis, Wyoming, 22:2:8  
 "This is the Place," Utah's Centennial Celebration, 22:2:9  
 Thompson, John Charles, 22:2:28  
 Thompson, Mount, 22:2:50  
 Thornton, J. I., 22:2:53  
 "Three Rare Wyoming Birds," article on trumpeter swan, white pelican and whooping crane, 22:1:95  
 Tie Siding, 22:2:79  
 Tivoli Cafe, 22:1:73  
 Townsend, Eugene, 22:2:34  
 Todd, Billy, 22:2:38  
 Trails, Old—Old Emigrant, New Emigrant, Overland, Mormon, Oregon-California, Oregon, 22:2:47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63  
 Transportation, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:52  
 Travis, Lewis, 22:2:29  
 Trollope, Billy, 22:2:80  
 Truax, George, 22:2:34  
 Trumpeter swan, 22:1:95  
 Two Thousand Miles Overland, by Hamlin Garland, 22:2:40

## —U—

Uinta Chain, 22:2:69  
 Uinta County, 22:2:41  
 Union Pacific Hotel, Cheyenne, 22:2:69, 71  
   Railroad, Territory of Wyoming, 22:1:52  
 Urbanek, Mae, 22:2:104  
 United States Agricultural Society, 22:1:8  
 Utah's Centennial Celebration, "This is the Place," 22:2:9

## —V—

Venture Corporation of London, 22:1:85  
 Vible store, 22:2:36



Vienna Universal Exposition, 22:1:16  
 Villa, Francisco, 22:1:78  
 Virginia, 22:2:4  
**Virginian, The**, 22:2:32  
 V. I. Sheep Company, 22:1:87  
 Von Bergen, 22:2:76

## —W—

Wagner Pass, 22:2:49  
 Walker, Elkanah and Mary, 22:2:52  
 Wardell, John, 22:2:58  
 Warm Valley, Wyoming, 22:2:8, 9, 10  
**War Paint**, western movie, 22:2:8  
 Warren, J. L., 22:1:86, 89, 90  
 Wasatch Mountains, 22:2:69  
     Passes, 22:2:69  
 Washakie, Charles, 22:2:3, 7, 9, 10, picture, 22:2:2  
     Chief, 22:2:88  
     Chief, and Governor Hoyt, 22:1:33-36  
     Ellen Hereford, 22:2:3, picture, 22:2:2  
 Washington Company, 22:2:54  
     George, 22:2:3  
     State, 22:2:27  
 Wells, Billy, 22:2:36, 39  
 Westermeier, Clifford P.,  
     "Cowboy Capers," 22:2:13  
     gift to museum, 22:2:110  
     "Our Western Journey," Journal of Martha Wilson McGregor  
         Aber, 22:2:91-100  
 Western Exploration Company, 22:1:81  
 "Where the Paintbrush Grows," poem by Laura Allyn Ekstrom,  
     22:1:96  
 White House, 22:2:45  
 White House Press Correspondents' Conferences, 22:2:45  
 White pelican, 22:1:95  
 Whitman, Marcus, 22:2:52  
 Whooping Crane, 22:1:95  
 Wild West Shows, 22:2:23  
 Williams, Poots, 22:2:29  
 Wilson, A. E. "Bert," 22:1:90  
 Wilson-Cranmer Company, 22:1:90  
 Wilson, Newt, 22:1:85, 91  
 Wilson, N. S., 22:1:91  
 Wind River Division of the Yellowstone National Forest Reserve,  
     22:2:34, 44  
     Mountains, 22:2:50  
     Reservation, 22:2:6, 8, 86  
 Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 22:1:16  
**Wisconsin Farmer and Northwestern Cultivator**, 22:1:7  
 Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, 22:1:8  
 Wissler, Clark, **Indian Beadwork**, 22:1:98  
 Wister, Owen, **The Virginian**, 22:2:32  
 Women's Clubs, Wyoming State Federation, 22:2:8  
 Woodmen's log building in pioneer Pinedale, 22:2:34  
 Wood River, Nebraska, 22:2:93  
 Wyoming Indians, 22:2:8  
     Legislature bans hunting with dogs, 22:2:39  
**Wyoming**,  
     motion picture, 22:2:8  
     mountains, 22:2:49, 50

- Oil Fields Company, 22:1:88, 89  
**Wyoming Pioneer, The**, 22:2:103  
Wyoming Press Association, 22:2:44  
**Wyoming State Business Directory, 1921**, 22:1:99  
Wyoming's children, 22:2:64  
    "Oregon Trail West of South Pass," by Mary Hurlburt Scott,  
        22:2:47  
"Wyoming, Wonderful and Wierd, O," poem by Arthur C. Hodgson,  
    22:1:97  
Wyedesa, 22:2:76  
Wyedina, 22:2:76  
Wyeth, Nathaniel J., 22:2:51  
    —Y—  
Yellow Creek, 22:2:66  
Yellow Creek Ranch, 22:2:73  
Yellowstone National Forest Reserve, 22:2:34  
Yellowstone National Park, 22:2:41, 42  
**Yellowstone National Park**, by Marie M. Augspurger, 22:1:93  
Yellowstone Park, Governor Hoyt proposes highway to it, 22:1:55  
Young, Brigham, 22:2:9  
    Edward, 22:2:85, 88  
    —Z—  
Zion's Ev. Lutheran Church Golden Jubilee, 22:1:99

# *Annals of Wyoming*

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January 1951

Number 1



## **HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**

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# *Annals of Wyoming*

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## *Contents*

AN APPEAL .....	2
CHEYENNE LOOKING NORTH .....	3
E. O. Fuller	
JOSEPH RHODES AND THE CALIFORNIA GOLD	
RUSH OF 1850 .....	52
Merrill J. Mattes	
THE CITY OF BROKEN HEARTS .....	72
Ida McPherran	
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID MILLER .....	75
Ellen Miller Fullerton	
SHEEP TRAILING FROM OREGON TO WYOMING .....	77
Robert H. Burns	
ALMIRA HADLEY LEWIS HOUSTON .....	97
Lora Neal Jewett	
IN MEMORIAM: GEORGE A. BIBLE .....	103
ACCESSIONS .....	104
INDEX .....	107

## *An Appeal*

The Wyoming State Museum, which will be moved to the new Office Building during 1951, will contain more than three times the space of the present one. The main object in moving the museum is to have more room to preserve Wyoming's treasured possessions in a fireproof building.

As a State Wyoming has played a great and romantic part in the era of Western development, yet its history has been grossly neglected. Now we solicit your help in a nation-wide project to create a wider interest on the part of Wyoming individuals to get into every possible nook and corner and search for old and valuable manuscripts or old diaries, written or printed articles on the history of the Territory and the State; reports, year books, directories, old newspapers and scrapbooks; records of churches, societies, clubs, financial and business organizations; photographs and pictures, historical paintings and drawings; old books and pamphlets; mementos of historical events and personages; early equipment and household utensils; Indian relics and artifacts.

"History's highest function is to let no worthy action or work be uncommunicated, for to do so is evil." Thus the Wyoming State Historical Department is most eager to impress this responsibility upon every loyal individual who has the state's interests at heart to do his part in keeping Wyoming's past and present in circulation for the sake of coming generations.

If anyone knows an individual or group of people who have information of the past, not already recorded, this Department would appreciate being informed so we may contact him or her and have those facts written and placed in the historical files for future reference.

Our funds are limited and we must depend in a large measure on the interest and generosity of the people who are Wyoming-minded.

All gifts will be numbered, labeled, recorded and card indexed. A mention of same will be published in the **Annals of Wyoming** and a gift of the issue in which the write-up appears will be sent gratis to the donor.

If you are a subscriber to the **Annals of Wyoming** and your friend and neighbor is not, please pass this appeal along and have as many names and relics as possible perpetuated in Wyoming's history and our outstanding and unusual State Museum. Thank you.



# *Cheyenne Looking North*

By

E. O. FULLER\*

The Union Pacific Railway Company was incorporated under an Act of Congress approved by President Lincoln, July 1, 1862. The road was to be constructed west from a place on the western boundary of Iowa to be fixed by the President.<sup>1</sup> The newspaper account of this Act was well received in Denver. It was taken for granted that the road would be constructed to Denver since there was no rival town to offer rail traffic. Fort Laramie on the Oregon

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1. 12 U. S. Stat. L. 489, Sec. 14.

\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—E. O. Fuller was born January 30, 1875 on a farm near Decatur, Illinois. His parents homesteaded in western Kansas, where he spent part of his boyhood. From 1891 to 1902 he was employed on farms and ranches in Oregon, Indian Territory and Oklahoma. He resided in the Chickasaw Nation in Indian Territory in 1899 before it became a part of Oklahoma. For five years he was Register and Receiver's Clerk of the U. S. Land Office, first at Alva, Oklahoma, and later at North Platte, Nebraska. In 1908 Mr. Fuller became Special Agent in the U. S. Land Field Service with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming, which position he held for ten years. His duties with the Seventh Field Division, comprising Wyoming, Nebraska and South Dakota, entailed land examinations and appraisals, estimating timber, and securing evidence in land fraud cases which were tried in the United States courts.

Mr. Fuller in 1919 became Fiscal Agent of the University of Wyoming, serving in that capacity until July 1, 1948, when he retired with the title of Fiscal Agent Emeritus.

As land appraiser for several Indian tribes in Wyoming and Oregon, Mr. Fuller has prepared extensive reports involving considerable historical and other research bearing on land character and value. They were all introduced as evidence in cases pending before the U. S. Court of Claims in Indian suits against the Government. The several decisions of the Court of Claims in these cases gave the Indian tribes gross recoveries of \$24,126,371.18.

The Indian tribes and the acreages involved were:

Shoshone Tribe, Wyoming	2,343,540
Rogue River, et al tribes, Oregon	67,820
Tillamook, et al tribes, Oregon	1,152,410
Coquille, et al tribes, Oregon	722,530
Too-too-to-ney, et al tribes, Oregon	464,490
Chetco Tribe, Oregon	433,150

Mr. Fuller is listed in "Who Knows and What." He is a member of the American Forestry Association and has a permanent State of Wyoming Pioneer Bird and Fish License. He has an active interest in pioneer western and Indian history. At present Mr. Fuller is engaged in appraising the lands of the Shoshone, Flathead, Kootenai and Pend d' Oreille Indians of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, and in historical research regarding these Indians.

Trail, 200 miles north, had little to offer in the way of rail traffic. If we except Boulder and La Porte, Colorado, Fort Laramie was the nearest settlement to the north. By far the largest settlement in the Rocky Mountain area centered in Denver. Gold production was the support of the population. Progress and development were hampered by the transportation handicaps. There were no railways at that time in any part of the Rocky Mountain area. All supplies and equipment were freighted to Denver and the adjacent country from Missouri River points, usually by ox teams. Freight rates were high—\$400.00 per ton or more on some items. The high cost of living and equipment was an ever-present problem.

A railway to Denver from the East would help solve the transportation problem, and Denver had every reason to expect the railroad that Congress had authorized. It was the center of the largest settlement between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. The prosperous mines west of Denver offered a large volume of freight and passenger traffic. These are the reasons which gave Denver confidence. This found expression in a Denver newspaper editorial in the following language:

"Denver will yet be the great half way station between New York and San Francisco."<sup>2</sup>

The construction of a Pacific Railroad was the subject of study long before the Civil War. The discussion began before either California or Oregon was a part of the United States. Congress made appropriations to defray the cost of five survey routes to the Pacific Coast. They were made in 1853 to 1855 to determine a feasible route to the Pacific.<sup>3</sup> Due to sectional rivalry, Congress did not accept any of these routes and it is interesting to note that none of these routes was followed by the Union Pacific.

The construction of the Union Pacific Railroad began at Omaha, Nebraska on December 1, 1863.<sup>4</sup> Progress was hampered—principally by the shortage of men and material due to the Civil War which was under way at that time. It was not until January 24, 1866 that the first forty miles of the road was accepted.<sup>5</sup> By this time the Civil War was

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2. **Denver News**, July 1, 1862, p. 2 col. 1.

3. The Reports of the Surveys for the routes and description of the country along each survey route will be found in 11 volumes, **U. S. Serials** 791-801 inclusive; S. Ex. Doc. 91—33 Cong. 2nd sess. and

**U. S. Serial** 1054 H. Ex Doc. 56—36 Cong. 1st sess.

4. **U. S. Serial** 5658, p. 11. Dodge—**How We Built The Union Pacific**.

5. **U. S. Serial** 2182, p. 304. Annual Report, 1884 of the Secretary of War.

at an end. Both men and equipment were in better supply. Construction advanced rapidly. At the junction of North and South Platte Rivers the railroad had the option of following the North Platte River over the Rocky Mountains at South Pass, Wyoming or it could follow the South Platte River by way of Denver and the Berthoud Pass over the mountains west of Denver.

In the meantime, however, the railroad management had given Denver no assurance that the road would be constructed to that place. On the contrary, during the course of construction west from Omaha, it had several survey parties engaged in locating the most feasible route over the Rocky Mountains. These were under the direction of General Grenville M. Dodge who had been granted a leave of absence from the Army to serve as Chief Engineer for the Union Pacific Railway.

The routes across the mountains considered by the Union Pacific Surveyors, ten in all, were as follows:<sup>6</sup>

No. 1—Hosier Pass—head of South Platte

No. 2—Terryall Pass

No. 3—North Fork of the South Platte

No. 4—Berthoud Pass—Above Denver

No. 5—Boulder Pass

No. 6—Cache la Poudre, Dale Creek and Antelope Pass

No. 7—Crow Creek, Lone Tree Creek and Evans Pass

No. 8—Lodge Pole Creek, Camp Walbach, Crow Creek

No. 9—Lodge Pole Creek and Cheyenne Pass

No. 10—Laramie Canyon

The final selection was the Crow Creek, Lone Tree and Evans Pass route. This pass had previously been accidentally discovered by General Dodge. In describing this he states:

"It was on one of these trips that I discovered the pass through the Black Hills and gave it the name of Sherman, in honor of my great chief. Its elevation is 8,236 feet, and for many years it was the highest point reached by any railroad in the United States. The circumstances of this accidental discovery may not be uninteresting.

"While returning from the Powder River campaign, I was in the habit of leaving my troops and trains, and with a few men, examining all the approaches and passes from Fort Laramie south over the secondary range of mountains known as the Black Hills, the most difficult to overcome with proper grades of all ranges, on account of its short slopes and great height. When I reached the Lodge Pole Creek, up which went the overland trail, I took a few mounted men—I think six—and with one of my scouts as guide, went up the Creek to the summit of Cheyenne Pass, striking south along the crest of the mountains to obtain a good view of the country, the troops and trains at

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6. U. S. Serial 2336, pp. 18-24. Ex. Doc. 69, 47 Cong. 1st sess.



the same time passing along the east base of the mountains on what was known as the St. Vrain and the Laramie Trail.

"About noon, in the valley of a tributary of Crow Creek, we discovered Indians, who, at the same time, discovered us. They were between us and our trains. I saw our danger and took means immediately to reach the ridge and try to head them off, and follow it to where the cavalry would see our signals. We dismounted and started down the ridge, holding the Indians at bay, when they came too near, with our Winchesters. It was nearly night when the troops saw our smoke signals of danger and came to our relief; and in going to the train we followed this ridge out until I discovered it led down to the plains without a break. I then said to my guide that if we saved our scalps I believed we had found the crossing of the Black Hills—and over this ridge between Lone Tree and Crow Creeks, the wonderful line over the mountains was built. For over two years all explorations had failed to find a satisfactory crossing of this range. The country east of it was unexplored, but we had no doubt we could reach it."<sup>7</sup>

In November, 1866, General Dodge announced that the Lodge Pole Creek and Cheyenne Pass route would be followed. The road was to follow the South Platte River to Julesburg, Colorado from which place Lodge Pole Creek was followed to Cheyenne Pass. This announcement was a drastic blow to Denver and Colorado. General Dodge gave the choice of routes over the mountains very careful study. His comments regarding this situation were as follows:

"The year 1866 was spent in determining the crossing of the Rocky Mountains or the Black Hills, and the approaches to them from the east. It was the great desire of the company to build the line through Denver, Colorado, if possible, up to the South Platte Valley and crossing the mountains west of Denver and reaching Salt Lake by the Yampa, White, and Uinta Valleys, and I covered the country from the Laramie Canyon on the north to the Arkansas on the South, examining all the mountain passes and approaches and examined all these lines personally. These surveys demonstrated that there was no question as to where the line should cross these mountains.

"The line up the Platte and up the Lodge Pole and by the Lone Tree Pass which I had discovered, was far superior to any other line, and it forced us to abandon the line in the direction of Denver, and we had in view the building of a branch from Crow Creek to Denver, about 112 miles long. I reported the result of my examination on November 15, 1866, to the company, and on November 23, 1866, the company adopted the lines which I had recommended, and I immediately proceeded to develop them for building the next year."<sup>8</sup>

As originally planned, the Union Pacific was to have five lines to Missouri River points. This is shown in the following quotation:

"From the Act of July 1, 1862, it appears that Congress contemplated that five lines would start from points on the Mis-

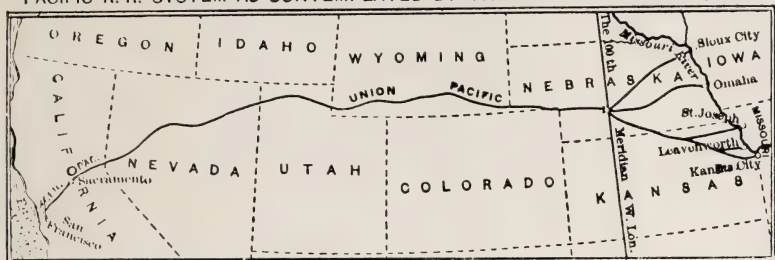
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7. U. S. Serial 5658, p. 17. Dodge—How We Built the Union Pacific.

8. U. S. Serial 5658, p. 17-18. Dodge—How We Built The Union Pacific.

souri River, viz.: Sioux City, Omaha, Saint Joseph, Leavenworth, and Kansas City; and they would converge on the one hundredth meridian, forming a trunk line which would be built westwardly."<sup>9</sup>

PACIFIC R. R. SYSTEM AS CONTEMPLATED BY THE ACT OF JULY 1ST, 1862.



Map of the Union Pacific Railway as Originally Planned.

### CHEYENNE 1867-1869

On July 1, 1867 when General Dodge came to the present site of Cheyenne he found a bare prairie unclaimed by anyone. The nearest white settlement was fifty miles to the southwest at La Porte, Colorado and vicinity which included a few settlers near the recently abandoned Fort Collins. To the northeast some 93 miles was Fort Laramie with 500 soldiers and a few civilians. Both La Porte and Fort Laramie were on the main routes of freight and stage traffic from the east to the Pacific Coast.

La Porte was a stage station with a hotel, stores, blacksmith shop, livery stable, a brewery and forty to fifty residential houses. The country near La Porte was settled long before there was a Denver.

General Dodge surveyed the Cheyenne townsite. This was completed on July 10, 1867.<sup>10</sup> General Augur accompanied General Dodge and located Fort D. A. Russell at this time. This is described by General Dodge in the following language:

"General Augur's instructions were to locate the military post where I located the end of the division, at the east base of the mountains, and after a thorough examination of the country, I located the division point on Crow Creek, where Cheyenne now stands, and named it Cheyenne, and General Augur immediately located just north of the town the military post of D. A. Russell.

9. U. S. Serial 2505, p. 133 (first series of pp). A map of the road as finally constructed to Omaha and Kansas City, Missouri is found on p. 134. The one hundredth meridian crosses the present Union Pacific line about forty miles east of North Platte, Nebraska.

10. *Annals of Wyoming*, v. 12, p. 240.

We spent the Fourth of July at this place and General John A. Rawlins delivered a very remarkable and patriotic speech."<sup>11</sup>

Camp Carlin was also established at this time between Fort D. A. Russell and Cheyenne. This was the government wholesale supply depot for the U. S. Army and Indian Agencies.

### Big Doings at Cheyenne

Before the townsite survey was completed, settlers began to arrive. The first Cheyenne boom was on. There was an immediate population movement from Denver and other northern Colorado places to Cheyenne. It became the number one menace to Denver. At that time it was in Dakota Territory. Wyoming was yet to be created. It was unnamed and unknown.

Some of the people who moved to Cheyenne from Denver and other Colorado places were William W. Corlett, Edward P. Johnson, Andrew Gilchrist, Stephen F. Nuckolls, M. E. Post, Amelia B. Post, N. A. Baker, William A. Bonser, J. R. Whiteside, W. L. Kuykendall and family, E. W. Whitcomb, Herman Haas, John C. Friend, A. H. Reel, P. B. Danielson, H. J. Rogers, Henry C. Waltz, and others. It was stated in a government publication that:

"Cheyenne is settled largely by people of Colorado."<sup>12</sup>

N. A. Baker brought with him from Denver the machinery and equipment to set up the first printing business in Cheyenne. He issued the first edition of the **Cheyenne Leader** on September 19, 1867, which sold for twenty-five cents per copy. Baker published the **Colorado Leader** in Denver before moving his publishing business to Cheyenne. He was also connected with the **Denver News**.

H. J. Rogers was Vice President of the First National Bank of Denver.<sup>13</sup> In 1867 he moved to Cheyenne to establish the "Bank of Rogers and Company."<sup>14</sup>

Within a month after the completion of the townsite survey, a City Charter was formulated and adopted, but it

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11. U. S. Serial 5658, p. 19. Dodge—**How We Built The Union Pacific**.

12. U. S. Serial 1319 (1868). 40 Cong. 2 sess. S. Mis. Doc. 31, p. 3.

13. **Colorado Leader**, July 6, 1867, p. 4.

Rogers was Vice President of the First National Bank of Denver in August 1865. See advertisement on the first page of the **Rocky Mountain News** of August 26, 1865. The officers of this bank in March 1866 were: J. B. Chaffee, President; H. J. Rogers, Vice President; Geo. T. Clark, Cashier. See **Rocky Mountain News**, Mar. 10, 1866, p. 3, C. 5 and 6.

14. **Cheyenne Leader**, October 1, 1867, p. 1.



had no authority of state or government law to support it.<sup>15</sup>

On August 10, 1867, an election was held at which 350 votes were cast for city officials.<sup>16</sup> This was within thirty days of the time General Dodge completed his survey of the city lots. On October 8, 1867, an election was held for County Officials and a Territorial Delegate. One thousand nine hundred twenty-four votes were cast.<sup>17</sup>

In the meantime the Union Pacific was advancing rapidly. The construction crews arrived at Cheyenne on November 13, 1867.<sup>18</sup> By this time Cheyenne had set up a Provisional Government with city officials and law enforcement officers. It also had two newspapers. The Union Pacific construction work ceased for the season at Cheyenne. That winter the city had a serious unemployment and housing situation. The congestion was acute. People were living in tents, dugouts and covered wagons. The Episcopal minister, when he came to Cheyenne in December, 1867, had to bunk with six other men in a room in the back of the bank. He had no desk or table to use in writing his sermons, and he had to board in a saloon.<sup>19</sup>

W. W. Corlett, when he came to Cheyenne from Denver in August, 1867, had to sleep under a wagon for two or three months. He walked nearly all the way from Denver to Cheyenne.<sup>20</sup> The estimated Cheyenne population during the winter of 1867-1868 ranged from 4,000 to 10,000. General Dodge estimated that Cheyenne had nearly 10,000 people at that time.<sup>21</sup> However, this probably included Camp Carlin and Fort D. A. Russell, since other estimates gave a lower total.

In the spring of 1868, a large share of this population joined the construction crews and followed the western progress of the railway. A substantial number of people remained to prosper. Daily two-way stage service was soon established between Cheyenne and Denver.<sup>22</sup>

The stage service expanded rapidly. At times there were as many as six stages daily both ways between Cheyenne

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15. Federal Works Agency—Wyoming—American Guide Series. p. 185.

16. Turner's Rocky Mountain Guide, p. 223.

17. Annals of Wyoming, v. 12, p. 327.

18. Annals of Wyoming, v. 12, p. 243.

19. Diary and Letters of the Reverend Joseph W. Cook, pp. 8, 9, and 11.

20. Annals of Wyoming, v. 12, p. 241.

21. U. S. Serial 5658, p. 42. Dodge—How We Built The Union Pacific.

22. Annals of Wyoming, v. 5, p. 117-118.

and Denver. Fort D. A. Russell and Camp Carlin were at Cheyenne's door yard. Camp Carlin at times had a large civilian population.

Although many people left the town in the spring of 1868, to follow the railway construction crews, Cheyenne cast 2,445 votes at the first legal election under the Dakota Laws in September, 1868.<sup>23</sup>

In this period Cheyenne was in an especially favorable business location with respect to Colorado trade. Denver, Golden, La Porte, Boulder, and the several mining towns along Clear Creek and adjacent areas were without railway facilities. The Colorado mining industry was active and prosperous. Agriculture was beginning to develop. In 1870, Colorado had a population of 39,864.<sup>24</sup> Supplies, equipment, clothing and the greater part of their food were secured from the nearest railroad which was the Union Pacific, and the trade centered largely in Cheyenne. Freighters crowded into the city. This trade, it will be noted, came from the south. It began immediately after the arrival of the Union Pacific construction crews in Cheyenne. The **Cheyenne Leader** in its issue of November 23, 1867, tells of the arrival of long trains of freighters from the west and south. Cheyenne was the supply point for northern Colorado.<sup>25</sup> It was this trade which was the source of the greatest volume of Cheyenne business. The conditions that brought such a large accession to the Cheyenne population and volume of business had an adverse effect on Denver. At this time Cheyenne was a larger town than Denver. The depression in Denver found expression in the published list of the 1868 delinquent taxes. This covered almost a full page in small type. It was an imposing list for a town of probably less than 4,000 people.<sup>26</sup>

Numerous references to this situation will be found in the writings of that time. On page 2 of the September 24, 1867 issue of the **Cheyenne Leader**, under a column "Colorado Items," N. A. Baker refers to the "total business asphyxia in our neighboring burg"—referring to Denver.

In 1869-1870 the second railway was constructed into Colorado. This was the Denver Pacific Railway which extended from Cheyenne to Denver. The first train arrived at Denver on June 24, 1870. At the same time the Kansas Pacific Railway was under construction from Kansas City.

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23. *Annals of Wyoming*, v. 13, p. 76.

24. *1870 Compendium of U. S. Census*, p. 106.

25. *1874 Wyoming Bureau of Immigration*, p. 34.

26. *Rocky Mountain News*, March 3, 1869, p. 3.

This road was completed to Jersey Junction north of Denver on August 15, 1870.

In the same period the Colorado Central Railway was under construction from the rival city of Golden to a place three miles north of Denver where it connected with the western end of the Kansas Pacific at a station named Jersey Junction. Trains were placed in operation between this station and Golden on September 24, 1870. At this time Denver and Golden were bitter rivals. The Colorado Central Railway was promoted by W. A. H. Loveland and associates of Golden, one of whom was H. M. Teller, who later became Governor and U. S. Senator from Colorado. The plan of Loveland and associates was to connect the Colorado Central with the Kansas Pacific at Jersey Junction north of Denver. The trains were to run direct to Golden from Kansas City and in this way by-pass Denver to the advantage of Golden. That road had a large volume of traffic to exchange with the Kansas Pacific because the Colorado Central had access to the mining ore tonnage. The Colorado Central was extended west of Golden to connect with several mining towns. These mines were producing a large volume of ore, and the traffic was a profitable source of railway income.

The completion of these roads was followed by a period of contest for control. Space limitations will not permit going into the details of this contest. In time the Kansas Pacific secured control of the Denver Pacific. This gave the Kansas Pacific access to the Denver business district over the Denver Pacific tracks. It also deprived the Union Pacific of its Colorado traffic. The plan of Loveland, after this, was to extend the Colorado Central from Golden to a connecting point with the Union Pacific at Pine Bluffs, Wyoming or Julesburg, Colorado. Surveys were made and the track was extended to about two miles north of Longmont, Colorado where construction was stopped by the financial stringency of 1873. If this plan had succeeded, the Union Pacific main line traffic would have been diverted to Golden instead of Denver.

To obtain its share of the Colorado freight traffic, the Union Pacific secured control of the Colorado Central and extended the latter road from Longmont, Colorado to Hazard Station, later known as Colorado Junction, on the main line of the Union Pacific about six miles west of Cheyenne.

This gave the Union Pacific the Colorado Central freight traffic and also gave it an outlet to other rail lines at Denver which were competitors of the Kansas Pacific. It was the plan of the Golden group to extend the Colorado Central to the south of Golden and connect with the Denver and Rio



Grande Railway south of Denver. Although grading was completed for a part of the line, this extension was never finished. The first train from the south over the new extended Colorado Central line arrived at Cheyenne on November 7, 1877. This brought the Colorado rail war right into the heart of Cheyenne, but it also brought business to the town.

In the cutthroat rail rate war that followed, the railway passenger fare from Cheyenne to Denver was reduced to ten cents. That statement sounds incredible, but the authority is a government publication, in which the following statement is found:

"The road from Denver to Colorado Junction was built by Mr. Gould as an opposition line to the Denver Pacific, and as he at one time ran the fare from Denver to Cheyenne down to ten cents, it became an absolute necessity to purchase it."<sup>27</sup>

The reduction in rates was not confined to the passenger fares. Freight rates were slashed. In 1878, the freight rates from Cheyenne to Omaha (competitive points) were but one-fourth of the freight rates from Sidney, Nebraska to Omaha, Nebraska, which were non-competitive points. Note the following statement:

"Arguments may be urged in extenuation of this practice where the competition is severe but temporary. There may be reasons against the complete disarrangement of a system of reasonable local rates merely because an unreasonably low rate to a single point is expedient for the moment. This happened on the Union Pacific during last summer when a violent competition over the Colorado business temporarily forced rates from Omaha to Cheyenne to a quarter part of the local rate then made from Omaha to Sidney, 100 miles east of Cheyenne."<sup>28</sup>

Another illustration of the cut-rate freight charges during this period is found in the report of the U. S. Pacific Railway Commission in which the following information is given:

"Shortly after the Union Pacific Railway Company acquired control of the Denver and South Park line to Leadville, it became involved in a contest with the Denver and Rio Grande Company and hauled coke from the Missouri River to Denver for \$1 a ton and from Denver to Leadville for nothing."<sup>29</sup>

At the time that this coke rate was in effect, the average freight car had a capacity of about 20 tons, or 40,000 pounds. This rate means that a car of coke could be sent from Missouri River points to Leadville, Colorado (about 700 miles) for \$20.00.

It was the contention of the directors of the Denver Pacific Railway that the Union Pacific Railway, by its

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27. U. S. Serial 2703, S. R. 293—51 Cong. 1 sess. p. 4.

28. U. S. Serial 2336, 47 Cong. 1 S. Ex. Doc. 69, p. 144.

29. U. S. Serial 2505, 50 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 51, p. 187. (First series of pages).

freight rates, discriminated against freight received from that road and the Kansas Pacific Railway. As proof of this contention it is shown that the Union Pacific car lot freight rates from Omaha to Ogden (1032 miles) and from Cheyenne to Ogden (516 miles) were as follows:

**UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY  
CAR LOT FREIGHT RATES**

Articles	Omaha To Ogden	Cheyenne To Ogden	Excess Cheyenne To Ogden
Beef (Mess)	\$245.00	\$326.00	\$81.00
Furniture	\$219.50	\$220.00	\$ .50
Lard	\$245.00	\$326.00	\$81.00
Live Stock	\$168.50	\$240.00	\$71.50

30

The complaint of the Kansas Pacific and the Denver Pacific included a long list of other produce having higher freight rates from Cheyenne to Ogden than from Omaha to Ogden. To enable a Kansas City shipper to compete with an Omaha shipper in the Utah and western Montana markets, the Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific would have to furnish free freight on shipments from Kansas City to Cheyenne and in addition give a bonus to the shipper of \$81.00 per car on an item such as lard or \$71.50 on live stock. The Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific could not meet such drastic competition. This condition in the Colorado-Wyoming freight rate war could not continue indefinitely. It could not be avoided because the western terminal of the Kansas Pacific and the Denver Pacific was at Cheyenne on the Union Pacific. The final result was that the three roads were merged on January 24, 1880 and a new consolidated company came into being.<sup>31</sup> In this way competition was eliminated and the rate wars ended.

The new company had two rail lines between Cheyenne and Denver—The Colorado Central line and the former

30. Report in the Western History Department of the Denver City Library, v. 17.

This information was secured from a printed report of 39 pages, dated Nov. 29, 1873. It was submitted to committees of the Senate and House by the Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific Railways under the caption of "Unjust Discrimination" as a protest against the Union Pacific freight rates.

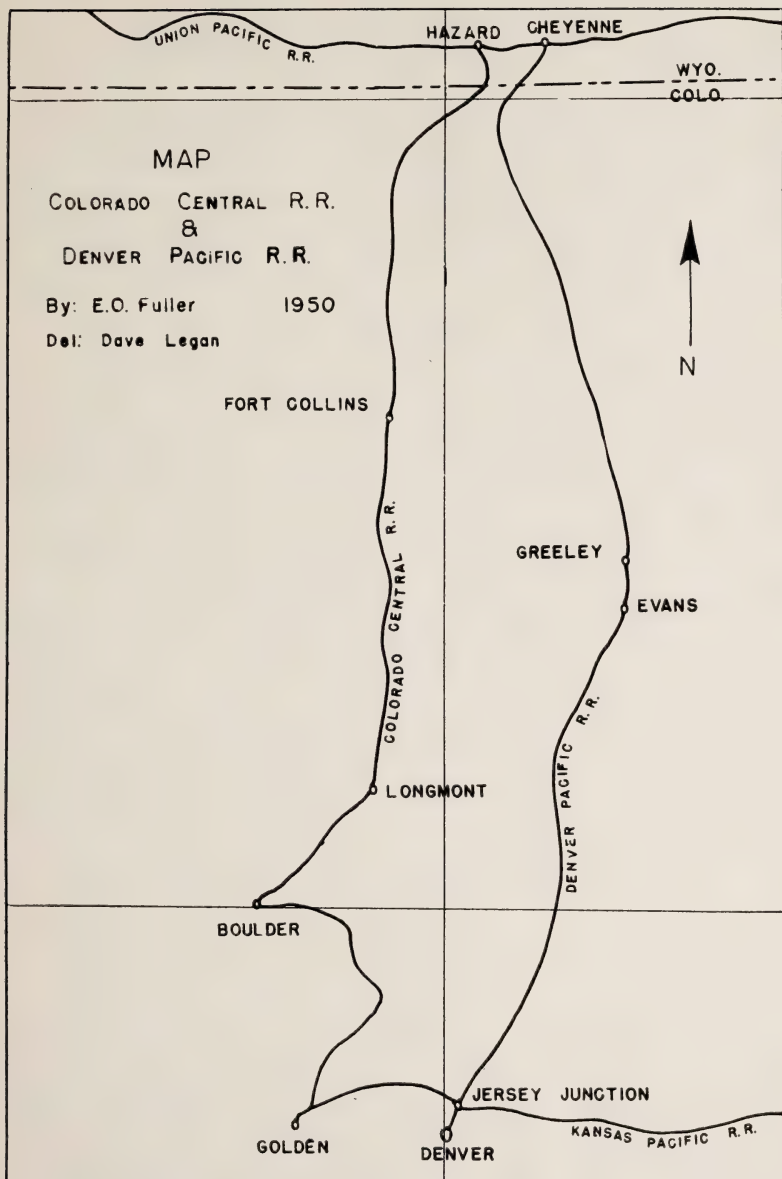
31. U. S. Serial 2336, 47 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 69, pp. 161, 162 gives an account of this merger. All three of the old companies ceased to exist. The name of the old Union Pacific Company was "The Union Pacific Railroad Company." All three companies were merged into the new company under the name of "Union Pacific Railway Company."

Denver Pacific. On the next page will be found a map showing the two lines. Notice the irregular line of the Colorado Central. From Golden the line extended northeast to tap the coal mines in that direction—then turned northwest to secure the Boulder traffic, then northeast to Longmont which was in the direction of Julesburg and Pine Bluffs. A passenger from Denver to Cheyenne would first travel north of Denver to Jersey Junction—from the latter place he would turn almost at right angles and travel west to Golden. He would then proceed northeast to the coal fields—then northwest to Boulder, then northeast to Longmont from which place he would travel almost in a direct line to Hazard on the main line of the Union Pacific Railway, and then east to his Cheyenne destination. Such a devious and irregular course of travel is amusing to say the least. When the Union Pacific took over, the road was extended almost in a direct line north to Hazard. Over this route the distance from Cheyenne to Denver was 130 miles as contrasted to 106 miles over the Denver Pacific.

In the last pages we have briefly followed the early railroad history of Colorado. These trails, at first, take us away from Cheyenne, but eventually they lead us back to the same place.

The completion of the three railroads to Denver and vicinity had an immediate adverse effect on Cheyenne business. The Denver Pacific was completed to Evans, Colorado, fifty-eight miles south of Cheyenne and placed in operation in December, 1869. Construction work ceased for the winter at that time and place. Until the railroad was completed to Denver in June 1870, Evans became the supply place for the Colorado freighters. Cheyenne lost this business. In the meantime the population movement of 1867 from Denver to Cheyenne was reversed. Up to the year 1870, the Cheyenne out-of-town business came largely from the south. After 1870 Colorado had its own rail connections. It was not necessary to freight over the trails from the Union Pacific, and Denver was elated. In 1869 business and residential houses were erected in Denver in anticipation of the coming of the railways. Business began to pick up. There was a large influx of people to Denver. Streets were crowded. The Denver theater, which had been closed for want of patronage on August 17, 1867 was





2 Railway Lines—Cheyenne to Denver

reopened in February 1869 and filled to capacity.<sup>32</sup> But while Denver was thronged, Cheyenne was drained. Cheyenne people moved to other places—many of them to Colorado—some of them to Evans. A Cheyenne newspaper commenting on this situation, stated that Evans was booming. Several Cheyenne firms had established branches at Evans, and others had moved there.<sup>33</sup> The amount of business lost to Cheyenne in this period is not known since there are no figures available as to the volume of freight movement by private conveyances. The freight traffic into Denver over the Denver Pacific was immense. Note the following figures:

#### FREIGHTS

"The Denver Pacific Railway was completed June 24, 1870. It carried as freight in the six months and six days, 72,000,000 pounds, of which probably one-seventh was sent out and the balance brought into the Territory."<sup>34</sup>

The 1870 Census gave Denver a population of 4,759.<sup>35</sup> This means that the Denver Pacific in its first six months of service had a Denver business of more than seven tons for each person in that town. Some of this tonnage doubtless represents business that had been deferred awaiting the arrival of the railroads. However, the figures do give some idea of the business that Cheyenne lost.

The goods received consisted of groceries, provisions, hardware, clothing, dry goods, machinery, tools, and miscellaneous supplies. The volume of freight traffic from Cheyenne over the Denver Pacific was much greater than the traffic volume to and from the east over the Kansas Pacific. This road was completed to Denver on August 19, 1870. The volume of freight traffic received from and forwarded over this road during the remainder of the year 1870 was as follows:

#### KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY FREIGHT MOVEMENT

1870	Received	Forwarded
August	373,601	37,442
September	1,669,362	820,501
October	3,416,133	779,288
November	4,209,167	614,770
December	5,132,492	357,365
<b>TOTAL POUNDS</b>	<b>14,800,755</b>	<b>2,609,366 36</b>

32. Dean G. Nichols, **Pioneer Theatres of Denver, Colorado**, unpublished doctor's dissertation, Univ. of Mich. p. 130. Dr. Nichols states further: "The building up of Cheyenne on the Union Pacific Railroad, and the halting of construction on the Kansas Pacific in western Kansas, in November, 1867, plunged Denver into a financial depression that nearly caused the whole city to be abandoned."

33. **The Morning Weekly Leader** (Cheyenne), Nov. 6, 1869, p. 1.

34. **U. S. Serial 1442**, 41 Cong. 3 sess. Mis. Doc. 40 (1871) p. 5.

35. 1870 **Compendium U. S. Census**, p. 133.

36. **U. S. Serial 1442**—41 Cong. 3 sess. Mis. Doc. 40 (1871), p. 5.

## CHEYENNE 1870-1872

### On the Skids

As a result of this loss of business, Cheyenne had a drastic depression from 1870 to 1872. Governor Warren, in his report to the Secretary of Interior in 1885, stated that Cheyenne had 5,000 people in 1867-1868 and later less than 1,000.

"In 1867 and 1868, while the Union Pacific Railroad was building near this city, it was a large place, of shanties and tents, with about 5,000 people and probably as 'rough' a burg, morally, as ever existed, but as the railroad passed westward the town decreased to less than 1,000 souls; it recovered moral tone and then commenced its permanent growth."<sup>37</sup>

The Cheyenne vote of 2,445 in September 1868, as shown on page 11, declined to 860 in 1870.

"The total vote of Laramie County for Delegate to Congress in 1870 was 860; for the same in 1884 it was 3,919. The county had a population of 2,957 by the census of 1870, and now has a population of about 18,000; thus it will be seen that the vote of Laramie County has more than quadrupled during the past fifteen years; that its population during the same time has also increased some sixfold, and its valuation of material wealth has increased during the same period about eightfold."<sup>38</sup>

The 1870 U. S. Census gave Cheyenne a population of 1,450, but this probably included Camp Carlin, since that place is not included under that name in the 1870 Census returns.<sup>39</sup>

Some illustrations of the extent of the decline in the volume of the Cheyenne business in 1871 and 1872 may be gained from the following:

On May 17, 1871 Asa R. Converse (a partner of Senator Warren) wrote to the U. S. Comptroller of the Currency in behalf of a Cheyenne Bank in which he stated:

"I think they understate the value of the real estate and currency held as security. They are not of much value if forced to an immediate sale but if held a time and managed properly, I am satisfied they will be much more valuable, etc. (p. 26) and 'We are at present in a very bad condition.' "<sup>40</sup>

Mrs. Harriet Durbin, who moved to Cheyenne on October 19, 1871, stated that Cheyenne was experiencing a depression at that time.<sup>41</sup>

The Rev. Henry Clay Waltz, who arrived at Cheyenne from the Colorado Methodist Conference on July 25, 1871, reported that he could purchase a house for himself and

37. U. S. Serial 2379, 49 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 1166.

38. U. S. Serial 2379, 49 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 1165.

39. 1870 Compendium U. S. Census, pp. 372, 373.

40. Gov. Warren Collection, The original is in the files of Archives, Univ. of Wyo. Library.

41. *Annals of Wyoming*, v. 1 & 2, p. 18.



family for \$350. The Cheyenne situation was so gloomy that he did not buy, but leased a house for \$8.00 per month. He continued to pay a rental of \$8.00 per month for the house in which he and his family resided during the time he acted as minister for his church at Cheyenne.<sup>42</sup>

N. A. Baker, who came to Cheyenne from Denver to issue the first Cheyenne newspaper on September 19, 1867, returned to Denver in 1872, where he continued to reside until his death.<sup>43</sup> Cheyenne had but one National Bank in 1871, with deposits of \$55,000.00.<sup>44</sup>

Another illustration of the Cheyenne depression in this period will be found in the unpublished notes of C. G. Cou-  
tant, in which the following information is given:

"xxx at the beginning of the year 1871, Cheyenne had apparently through various causes, come to a standstill xxx."<sup>45</sup>

The loss of trade from Colorado was a severe blow to Cheyenne. It still retained the large volume of business that stemmed from Fort D. A. Russell, from Camp Carlin and from the Union Pacific Railroad and its employees. But the depression of 1870-1872, ended the second Chapter in the history of Cheyenne.

## CHEYENNE 1873-1890

### Looking Up

New factors of a favorable nature began to appear. Cheyenne began to look to the north. The view was not displeasing. In that direction there was a vast extent of unoccupied and undeveloped country.

Ranchers began to occupy this northern area. The country began to develop rapidly. Cattle trail herds coming from Texas accelerated the development. Ranches were established on Chugwater Creek, Horse Creek, the Sybille, Laramie River, Horseshoe and other creeks. In its issue of August 21, 1873, the **Cheyenne Leader** reported that the country north of Cheyenne was filling with ranchers.

"The country between Cheyenne and the North Platte River is filling up rapidly with settlers and stock. The past four years have demonstrated that this portion of Wyoming cannot be surpassed as a stock range. All of the choice ranch localities on Crow Creek, Chugwater, Horse, and Bear Creeks have been

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42. **Diary of Rev. Henry Clay Waltz**, Archives, Univ. of Wyo. Library, p. 10.

43. **N. A. Baker Files**, Archives, Univ. of Wyo. Library, Hebard File.

44. **U. S. Serial** 2738, 51 Cong. 1 sess. Ex. Doc. 6, Pt. 2, p. 836.

45. **Annals of Wyoming**, v. 13, p. 225.

squatted on. Not less than 50,000 head of cattle have been added to the herds already here, this summer.”<sup>46</sup>

This development extended to the south bank of the North Platte River from which place it fanned out both up and down the river. The ranch trade came to Cheyenne.

The North Platte River acted as a barrier to stop the progress of the settlement in that direction because the land in Wyoming north of that river and east of the Big Horn Mountains was held by the Sioux and related Indians under the Treaty of April 29, 1868, Article XVI which reads as follows:

“Article XVI. The United States hereby agrees and stipulates that the country north of the North Platte River and east of the summits of the Big Horn Mountains shall be held and considered to be unceded Indian territory, and also stipulates and agrees that no white person or persons shall be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the same; or without the consent of the Indians first had and obtained, to pass through the same; and it is further agreed by the United States that within ninety days after the conclusion of peace with all of the bands of the Sioux Nation, the military posts now established in the territory in this article named shall be abandoned, and that the road leading to them and by them to the settlements in the Territory of Montana shall be closed.”<sup>47</sup>

Up to about the end of 1874, our government and the Sioux Indians enforced this provision of the treaty. All the ranchers could do was **look to the north** from the south bank of the river. The entire state east of the Big Horn Mountains and north of the North Platte River, as well as the Black Hills and other territory in South Dakota, was held by the Indians under treaty rights, as quoted on the preceding page, to which our government was a party. However, rumors of gold in the Black Hills began to filter through. Miners began to run the barriers. Gold was discovered in the Black Hills in 1874 and 1875. The rush to the hills was on. U. S. soldiers were sent to the Black Hills under Generals Crook and Custer in an endeavor to enforce the above cited treaty provisions. The miners were collected by the soldiers and escorted from the Black Hills. After their release, however, they promptly returned to the “diggings in the hills.” The 1875 published government report with reference to this situation states:

“The very measures now taken by the Government to prevent the influx of miners into the Black Hills, by means of the display of military force in that neighborhood, operate as the surest safeguard of the miners against the attacks of Indians. The army expels the miners, and while doing so, protects them from Indians. The miners return as soon as the military surveillance is withdrawn, and the same steps are taken again and again.

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46. *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, August 21, 1873, p. 4.

47. 15 Stats. 635.

Some of the miners have brought suits against the military officers for false imprisonment, and much embarrassment to both the Army and the Interior Department is the result."<sup>48</sup>

The Indians resented this invasion of their country and the violation of the provisions of the 1868 treaty. The result was the Indian War of 1876-1877. The Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes were arrayed against the settlers, the miners, the Shoshone Indians and the government. The first part of the war, in the summer of 1876, was favorable to the Indians. General Crook, an experienced and capable Indian fighter, coming up from the south on June 17, 1876 was defeated at the battle of Rosebud, Montana and compelled to retreat. He had a strong force of soldiers supported by a large contingent of Shoshone Indians under Chief Washakie.

On June 25, 1876, General Custer, unaware of the defeat at Rosebud, attacked the Indians. His entire command was annihilated at the battle of Little Big Horn. These two actions took place in the same general area and within a few days of each other.

The troops advancing from the north averted the fate of Custer by a narrow margin. After these events there was nothing for the U. S. troops to do but to return to their respective forts—reorganize and await reinforcements. The campaign was resumed in the fall and following winter of 1876-1877. The U. S. forces were finally victorious—the Cheyenne Indians deserted their allies, the Sioux and Arapahoes. Many of them joined the U. S. forces. The final result was that the Indians were driven from their hunting grounds in Wyoming and from the Black Hills in South Dakota. This opened a vast extent of territory trade to Cheyenne. Cheyenne was looking to the north.

The territory beyond the North Platte River was developed with marvelous rapidity. The Wyoming Territorial Legislature in 1875, some time before the Indians surrendered that territory, authorized the creation of Crook and Pease (now Johnson) Counties.<sup>49</sup> This was in the Wyoming area north of the North Platte River that the Indians were holding under the treaty of 1868. Johnson County, however, did not organize for business until 1881 and Crook County until 1885.

During this period of rapid settlement of the country north of Cheyenne and north of the North Platte River and in the Black Hills area, Cheyenne was not idle. The citizens

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48. U. S. Serial 1680, 44 Cong. 1 sess. H. R. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, pp. VI and VII.

49. Wyoming Compiled Laws of 1876, Act of December 8, 1875, pp. 198-201.



of the town were alert to the opportunities. They had much to aid them in securing their share of the trade. Camp Carlin was the wholesale supply depot for some sixteen Forts and Indian Agencies, among which were the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Indian Agencies located in what is now northwestern Nebraska, also Forts Laramie and Fetterman to the northeast and northwest of Cheyenne. There were some 50,044 Sioux and associated Indians to be supplied at the Spotted Tail and Red Cloud Agencies.<sup>50</sup> The government equipment and supplies to all these points were transported by wagon train from Camp Carlin. Some idea as to the volume of the Camp Carlin business may be gained from the account of Captain J. F. Jenkins which appears below:

#### CAMP CARLIN OR CHEYENNE DEPOT

"Camp Carlin had now become a great supply station. The first work I did was to receive goods for the Indians, consisting of flour, beans, rice, bacon, salt, pork, baking powder, calico for dresses, cloth for shirts, bales of blankets, tobacco and thread. I don't remember all, but one shipment consisted of 1,006,000 pounds. This was freighted to 'Red Cloud' and 'Spotted Tail' Agencies in northern Nebraska. Much of this was loaded on wagons belonging to A. H. Reel and Charles Hecht, each having teams consisting of 400 yoke of oxen. The teams had 12 to 14 yoke of oxen and drew three wagons, the front one upwards of 15,000 pounds, the second 9,000 pounds, the third with cooking utensils, tents and food for the trip. The tongues of the second and third wagons were cut off short and chained to the hind axle of the wagon in front.

"The camp contained a population of about 1,000 to 1,200 civilians, employees and superintendent and over 25,000 animals most of the time. I saw 1,000 mules unloaded one day, and 7,000 tons of hay. We supplied sixteen military posts and all field companies.

"I transferred to the commissary department from the Indian department on October 17, 1876. Everything was rushing on account of the Indians who were getting out to go on the war path at every point in the territory of Wyoming and Idaho and the state of Montana. This required constant shipping of supplies to a great many military posts, where troops were stationed ready to move at an hour's notice. Besides the troops in the field I will name the forts that were shipped to at that time as many of them have been abandoned.

"Wyoming Territory—Fort D. A. Russell, Fort Sanders, Fort Bridger, Fort Washakie, Fort Fetterman, Fort Laramie, Fort McKenzie, Rock Creek Station, Fort Fred Steele.

"Nebraska—Fort Sidney, Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson.

"Utah—Fort Douglas.

"Idaho—Fort Hall.

J. F. JENKINS,  
Captain of Commissary, U. S. A.  
Spanish-American War."<sup>51</sup>

50. U. S. Serial 1680, 44 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 592.

51. *Annals of Wyoming*, v. 5, pp. 24-25.

In addition to the above listed forts (14 in all) the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies were also supplied from Camp Carlin.

Freighting in such volume necessarily required roads and bridges. Congress made an appropriation of \$15,000 for a bridge across the North Platte River at Fort Laramie. This was completed in November, 1875.<sup>52</sup> Numerous other bridges were completed by local public and private activities.

As the ranchers occupied the territory north of Cheyenne they followed the roads that the government freighters had used leading from Camp Carlin. This gave Cheyenne a head start over competing towns. After the Indians had been expelled from Northeastern Wyoming, freighters came to Cheyenne from the Powder River Country, from Northeastern Wyoming, from the Black Hills and from as far north in Montana as the Sun River area. The southern terminal of the main Black Hills Stage Line was established at Cheyenne.

The use of these roads in ever-increasing volume brought business to Cheyenne. At times there was agitation to have them improved.

The movement to have the Federal Government open a road from Cheyenne to Bozeman, Montana was especially active. The Wyoming U. S. Surveyor General in his official annual report for 1874, has this to say about the Cheyenne-Bozeman Road:

#### **"WAGON-ROAD TO MONTANA"**

"The scheme of a wagon-road from Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad, to Bozeman, Mont., is being much agitated, and will be strongly urged upon Congress during the coming winter. If some satisfactory arrangement with the Indians can be made to induce them to relinquish their claim to Northeastern Wyoming, and a wagon-road established which can be protected, it is believed that no enterprise can be inaugurated with so little outlay which will be productive of so much benefit to the eastern portion of our territory and to Montana. The road would pass through hundreds of miles of country that is inviting to settlement, but as yet almost unknown; and, aside from its great advantages of through freight and travel, it would be of almost incalculable local benefit. It is to be hoped that Congress will see fit to permit this enterprise to be carried out, and

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52. *Cheyenne Leader*, Nov. 17, 1875, p. 4.

to remove the obstacles presented by Indian claims to a tract of country of which they made but little use."<sup>53</sup>

The ranch business in Cheyenne's trade territory began in a small way in 1870. In an official government document issued in 1871, the following information is given:

"I have more than once insisted that the belt of country on the Laramie Plains, and just east of the Rocky Mountains, and a portion of the Humboldt Valley adjacent to the Pacific road embraced some of the finest grazing lands on the continent, and had heard a great deal recently about the large herds which have been driven from Texas and the Indian Nation during the past year, to be fattened on the nutritious grasses of the Platte River and Laramie Plains, preparatory to shipment over the railroad to the markets of the East. I knew that the business had become a large one, but had no idea of the extent to which it has attained—a business, be it remembered, which is but just commenced, as two years ago there was not a hoof in the whole country, except draught-cattle belonging to trains, and a few ranchero's cows, where to-day there are not less than 140,000 head of cattle, 5,000 horses, and over 75,000 sheep, on the Union Pacific west of Fort Kearney."<sup>54</sup>

From that time on, the cattle business developed—gradually at first but in mounting volume with the passing of time. This is shown in the table following:

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53. U. S. Serial 1639, 43 Cong. 3 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, pp. 259-260.

Other discussions of the Montana road situation will be found in the following:

1. **Cheyenne Leader**, editorial Jan. 7, 1874, p. 2.

2. **Cheyenne Leader**, Oct. 30, 1877, p. 4. General Crook recommends the construction of the Cheyenne-Bozeman Road.

3. Gov. Thayer, **Report of November 2, 1875 to the Fourth Territorial Legislature**. Gov. Thayer recommends that a memorial be sent to Congress regarding the Montana Road.

4. **Laws of Montana**, 1877, sess. 10, p. 435. In 1877 the Montana Legislature sent a memorial to Congress urging the opening of the road from Bozeman to Cheyenne.

54. U. S. Serial 1505, 42 Cong. 2 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, pp. 295-296.



**STATEMENT  
NUMBER OF CATTLE  
ASSESSORS RETURNS**

Years	Laramie County No. of Cattle	Johnson County No. of Cattle	Crook County No. of Cattle
1870	941	.....	.....
1871	5,361	.....	.....
1872	8,558	.....	.....
1873	11,375	.....	.....
1874	28,659	.....	.....
1875	34,988	.....	.....
1876	45,525	.....	.....
1877	58,101	.....	.....
1878	77,374	.....	.....
1879	97,641	.....	.....
1880	113,466	.....	.....
1881	141,630	67,351	.....
1882	190,963	88,778	.....
1883	244,486	138,639	.....
1884	283,194	160,481	.....
1885	277,072	174,172	115,942
1886	233,539	157,931	155,518
1887	227,792	141,286	85,136
1888	183,437	91,740	82,550

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Note that the number of cattle in Laramie County increased from 941 in 1870 to 183,437 in 1888. Neither Johnson County nor Crook County was organized in 1870 but by 1888 there were 91,740 and 82,550 head of cattle respectively on the assessors rolls in these counties.

These counties were all within the Cheyenne trade territory. The total number of cattle in the three counties was 941 head in 1870 as contrasted with 357,727 head in 1888, a gain of 380% in nineteen years. The total assessed value of all property in the three counties increased from \$1,786,465 in 1870 to \$14,674,567 in 1888.

From 1870 to 1885 the profits of the Wyoming livestock industry received an immense amount of publicity both from official and unofficial sources. An example of this will be found in a statement by Edward Creighton, who was the President of the First National Bank of Omaha, Nebraska, in the following effect:

"Omaha, Nebraska

"Dear Sir: I cheerfully give you for publication the result of my experience in grazing in the country west of the Missouri river.

"My first grazing in that country was in the winter of 1859. Since then, for eleven winters. I have grazed more or less stock, including horses, sheep and cattle in Colorado, Wyoming,

55. U. S. Serial 2738 (1889) 51 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 6, Pt. 2, pp. 834-835. See also U. S. Serials 2468 and 2726.

Utah and Montana. The first seven winters I grazed work oxen mostly. Large work cattle winter on the grasses in the valleys and on the plains exceedingly well, and are in good condition for summer work by the first of May. The last four winters I have been raising stock and have had large herds of cows and calves. The present winter I have wintered about eight thousand head. They have done exceedingly well. We have lost very few through the whole winter, and those lost were very thin when winter commenced.

"We have no shelter but the bluffs and hills, and no feed but the wild grasses of the country. We have had three thousand sheep the past winter, and they are in the best of order. Many are being sold daily for mutton. Like the cattle they require no feed nor shelter. The high, rolling character of the country, and the dry climate and the short, sweet grasses of the numerous hillsides, are extremely favorable to sheep raising and wool growing. I have been interested in stock raising in the States for a number of years, where we had tame grass pastures and tame grass hay and fenced fields and good shelter for the stock, and good American and blooded cattle, and an experienced stock raiser to attend to them, and after a full trial I have found that with the disadvantage of the vastly inferior Texas cattle, and no hay, nor grain, nor shelter, nothing but the wild grass, there is three times the profit in grazing on the plains; and I have, as a consequence, determined to transfer my interest in stock raising in the States to the plains.

"There is no prospective limit to the pasturage west of the Missouri river.

"All the wool, mutton, beef and horses that the commerce and population of our great country will require a hundred years hence, when the population is as dense as that of Europe, can be produced in this country, and at half the present prices.

Truly Yours,

EDWARD CREIGHTON,

President First National Bank of Omaha."<sup>56</sup>

The effect on Cheyenne of the growth in the livestock industry plus the Black Hills trade is shown in the Government publications of that time, from which the following information was secured:

#### ABSTRACT AND SOURCE OF INFORMATION

##### Year

##### Rapid Growth of Cheyenne

- 1875 "Cheyenne has gained in population and new buildings this year very remarkably. This is owing in part to the large influx of people and the material increase of bus-

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56. Jeffrey, J. K., *The Territory of Wyoming, Its History, Soil, Climate, Resources, etc.* published by authority of the Territorial Board of Immigration, 1874. Archives, University of Wyoming Library, Pam. 331, pp. 14-15. As an introduction to Mr. Creighton's letter, the author states: "The following letter from one of the heaviest stock growers in the West, furnishes another proof of the advantages, coming as it does from a man of extensive experience and unquestionable reliability. He has given proof of his confidence in the country, as he has thousands of cattle, horses, and sheep in Wyoming. The letter was addressed to Dr. H. Latham, formerly Surveyor General of the Territory, and one who did much to make the advantages of the Rocky Mountain region known to the world."

iness caused by the Black Hills gold excitement. The rapid increase in the number of stock ranches, and the large importation of cattle and sheep from Texas and New Mexico this year, also aid largely in the present prosperity of Cheyenne, which is far beyond anything witnessed here for the last five years.

There have been erected during the year just closed—

Two brick hotels, each 3 stories;

Three frame hotels;

Ten brick stores;

Seventeen brick dwelling-houses;

One city hall, brick;

Ninety-two frame dwellings.”<sup>57</sup>

#### Towns

1876 “Cheyenne, at the junction of the Denver and Pacific with the Union Pacific Railroad, and watered by Crow Creek, a tributary of the South Platte, contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and its present rapid increase in wealth and extent is partly attributable to the extensive immigration to the Black Hills and other mining regions, making this their chosen point for purchasing supplies. Many large buildings of a permanent and architectural appearance have been erected during the year, and commercial pursuits are active and remunerative. The cattle trade from the surrounding plains, and the shipment of wool to the East, are increasing each year, as the herds and flocks multiply.”<sup>58</sup>

1883 “LARAMIE COUNTY—Cheyenne, the capital of the territory, has a population that is estimated as between 5,000 and 6,000. The stockmen of the Territory make it their headquarters, and many of them have built handsome residences in the city. It is also the business center of Wyoming, a large wholesale trade being conducted with the range country. It is the terminus of the two main divisions of the Union Pacific Railroad and the junction of the Union Pacific and Denver Pacific Railroads. Cheyenne has a handsome opera house, substantial school and county buildings, good hotels, compactly built business streets, and a thorough system of water supply. The city is lighted with the electric light, both of the arc and incandescent systems. It has a telephone exchange well patronized, and two morning daily papers, each issuing a weekly edition. In the two years just past, improvements have been made in Cheyenne that are estimated to have cost a million of dollars.”<sup>59</sup>

1885 “In 1867 and 1868, while the Union Pacific Railroad was building near this city, it was a large place, of shanties and tents, with about 5,000 people, and probably as ‘rough’ a burg, morally, as ever existed, but as the railroad passed westward the town decreased to less than 1,000 souls; it recovered moral tone and then commenced

57. U. S. Serial 1680, Silas Reed, U. S. Surveyor General Report to Secretary of Interior, 44 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 363.

58. U. S. Serial 1749, Edw. C. David, U. S. Surveyor General Report to Secretary of Interior, 44 Cong. 2 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 220.

59. U. S. Serial 2191, Gov. Hale’s Report to the Secretary of the Interior, 48 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 567.



its permanent growth. The growth of this city during the past three years has been truly phenomenal. The valuation for the assessment of the city is over \$3,000,000, being a small percent of actual value.

"The city has three daily and four weekly newspapers, a large opera house, plenty of good hotels, five banks, several real-estate and loan offices, a telephone exchange of two hundred subscribers, three telegraph offices with over a dozen operatives, and, in fact, nearly every business convenience usually found in the Eastern metropolitan cities. Besides the 'Magic City,' as Cheyenne is sometimes called, Laramie County has many towns, but want of space forbids their mention.

"The mercantile agencies of Bradstreet and Dunn in their carefully prepared, conservative statements of actual worth, or net cash capital invested by Wyoming's business men, show that the business interests are very strong. In Cheyenne, the capital city, with about 9,000 inhabitants, these reports show some fifty business men and firms, who are rated at \$100,000.00 and upward, some above \$1,000,000.00 and this exclusive of banks (five in number, with an aggregate capital of over \$1,000,000) and business corporations. Of the latter, Cheyenne has about twenty that are rated from \$150,000 to \$3,000,000 each, net cash capital."<sup>60</sup>

- 1886 "County-seat, Cheyenne (also capital of the Territory); population in 1880, 3,456; in 1886, estimated between 9,000 and 10,000; located on the main line of the Union Pacific Railway, 516 miles west of Omaha; also junction of the Denver Pacific, Colorado Central, and the Cheyenne and Northern Railways. Cheyenne is the commercial center of the Territory, and headquarters of the great cattle ranges of the West. Owing to the rapid advancement of the city after the first settlement in 1867, it gained the title of Magic City, and has always been noted for the wealth and enterprise of its citizens. It is said to be the richest city of its size and population in the United States."<sup>61</sup>

- 1889 "This report is a history of Wyoming. The period covered is to July 1, 1889. It discloses that Cheyenne is the Commercial Center of the Wyoming Territory, that it has many public and private buildings; that it has made notable progress in 1887 and 1888; that it has five railroads; and gives a list of the business enterprises in Cheyenne which include six blacksmith shops and ten hotels."<sup>62</sup>

Cheyenne's ten hotels and six blacksmith shops of this period are indicative of a large transient traffic both on the railroad and the wagon roads.

The history and progress of Cheyenne from 1875 to 1889 inclusive is set out in the official government publications

60. U. S. Serial 2379, Report of Governor Warren to the Secretary of Interior, 49 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, pp. 1166, 1178.

61. U. S. Serial 2468, Report of Governor Warren to the Secretary of Interior, 49 Cong. 2 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 1, Pt. 5, p. 1036.

62. U. S. Serial 2738, Report issued by the U. S. Treasury Department on the "Internal Commerce of the United States." 51 Cong. 1 sess. H. Ex. Doc. 6, Pt. 2, pp. 839 to 843.

as outlined above. The Cheyenne newspapers discussed these facts in detail. Prosperity was the keynote. One illustration of this is found in the following news item:

"The Mapleson opera company has arrived in New York city after their trans-continental tour. In an interview with the representative of the New York Herald the genial Colonel indulges in the following:

" 'In my opinion—and Mme. Patti and Mme. Gerster agree with me—one of the most delightful places on the road is Cheyenne. We stopped there on the trip out. - - - In the evening we gave a performance at which we took in \$8,000. The house was crowded with people who paid \$10 each for their seats without a murmur, and here you grumble if you have to pay \$3. Oh, Cheyenne is a great city.' "63

### Clouds to the North

From 1873 to 1883, Cheyenne had a period of sunshine with hardly a cloud in the sky. There was some alarm in 1877 brought about by a bill which was introduced in Congress to create a Black Hills state which was to include northeastern Wyoming and southwestern Dakota. That bill did not pass, much to the relief of Cheyenne. In 1883, however, another cloud appeared in the North. The Northern Pacific Railroad was constructed across southern Montana. This took away from Cheyenne not only the Montana trade, but also a part of the trade from northern Wyoming. Then again in 1885, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad (now a part of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway System) was constructed to Chadron, in northwestern Nebraska. In the spring of 1886, this road started its construction crews to the west and north of Chadron. From Dakota Junction (5 miles west of Chadron) the line was extended north into the Black Hills. The construction crews arrived at Rapid City, Dakota, on July 5, 1886. In the meantime, interests connected with the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, organized the Wyoming Central Railway. This company constructed its road from Douglas to the Wyoming-Nebraska state line where it joined the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway to make a through route from central Wyoming to eastern trade centers. This added to the clouds over the Cheyenne skies. The Black Hills trade was lost beyond recovery. The Central Wyoming trade was in jeopardy. Cheyenne well remembered the terrific loss due to the extensions of the railroads into the Colorado trade territory. Cheyenne had to bestir itself . . . and it did.

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63. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, April 12, 1884, p. 3.

### Cheyenne and Northern

Early in 1886, the growing menace to the north was given serious consideration by the citizens of Cheyenne. The conclusion was that a railroad into northern Wyoming would salvage much of the trade that Cheyenne was about to lose. Articles of Incorporation for the Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company were drawn up on March 1, 1886, the object of which was to construct, operate, and own a railroad commencing at the City of Cheyenne. There were six incorporators—viz.: Henry G. Hay, Thos. Sturgis, Francis E. Warren, Erasmus Nagle, William W. Corlett, and Philip Dater. These men had decidedly ambitious plans for their railroad which, according to Section 2 of the Articles of Incorporation, was to extend north to the "southern boundary line of British America."

Nine trustees for the first year were named which included the six incorporators named above, and in addition, Morton E. Post, William C. Irvine and Joseph M. Carey. A copy of the Articles of Incorporation are attached hereto marked Appendix A.

The railway company was now set up and ready to go. On March 7, 1886, an election was called for March 26, 1886, at which a county bond issue of \$400,000 was voted to aid in the construction of the road.<sup>64</sup>

At first it was thought that Cheyenne would have to construct the road with its own resources. However, on May 5, 1886, an agreement was made between the Union Pacific Railway Company and the Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company whereby the Union Pacific subscribed for a majority of the Capital Stock of the Cheyenne and Northern. A copy of the agreement follows:

"WHEREAS, it was heretofore agreed between certain citizens of Cheyenne and the Union Pacific Railway Company, that in case said citizens would organize a local Railway corporation with the requisite power to build a Railway, northerly from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, and procure from the Legislative Assembly, lately in session, a subsidy not less than \$400,000 in Laramie County Bonds in aid thereof, and,

"WHEREAS, in pursuance of said agreement, said corporation has been formed under the name of the Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company and bonds to the amount of \$3200, par value, per mile have been authorized by said Legislative Assembly, and

"WHEREAS, said Union Pacific Railway Company is about to cause a majority of the capital stock of said corporation to be subscribed in its interest and said corporation is about to enter upon the construction of said road.

"THEREFORE, this is to witness that said Union Pacific Railway Company hereby declares and agrees to and with the

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64. *Cheyenne Leader*, March 6 and March 7, 1886, p. 3.



said Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company, that in respect to the business upon said Cheyenne and Northern Company's line and the country tributary thereto, it will not discriminate against the trade and business of said City of Cheyenne, and so far as it may lawfully and consistently do without impairing or destroying its own business will sustain and protect the same by such action as shall at the time be deemed necessary.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

(Signed)

By, Charles F. Adams, Jr.  
President.

CHEYENNE & NORTHERN RAILWAY CO.

(Signed)

By, Thos. Sturgis  
President.

"I, Thos. B. Adams, Notary Public, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy.

Thos. B. Adams,  
Notary Public.  
Cheyenne May 5th 1886."65

Construction was soon under way. The first fifty miles of the line was completed and placed under operation December 30, 1886. For a time Uva was the northern terminal. The line was completed to Badger Station (near Wendover) on November 11, 1887.

Perhaps the best outline of the reasons for the construction of the Cheyenne and Northern will be found in the testimony of Francis E. Warren taken at Cheyenne on July 18, 1887. This evidence was taken by the U. S. Pacific Railway Commission under an Act of Congress approved March 3, 1887.

On page 2069, Mr. Warren's testimony follows:

"During the early part of the life of the territory and up to a few years ago we enjoyed the trade on the southern portion of the territory, along the line of the Union Pacific—the trade of about the entire territory. Notice these wagon roads coming down from through the Territory. During the last two years of railroad building other lines are approaching and are very rapidly absorbing the business of the southern part of the Territory, and particularly Cheyenne.

#### THE NORTH WESTERN RAILROAD

"We have on the Eastern side of the Territory, for instance, the North Western Railroad. It entered the Territory about 100 miles north of Cheyenne and passed along old Fort Fetterman, and from there along the north branch of the Platte and old Fort Casper (sic). They are taking freight from old Fort Fetterman, but are laying rails to Casper, and will be ready to ship cattle from there this year. They are taking a large portion of the business that way that formerly came to the road here, and which would come here now if the present Cheyenne Northern was extended and if other branches were built. Our interests, of course, are not specially with the Union Pacific. Our interests are with the city, and the city is located on the Union Pacific."

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65. Wyoming Stockgrowers Collection, Archives, University of Wyoming Library.

On page 2070, he states:

"Q. Have you made all the statements you desire to make?

A. I wish to say that business that has been enjoyed by the Union Pacific at Cheyenne, Laramie, and Rock Creek is already largely taken by these lines built north. Very nearly all the business could be brought to the Union Pacific, owing to the ownership being along the line, if branches could be thrown out from the Union Pacific connecting with it. What is true of Cheyenne and the towns connected with it is true of the towns along the road in Wyoming Territory."

On page 2076, he testifies:

#### WHERE ITS TRAFFIC GOES

"Q. Does the Northern Pacific reach the northern portion of the territory with branches?

A. I think there are none that enter the Territory.

Q. How does the traffic that is there go?

A. There is a little pocket in the north of Johnson County by which traffic comes down the river to Miles City, on the Northern Pacific, but only a small portion. The business of Buffalo is largely controlled by men living on the Union Pacific.

Q. Does it come down to the river, or is it hauled?

A. It is now hauled to the Northwestern road, but would, more than nine-tenths of it, in my judgment, come over the Union Pacific if the Cheyenne Northern were extended across the Northwestern to reach it. The business connections there are all with Cheyenne. Buffalo was started by people from here. The interests of the business begin in Cheyenne and reach as far north as the northern part of the Territory; and it is the same with the towns on the Northern Pacific. The new towns have been started mainly by men who have gone from Buffalo and who wish to keep up connections with the Union Pacific.

#### THE CHEYENNE NORTHERN

"Q. How far does the Cheyenne Northern now extend?

A. Freight is taken 75 miles, I believe.

Q. They are actually constructing it now, I believe?

A. Yes.

Q. To reach these points you suggest would require how many miles more of construction?

A. There should be 300 or 400 miles more constructed. But with 100 miles of construction the business could be very largely controlled at present. Understand that the branches could be (as a business proposition) extended from time to time as the business developed. At the present time, if the Cheyenne Northern were 100 miles farther north, with these cattle yards owned by people living on the Union Pacific, nearly all that business could pass through here on the way east.

Q. Where are your own personal interests?

A. In Southern Wyoming and Northern Colorado.

Q. You have shipped exclusively over the Union Pacific then?

A. Yes."66

The Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company by successive mergers was included in the Colorado and Southern

Railway Company System on December 29, 1898.<sup>67</sup> This will be described later.

### Orin Junction Terminal

After the Cheyenne and Northern was completed to Orin Junction, its trains ran to Douglas, Wyoming by using the Chicago and Northwestern Railway tracks from Orin Junction to Douglas. Later this practice was discontinued after which the Cheyenne and Northern trains left Cheyenne in the morning and returned to the same place in the evening. The passengers from Cheyenne would leave the Cheyenne and Northern trains at Orin Junction and take the next Chicago and Northwestern train going either east or west. In turn, the Chicago and Northwestern passengers would take the Cheyenne and Northern train for Cheyenne or other places to the south. The passengers while awaiting their train connections at Orin Junction could find at that place but little in the way of entertainment. There was a restaurant and hotel at Orin Junction, however, that the passengers patronized.

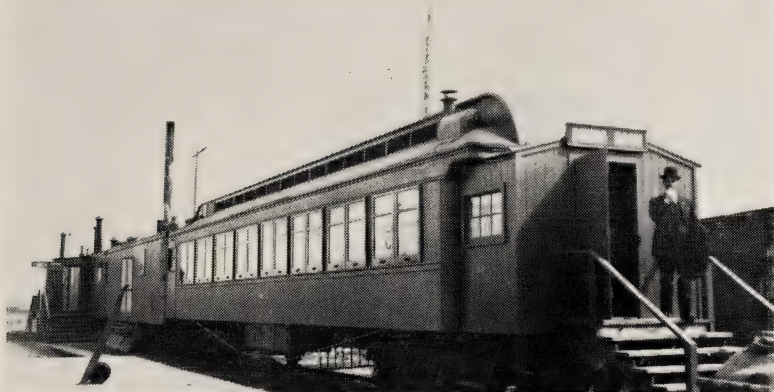
Early in 1908, the Chicago and Northwestern parked a railway dining car on the siding just east of the Orin Junction depot, where it remained permanently for a number of years. It had the customary railroad dining car personnel consisting of a steward and negro waiters. The dining car service was discontinued at Orin Junction in 1914. Travelers who patronized this dining car forty years ago are still talking of the excellent meals served there. Chicken dinners were seventy-five cents. The dining car was moved to Douglas in 1922, where it remained in service until July, 1926.<sup>68</sup>

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67. *Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Reports*, v. 134, pp. 613, 703, 704, and 705.

68. The information regarding this dining car was kindly supplied by Mr. George W. Eastland, Editor of the *Northwestern Newsliner*, and Mr. F. V. Koval, Assistant to the President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway System.





**A view of dining car, the car that served as a lunch room and the connecting service car used at Orin Junction, Wyoming in 1908.**

The Chicago and Northwestern in 1892 was featuring its railway dining car service. Note the following announcement that appeared in a time table of that date:

#### **DINING CARS**

"The Northwestern Dining Cars have achieved a national reputation for their excellent cuisine, elegant appointments, and superior service. They are run on trains between Chicago and Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Denver, and Portland, and meals are served, from a menu unsurpassed by any first-class hotel, at the reasonable price of seventy-five cents each."

**TIME TABLE**  
**CHADRON, NEB. TO CASPER, WYO.**

West	Miles	Station	East
7:20 A.M.	0	Lv. CHADRON	6:00 P.M.
7:32 "	5	Ar. Dakota Junction	5:50 "
7:55 "	15	" Whitney	5:30 "
8:30 "	26	" CRAWFORD	5:10 "
8:43 "	29	" Fort Robinson	4:55 "
9:25 "	45	" Andrews	4:24 "
9:58 "	54	" Harrison	4:05 "
9:58 "	54	Lv. Harrison	4:05 "
10:21 "	65	Ar. Van Tassell	3:40 "
10:46 "	76	" Node Ranch	3:20 "
11:10 "	85	" Lusk	3:05 "
11:30 "	94	" Manville	2:45 "
11:48 "	101	" Keeline	2:30 "
12:07 Noon	110	" Lost Springs	2:12 "
12:19 "	115	" Shawnee	1:58 "
12:33 "	122	" Fisher	1:44 "
12:45 "	126	" ORIN JUNCTION	1:15 "
1:28 P.M.	132	" Irvine	1:00 "
1:58 "	140	" DOUGLAS	12:45 Noon
2:20 "	151	" Fetterman	12:19 "
2:27 "	154	" Inez	12:13 "
2:35 "	157	" Careyhurst	12:08 "
3:00 "	169	" GLENROCK	11:46 A.M.
3:17 "	178	" Big Muddy	11:28 "
3:37 "	189	" Strouds	11:07 "
3:45 "	193	" CASPER	11:00 "
<b>MEALS.</b>			

**A Time Table of June 27, 1909**  
**The Northwestern Train Schedule**

This Northwestern train schedule, which was taken from a time table of June 27, 1909, discloses that both east and west bound Northwestern passengers were served with meals at Orin Junction.

In 1909 the running time of the train between Chadron and Casper—193 miles—was 8 hours and 25 minutes. An automobile at a moderate rate of speed can make this distance in about half this train time.

**TIME TABLE**  
**CHADRON, NEBRASKA TO CASPER, WYOMING**

No. 5 Daily	Station
Chadron	Lv.
7:00 A.M.	Chadron
8:40 "	Crawford
9:00 "	" Fort Robinson
11:47 "	" Van Tassell, Neb.
1:05 P.M.	" Lusk, Wyo.
2:00 "	" Manville
2:20 "	" Keeline
3:15 "	" Fisher

3:57	"	"	Irvine
4:20	"	"	Douglas
5:17	"	"	Fetterman
7:15	"	"	Casper

**A Time Table of January 1, 1892**  
**The Northwestern Train Schedule**

From September 29, 1898, to the present time the line from Cheyenne to Orin Junction has been operated by the Colorado and Southern Railway and by the Burlington.

In May, 1903, a mixed passenger and freight train would leave Cheyenne at 7:00 A. M. and arrive at Orin Junction at 2:10 P. M. The midday meal was served at Wheatland. On the return trip the train left Orin Junction at 2:40 P. M. and arrived at Cheyenne at 10:05 P. M. while there was a meal stop at Wheatland from 5:18 to 5:38 P. M.

**TIME TABLE**  
**CHEYENNE TO ORIN JUNCTION**

North		Station	South
7:00 A.M.	Lv.	CHEYENNE	10:05 P.M.
7:05 "	"	Q. M. Depot	9:53 "
7:10 "	"	Fort Russell	9:50 "
7:35 "	"	Silver Crown	9:30 "
8:10 "	"	Islay	9:00 "
8:25 "	"	Horse Creek	8:40 "
.....	"	Horse Creek Spur	.....
8:45 "	"	Altus	8:25 "
9:03 "	"	Iron Mountain	8:00 "
9:06 "	"	Bradley's Spur	7:57 "
.....	"	Schultz Spur	.....
9:40 "	"	Diamond	7:15 "
10:15 "	"	Chug Water	6:45 "
10:50 "	"	Bordeaux	6:05 "
11:20 "	Ar.	Wheatland	5:38 "
11:40 "	Lv.	Wheatland	5:18 "
11:55 "	"	Uva	5:00 "
12:20 P.M.	"	Buckhorn	4:32 "
12:40 "	"	Hartville Junction	4:12 "
12:45 "	"	Badger	4:03 "
12:47 "	"	Wendover	4:00 "
.....	"	Cassa	.....
1:25 "	"	Glendo	3:15 "
1:50 "	"	Bona	2:55 "
2:10 "	"	Orin Junction	2:40 "

**A Time Table of May 1903**  
**The Colorado and Southern Train Schedule**

After the mixed train was discontinued, Colorado and Southern regular passenger service was inaugurated. The train left Cheyenne at 7:10 A. M. and arrived at Orin Junction at 12:50 P. M. The return trip was made in the afternoon, leaving Orin Junction at 3:25 P. M. and arriving at Cheyenne at 9:25 P. M. This gave the train crew ample



time at Orin Junction to service the train and secure the noon meal at the dining car previously referred to. This is shown on the train schedule following, which is taken from a Colorado and Southern time table of May, 1908.

**TIME TABLE**  
**CHEYENNE, ORIN JUNCTION, DOUGLAS, CASPER,**  
**GUERNSEY AND SUNRISE**

North		Miles	Station	South
7:10 A.M.	Lv.	0	CHEYENNE, Wyo.( C.&S.Ry.)	9:25 P.M.
7:20 "	"	4	Fort Russell	9:15 "
8:08 "	"	28	Islay	8:32 "
8:22 "	"	33	Horse Creek	8:12 "
8:50 "	"	48	Iron Mountain	7:45 "
9:20 "	"	60	Diamond	7:13 "
9:45 "	"	71	Chugwater	6:50 "
10:05 "	"	84	Fordeaux	6:20 "
10:35 "	"	98	Wheatland	5:55 "
	Ar.			5:35 "
10:50 "	Lv.	103	Uva	5:20 "
11:09 "	"	113	Buckhorn	5:03 "
11:25 "	"	119	Hartville Junction	4:50 "
11:33 "	"	121	Badger	4:42 "
11:35 "	"	122	Wendover	4:40 "
12:15 P.M.	"	139	Glendo	4:00 "
12:50 "	Ar.	154	ORIN JUNCTION, Wyo.	3:26 "
1:32 P.M.	Ar.	168	Douglas (C.&N.W.Ry)	2:47 P.M.
3:45 "	"	221	Casper	1:00 "
11:35 A.M.	Lv.	0	HARTVILLE JN.(Colo.&Wy.Ry)	4:35 P.M.
.....	"	2	Mitchell	.....
12:09 P.M.	Ar.	10	Guernsey	3:51 "
12:40 "	Lv.	13	Hartville	3:22 "
12:50 "	Ar.	14	SUNRISE, Wyo.	3:15 "

**A Time Table of May 1908**  
**The Colorado and Southern Train Schedule**

The population of the several towns served is given on this time table. It is interesting to note that the population of Casper at that time was 1,500, while Douglas had 2,000. Wendover is not listed as having any population, while Badger had 50 people. During the course of the construction of the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad north from Cheyenne in 1887, Badger was the northern terminal of the railway for a considerable period. The Cheyenne and Northern Railroad is now a part of the Colorado and Southern Railway System.

It will be noted that the train left Cheyenne at 7:10 A. M. and arrived at Orin Junction (154 miles) at 12:50 P. M., a running time of 5½ hours. The distance between these two places by the State highway is 124 miles. An automobile can travel between these two places in less than half of the time that the train required in 1908.

There was a railroad wye on the Colorado and Southern line south of the depot at Orin Junction. It was the practice to run the north bound train through this wye and back the train to the depot. The map on the following page shows the location of the wye, the depot, and the dining car. The Chicago and Northwestern trains were served from the north side of the depot, the Colorado and Southern trains from the south side.

## TRANSPORTATION

Transportation has always been a vital element in the life of Cheyenne. The city owes its origin to the Union Pacific. After this road was constructed, the trails with roads and bridges brought the business to Cheyenne upon which its existence depended. However, freighting by ox teams was slow, cumbersome, and expensive. Cheyenne did everything it could to secure adequate railway lines, and it was successful. By 1889 there were five railways into the town as stated on page 27. It is interesting to note that the original names of all of these Cheyenne railways are no longer used. The present The Union Pacific Railroad is very similar in name to the original The Union Pacific Railroad Company. The following Cheyenne railways are no longer operating under their original names, viz.:

Denver, Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company.

Colorado Central Railroad Company.

Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company.

The Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company.

The Colorado Railroad Company.

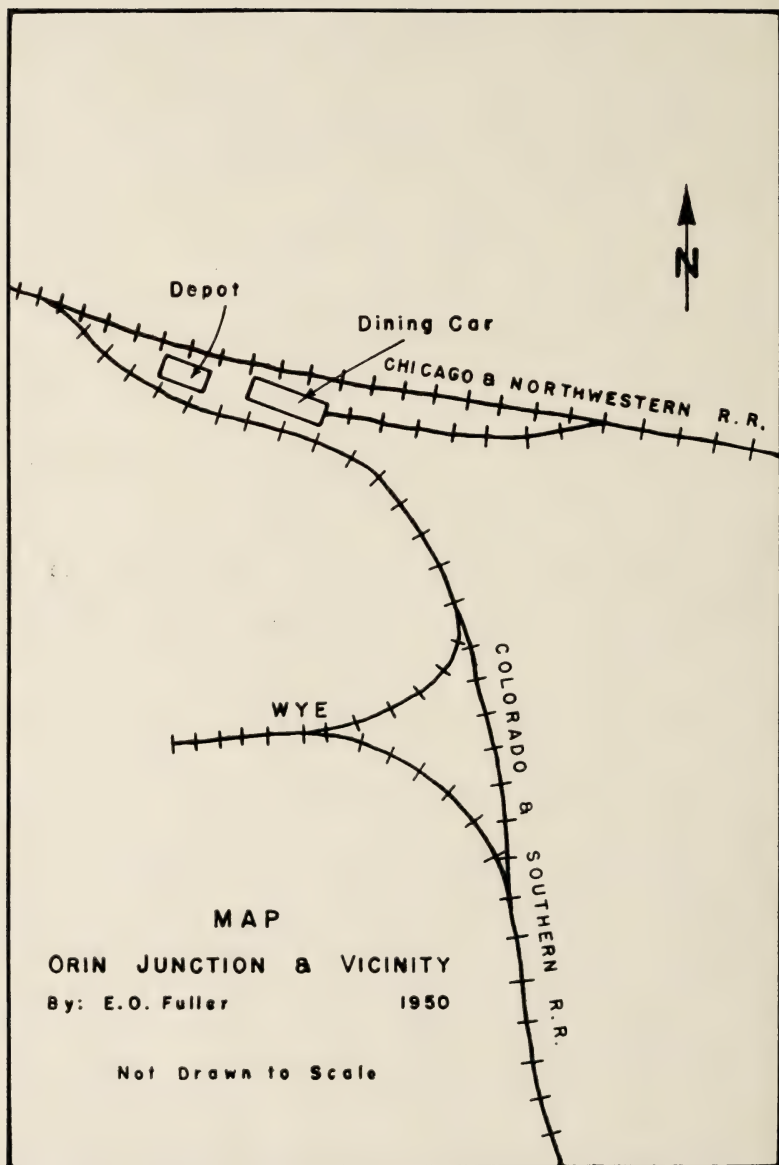
Cheyenne and Burlington Railroad Company.

All of these railways at one time were in active operation out of Cheyenne.

At one time the northern terminal of the Colorado Central was at Hazard, Wyoming, about six miles west of Cheyenne. Railway yards were established at this place and a number of people resided there. Later the name was changed to Colorado Junction. Both of these names have disappeared. The town is no longer there. At one time the people of Cheyenne feared that this station was to become a rival town.

The following information gives the freight rates paid by the government for supplies and equipment delivered to Fort Laramie in 1868.

The comparative costs of transporting freight over the trails before the construction of the railways was gone into in the Pacific Railway Hearings in 1887. The rate situation is taken up in detail. Trail freight rates varied with the season. In 1868, the June, July and August rate was \$1.60



Orin Junction and Vicinity



per hundred pounds for 100 miles. September it was \$1.75 per hundred pounds for 100 miles, and this rate advanced to \$3.00 per hundred pounds in March. A summary of the freight rates will be found in the following paragraph:

#### **HIGH FREIGHT RATES PRIOR TO RAILROAD**

"These statements show the rates in force from the commencement of the Pacific Railroad to its completion on the wagon route which was replaced by the railroad. The highest rate given is \$3 per 100 pounds per 100 miles, equal to 60 cents per ton per mile; and the lowest rate is \$1.60 per 100 pounds per hundred miles, or 32 cents per ton per mile, the difference in rate depending chiefly on the difference in the seasons, the lowest rates being in the summer and the highest in the winter or early spring. The rates stated are about those in force for year after year just prior to the completion of the road on the plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. But west of the Rocky Mountains, between the Great Salt Lake and the Pacific Ocean, a greater cost was required for the service."<sup>69</sup>

The average Union Pacific rail freight rate per ton per mile was 4.26 cents in 1870. This declined to 1.49 cents or a fraction less than 1½ cents per mile in 1885.<sup>70</sup>

This information indicated that the trail freight rates were from 15 to 20 times the rail rates. This was the chief factor in the high cost of living before the advent of the railways.

The following shows how the trail freight rates were reflected in the price of corn when delivered at different places:

#### **COST OF MILITARY TRANSPORTATION PRIOR TO RAILROAD**

"Quartermaster-General Meigs, in his report dated November 8, 1865 (Report Secretary of War 1865-'66, Vol. 1, p. 113), commenting on the cost of transportation over the plains, shows that a bushel of corn cost \$2.79 at Fort Riley, \$9.44 at Fort Union, \$5.03 at Fort Kearney, \$9.26 at Fort Laramie, \$10.05 at Denver, and \$17.00 at Salt Lake City.

"He then states that the cost of transportation for military stores westward across the plains by contract during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865, amounted to \$6,388,856.37."<sup>71</sup>

Railway freight service was not only more efficient but much lower in cost. This resulted in lowering the cost of all articles of consumption and construction.

#### **Over the Coffee Cup**

Before the advent of the railways, the principal topic of household conversation was not the gold discoveries or the

69. U. S. Serial 2507, 50 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 51, Pt. 6, p. 2584.

70. U. S. Serial 2507, 50 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 51, Pt. 6, p. 2585.

71. U. S. Serial 2507, 50 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 51, Pt. 6, p. 2587.

Note: U. S. Serial 2336, 47 Cong. 1 sess. S. Ex. Doc. 69, p. 121-122, also contains information regarding the trail freight rates.

Indian raids. The people had more pressing and personal problems that affected every individual in the Rocky Mountain area. The high cost of living stalked right into the innermost recesses of every kitchen. It was a universal cause of family concern. It was a problem then as it is now. From the family standpoint the outlook was most depressing. But as the railroads were completed to Cheyenne and Denver, the situation improved.

The following table gives a comparison of the Denver retail prices on some of the articles of general consumption in these periods, viz.:

Article	DENVER RETAIL PRICES		
	Column "A" <sup>72</sup> July 1, 1867	Column "B" <sup>73</sup> July 1, 1869	Column "C" <sup>74</sup> July 2, 1872
Flour, per cwt.	\$10.00 to \$12.00	\$4.50 to \$5.00	\$5.50 to \$7.50
Bacon, lb.	.35 to .40	.23½ to .27	.12
Lard, lb.	.40 to .50	.27 to .29	.15
Syrup, gal.	4.00 to 4.50	.....	1.25 to 1.50
Sugar, lb.	.50	.20 to .21	.15
Dried Apples, lb.	.40	.16 to .23	.15
Eggs, doz.	1.00	.50 to .60	.30

Column "A". Before the construction of the Union Pacific railway. In this period the supplies were secured from the Missouri River points. Delivery was made to the Rocky Mountain areas by freighting over the trails.

Column "B". At this time the supplies were carried by rail to the Union Pacific towns from which places wagon trains delivered the goods to Denver or other adjacent Colorado towns.

Column "C". Gives the Denver commodity prices after the railroads were constructed to and near Denver.

## RAILWAY HISTORY

### Union Pacific

"The Union Pacific Railway Company" was incorporated under the Act of Congress approved July 1, 1862. The construction crews arrived at Cheyenne on November 13, 1867. On January 24, 1880, the Kansas Pacific Railway Company and the Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company were consolidated with the "The Union Pacific Railroad Company." This company passed into the hands of receivers on October 13, 1893. Subsequently a new company, under the name of Union Pacific Railroad Company, was

72. *Denver Daily News*, July 1, 1867, c. 2, p. 3, Prices.

73. *Rocky Mountain News*, July 1, 1869, c. 4, p. 4, Prices.

74. *Daily Rocky Mountain News*, July 2, 1872, c. 6, p. 4, Prices.

organized under the laws of Utah on July 1, 1897. This new company has operated the properties from about July 1, 1897 to this date.<sup>75</sup>

### **Denver Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company**

This company was incorporated in Colorado on November 19, 1867. It was constructed from Cheyenne to Denver in 1869 and 1870. Control was later secured by the Kansas Pacific Railway Company and both roads were consolidated with the "The Union Pacific Railroad Company" on January 24, 1880. Since January 24, 1880, this road has been operated as a part of the Union Pacific System.<sup>76</sup>

### **Colorado Central**

This company was incorporated on November 10, 1862 by a special act of the Territory of Colorado. The name under this act was the Colorado and Clear Creek Railroad Company. On January 20, 1866, the name was changed to the Colorado Central and Pacific Railroad Company and on January 26, 1869, the name was again changed to Colorado Central Rail Road Company. On April 1, 1890, it was merged with ten other roads to form The Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company. While operating under this name, the road was dominated by the Union Pacific Railway Company. In the receivership proceedings, the Union Pacific lost all control of the The Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company. The properties of the company were sold under foreclosure on November 19, 1893, and acquired by the Colorado and Southern Railway Company on December 29, 1898, since which time it has been operated by that company. This company has the unique distinction of having been operated under five names. Parts of the line were also operated under other names.

That part of the Colorado Central Railroad Company in Wyoming (8.62 miles) was incorporated under the Wyoming Incorporation Laws on September 19, 1877.

The Union Pacific, after it secured control of the Denver Pacific on January 24, 1880, had two roads from Cheyenne to Denver. The result was that the train service over the Colorado Central was almost discontinued soon after 1880. Finally the rails, ties and other material that could be salvaged were removed from that part of the line between Colorado Junction (6 miles west of Cheyenne) and Fort

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75. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 44 (June-July). Detailed account, pp. 1 to 440.

76. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 44, pp. 97, 119, 130, 131, 155-157.



Collins, and used in extending the north end of the Cheyenne and Northern (then a part of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf) from Wendover to Orin Junction. This left a gap in the Colorado and Central line from Colorado Junction to Fort Collins.<sup>77</sup>

### **Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company**

Incorporated March 1, 1886, constructed to Wendover, Wyoming from Cheyenne, Wyoming, 125.18 miles, in 1886 and 1887. It was operated by the Union Pacific Railway Company until it merged, with several other roads, into The Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company on March 18, 1890.<sup>78</sup>

### **The Union Pacific Denver and Gulf Railway Company**

Formed March 18, 1890, by the consolidation of several railroads which included the Cheyenne and Northern and The Colorado Central. It was operated as a part of the Union Pacific system until the latter was placed in receivership on October 13, 1893. On December 29, 1898, the Colorado and Southern took possession, having purchased the properties under the receivership proceedings.<sup>79</sup>

On the next page is a map of that part of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway in Wyoming as it was in 1892. This is a copy of the U. S. Department of Interior, General Land Office map. Note that the map has Badger Station but no Wendover. The Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company is shown. This is now a part of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway System.

### **The Colorado and Southern Railway Company**

Incorporated December 19, 1898. On December 29, 1898, took possession, after purchase under foreclosure proceedings, of all the properties of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company, except the Julesburg branch, and has operated these properties since that time.<sup>80</sup>

### **The Colorado Railroad Company**

Incorporated July 6, 1906. In 1910 the line from Cheyenne, Wyoming to Fort Collins, Colorado was constructed

77. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, (October) pp. 612, 614, 615, 638, 674-680, 682.

78. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 615-617, 703, 705.

79. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 612, 620, 638, 664-674.

80. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 581-590, 594-612.



Railroads of 1892

to close the gap between these places. This gives a continuous Colorado and Southern line from Orin Junction, Wyoming to Denver, Colorado and on south of Denver. The Colorado and Southern Railway Company controls The Colorado Railroad under lease. However, the Colorado and Southern does not operate its line north of Wendover, Wyoming. That part of its line between Orin Junction and Wendover, is operated by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company under lease from the Colorado and Southern. The Colorado and Southern owns 99.9% of the Colorado Railroad Stock.<sup>81</sup>

### **Cheyenne and Burlington Railroad Company**

Incorporated April 6, 1887. Owns 29.01 miles of standard-gauge line extending from Cheyenne to the Colorado-Wyoming state line near Carpenter, Wyoming, where it connects with The Colorado and Wyoming Railroad Company line. These two lines were sold to the Burlington Railway on February 15, 1908. It is that branch of the Burlington that extends southeast of Cheyenne to Sterling, Colorado.<sup>82</sup>

## **CONCLUSION**

This is the end of a story that had a very inauspicious beginning. It started with my showing the picture of the old Orin Junction railway dining car to persons interested in Wyoming history. It was suggested the reasons for a dining car set up in the sage brush were worth preserving as an historical subject. From that beginning the story grew to include other related historical material, much of which is not generally known. This is the result.

The work has been informative and intensely interesting. Research brought to light many historical facts that were active in the past, but are not generally known at this time. Numerous sources of historical information have been drawn upon. These, largely, are documentary and official, although the newspaper accounts relating to the subject matter have also been used. So far as possible the data have been confined to primary sources. The entire subject

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81. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 581, 582, 591-609, 611, 614, 655-665.

82. U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 131, 221, 512, 513. Cheyenne and Burlington Railroad Company.

U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Valuation Report, v. 134, pp. 131, 192, 221, 510, 512, 597. Colorado and Wyoming Railroad Company.



relates largely to Cheyenne history, but it has been necessary to include some Denver history since the early fortunes of the two towns were so closely related.

Much of the material used has been supplied by the staffs of several libraries, the individual members of which have been most cooperative. Thanks are extended to Miss Lola Homsher, Miss Henryetta Berry and Miss Esther Clausen of the University of Wyoming Library; to Miss Ellen Crowley and Miss Mary E. Cody of the Wyoming State Library; to Miss Ina T. Aulls, Mrs. Alys Freeze and Mrs. Opal Harber of the Denver City Library; and to Mrs. Eulalia Chapman of the Bibliographic Center of Denver.

Railway officials have supplied much useful material. Special acknowledgement is made to Mr. W. H. Anderson of the Colorado and Southern Railway Company; to Mr. William G. Murphy of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; to Mr. F. V. Koval and Mr. R. J. Ditzler of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway System; and Mr. George W. Eastland, editor of the Northwestern Newsliner.

The following individuals have supplied helpful suggestions: the late Mark Chapman and Mr. G. A. Stephens of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trenholm of Glendo, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. Dean G. Nichols of Laramie, Wyoming, and my best friend and companion in life--my wife.

Every effort has been made to avoid errors but if any appear, they are my errors. The language and story are also mine.

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## APPENDIX "A"

### ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION CHEYENNE AND NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY MARCH 1, 1886.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, whose names are subscribed hereto, and to a duplicate hereof, do hereby certify that under and by virtue of the Laws of the Territory of Wyoming, we have associated ourselves together, as a Railway Corporation, for the purpose of constructing, owning, and operating a Railroad, extensions and branches as herein after stated.

1.

The name of said corporation by which it shall be known,



and under which it shall transact its business, shall be "Cheyenne and Northern Railway Company."

2.

The object for which said Company is formed is the construction, operating, and owning a Railroad, or Railroads from a point commencing at the City of Cheyenne, on the Line of the Union Pacific Railway Company, in Laramie County in Wyoming Territory, and running from thence in a northerly direction through said County, to a point on the Platte River, in the vicinity of Ft. Laramie, in said County and Territory; Thence in a northerly, or north westerly direction to the northern boundary line of Wyoming Territory, thence on most eligible route to be selected by said Company, in a northerly or north westerly direction, through the Territory of Montana to a junction with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, thence on the most eligible route, to be selected by said Company to the southern boundary line of British America, at such point, or points as the Company may hereafter determine. The said Company shall have power to locate and construct, and operate, the whole or any part of said line of Road, above described, and to transport passengers, mail and freight, thereon, and to receive therefor, fair, toll and charges, and generally to transact all such business, and to do all such acts generally, as may be necessary to the success of the corporation. The said Company hereby formed, shall have power, to mortgage its road, franchises, and property, to secure such issue of bonds as it may determine to execute; to build such extensions and branches, as it may, under any amendment of its charter, or articles of its incorporation or otherwise, under lawful authority resolve to build, and to make running arrangements with any other Railway, or transportation Company or to lease, purchase or otherwise acquire the charter, road, property, capital stock, or franchises of any such Company, or to merge, or amalgamate, or consolidate into any such Company on such terms as may be agreed upon, by the Trustees, or stockholders, not inconsistent with law.

The said Company may construct such branches, and connections in the said Territory, as it may deem expedient, and may change and re-locate its main line, and branches, as it may elect, to connect with other railroads, and navigation companies, and may amend the certificate of incorporation, in such a way, as the Trustees, or a majority of the stockholders, may determine, not inconsistent with the statute in such case made and provided.

The said Company assumes to itself, and shall and does possess all of the rights, powers, franchises and privileges, granted to and conferred upon corporations, by the laws of Wyoming Territory, and particularly by Chapter 34 of Compiled Laws of Wyoming, entitled, "An Act to create, and regulate corporations," and the amendments thereto, and by an Act entitled, "An Act authorizing Railroad Companies to mortgage their property, issue mortgage bonds, consolidate connecting lines, and for other purposes," approved December 13th, 1879.

## 3.

The amount of capital stock of said Company shall be, Three Millions of Dollars.

The stockholders are not individually liable, for the debts of the Company, nor liable to any extent beyond the liability to pay for the Stock, by them severally subscribed.

## 4.

The number of shares of which the capital stock, of said corporation shall consist, shall be thirty thousand shares, of the par value of one hundred dollars each.

## 5.

The term of the existence of the said corporation shall be fifty years.

## 6.

The number of the Trustees, of said corporation, shall be nine, and the names of the Trustees, of said corporation, who shall manage the concerns thereof, for the first year, are,

HENRY G. HAY -----of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

THOS. STURGIS ----of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

FRANCIS E. WARREN-----of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

ERASMUS NAGLE --of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

WILLIAM W. CORLETT-----of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

PHILIP DATER -----of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

MORTON E. POST ---of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

WILLIAM C. IRVINE\_of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

JOSEPH M. CAREY --of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

## 7.

The operations of said Company in the Territory of Wyoming, shall be carried on in the City of Cheyenne, and in the County of Laramie, in the territory of Wyoming, and along the line of the route of said Railroad as hereinbefore described. The Principal part of the business of said Company within said Territory of Wyoming, shall be trans-





will pay all lawful assessments thereon made by law, or by the Trustees of said corporation.

One share	HENRY G. HAY	(Seal)
One share	THOS. STURGIS	(Seal)
One share	FRANCIS E. WARREN	(Seal)
One share	ERASMUS NAGLE	(Seal)
One share	WILLIAM W. CORLETT	(Seal)
One share	PHILIP DATER	(Seal)
One share	MORTON E. POST by Thos. Sturgis	(Seal)
One share	WILLIAM C. IRVINE by Thos. Sturgis	(Seal)
One share	JOSEPH M. CAREY by Thos. Sturgis	(Seal)

# *Joseph Rhodes and The California Gold Rush of 1850*

By

MERRILL J. MATTES\*

The year 1950 marks the second centennial year of the California Gold Rush, which followed the North Platte and the Sweetwater Rivers through Wyoming in a great ox-bow sweep. The year 1849 has been much more publicized since it marked the first of the great overland migrations, and the term "Forty-Niner" has become synonymous with that great epic of the frontier West. However, the overland gold rush continued with only seasonal abatement for several years thereafter, actually reaching its crescendo in the year 1850 when 55,000 men, women, and children crossed the Plains, if we may trust the estimate of a Fort Laramie correspondent of the **Daily Missouri Republican** appearing in the issue of October 3, 1850. This is truly an astonishing figure when we consider the population norms of that day. It is in startling contrast, also, to the figure of 25,000 for 1849 given by Stewart Edward White in his **Forty-Niners**, and the 20,000 and 40,000 which historians have variously estimated for the other banner "gold rush" years of 1851 and 1852.

One of the principal pastimes of the covered wagon pioneers was keeping a diary while enroute. Over 100 such diaries for 1849 alone have been accounted for. Although the number of migrants was greater in 1850, the number of diarists, proportionately, was smaller. At least the writer has been able to assemble a check-list of only 68 overland

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Merrill J. Mattes of Omaha, Nebraska is Regional Historian for Region Two of the National Park Service, which covers a fourteen-state area extending from Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado on the west to Michigan and Indiana on the east. He began his career with this agency as seasonal ranger at Yellowstone National Park in 1935. Thereafter until 1946 he was Superintendent of Scotts Bluff National Monument at Gering, Nebraska, also serving after 1941 as Historian for Fort Laramie National Monument. After a brief tour of duty in the Director's Office in Chicago, he was assigned to Omaha as Historian, Missouri River Basin Surveys, to supervise the investigation, recording, and salvage of historic sites in proposed reservoir areas. He was named Regional Historian in January, 1950. He has published numerous articles on early western history, including several relating to Fort Laramie which have appeared in previous issues of **Annals of Wyoming**.

journals for this second year of the gold rush. It is possible that by this time some of the glamour had worn off and folks were less inclined to view their journey as a heroic adventure, to be recorded for posterity. At all events, this is still an impressive number of documents to survive the rough passage by ox teams across plains and mountains. These represent, of course, only surviving journals which have been published or which have found their way into library vaults.

For ten years beginning in 1935, the writer lived in the shadow of Scotts Bluff in western Nebraska, one of the celebrated landmarks of the Oregon-California Trail. As Superintendent of Scotts Bluff National Monument, and for several years conjointly serving as Historian for Fort Laramie National Monument, he became intrigued by accounts left by the journalists of the covered wagon migrations of the mid-nineteenth century, and copies or transcripts of these were collected for the permanent research file. Many of these journals or diaries have been published in book form but relatively few of these are generally available to the public, most of them being now out of print and quite rare. A few have appeared in the quarterlies published by various historical societies. Many others have never been published but may be found in manuscript or typescript copy form in certain university and state libraries, such as the Coe Collection of Yale University, the Bancroft Library of the University of California, the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and the Newberry Library in Chicago.

There is one other place where emigrant journals may be found. That is, figuratively speaking, in the family trunk in the attic. How many such undiscovered journals remain—undiscovered to historians, that is—is necessarily speculative. After 100 years one would suppose that most everything along that line had turned up, but this is disproven by the frequency with which authentic journals continue to be disclosed, usually by some happy accident, to a responsible member of the historical or library profession, resulting in the rescue of that journal from oblivion. While stationed at the Scotts Bluff National Monument museum, the writer was in a strategic position to learn of such documents, for if a visitor had among the family heirlooms an old diary about grandfather's covered wagon days, this fact was bound to come out after exposure to the interesting Oregon Trail exhibits. Several journals have been so detected and have been added to the aforementioned checklist. Two of these journals both of 1849 vintage, have



been edited by the writer for publication.\* Now comes the newly discovered 1850 diary of Joseph Rhodes, from Indiana, whose search for California gold ended in stark tragedy.

The process by which the Rhodes journal came to light did not quite follow the usual pattern. Early in 1946, the writer was transferred by the National Park Service from western to eastern Nebraska, that is, to the Region Two Office in Omaha, where he would presumably be out of touch with descendants of covered wagon journalists. However, fate once more intervened. Thanks to the spoken suggestion of Miss Louise Ridge, Clerk-Stenographer at Scotts Bluff National Monument, he received a letter dated September 1, 1949, from Miss Anna J. Maris of 223 Summit Circle, French Lick, Indiana, who asked if he could meet her on a train at the Union Pacific depot in Omaha at 8 o'clock on Thursday, September 8, and examine her great-uncle's diary! Since nothing except an earthquake or similar cataclysm could keep him from examining a covered wagon diary, the outcome was more or less inevitable. He met Miss Maris at the depot on schedule. She, it developed, was en route to the Nebraska Central College, Central City, Nebraska, where she held the position of registrar; and it further developed that her great-uncle's diary was indubitably genuine. After subsequent correspondence she and her sister, Mrs. N. B. Mavity, also of French Lick, graciously consented to have the journal published.

Mrs. Mavity has been very helpful in providing the following biographical data:

Joseph Rhodes was born in Paoli, Orange County, Indiana, on October 15, 1823. The now prosperous county seat town was then but seven years old, just a little village with a few log houses built along the wide streets which entered the commodious public square from the four points of the compass. In one of the log houses on West Main Street lived the parents of Joseph, William, and Jane T. Meacham Rhodes, both of whom were born in North Carolina. They were married in Paoli in 1820.

Later the family moved to a farm a few miles north west of Paoli and there lived until 1857 when William and Jane, with part of their children, moved to Texas. There William Rhodes died in 1864 and his wife died three years later. They were the parents of thirteen children.

In 1845 Joseph Rhodes married Maria Faucett, daughter of George and Elizabeth Killion Faucett, emigrants from North Carolina. Maria's brother Levi was also a gold-seeker.

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\*"Alexander Ramsay's Gold Rush Diary of 1849," **Pacific Historical Review**, November 1949; "From Ohio to California in 1849; the Gold Rush Diary of Elijah Bryan Farnham," **Indiana Magazine of History**, September, 1950. The Ramsay journal is in the possession of Mrs. Ralph Hays, Torrington, Wyoming.

The little pocket diary kept by Joseph merely gives incidents of the hazardous journey to California, written with pencil as the travelers rested around the camp fire at night. He worked in the gold fields for three years and had accumulated some of the hard earned ore and was preparing to return home when he was drowned in the Sacramento River on August 7, 1853.

The circumstances of Joseph Rhodes' death are not clearly recorded, but its poignancy is sharply and tearfully brought out by a letter also remaining in family possession. To seek his fortune in the gold fields Joseph left his wife, Maria, and one small daughter, Jane, named for his mother who was the great-grandmother of Miss Maris and Mrs. Mavity. After nearly three years spent in toil, on July 28, 1853, Joseph wrote to his beloved revealing the agony of his homesickness:

We would have started home on the 4th of July, but did not think it safe to start so late in the season. Holiday and I, after fighting and lawing for 4 or 5 months, have sold out on the river to the claimants of the land by the Spanish Grant . . . George M. Holiday started home the first day of the month. When I think of you and Jane, I would give half I am worth to be with you, or even hear from you as often as twice a month. I sent you my likeness some time ago. It did not look very well, for I just had on common clothes. It would not pay to buy fine clothes just for that. I want you to send me yours and Jane's together . . . Even if I only got them the day before I started home, I could look at them on the way. I will inclose a dollar gold piece for little Jane. Jane, I want you to keep this dollar until your papa comes home. I have not forgot the nice things I promised to bring you. I want you to be a smart little girl and learn to read and write as soon as you can. I would rather see you to-day than a piece of gold as large as a mountain . . . Sometimes I can hardly wait for the next steamer. I am so tired of living away from you . . . If I am spared to see you again, we will never be separated again for gold, for I have learned that we do not live for gold alone.

After the final journal entry by Rhodes, made around September 1, 1853, appears a terse notation by James Pinnick, a companion, identified by Mrs. Mavity as the brother-in-law of Andrew Jackson Rhodes, who was a younger brother of Joseph:

January the 30th, 1854. I, James Pinnick do put in this satchel of Joseph Rhodes one pair of Pantaloons and one Coat and this little Book, Jas. Pinnick.

The satchel containing the little book, presumably the only tangible reminder of this ill-starred Argonaut, was returned to the widow in Indiana. This was handed down through daughter Jane to the granddaughter, Miss Lily Elrod of Orleans, Indiana, who in turn bequeathed it to her cousins, Miss Maris and Mrs. Mavity.

In the letter he mentions "my likeness" sent some time previously. This was a daguerreotype of fine workmanship which, according to Mrs. Mavity, "shows Joseph to have been a handsome man with clear-cut features, high fore-

head, and large, widely-spaced eyes, the countenance so pleasing that the ill-fitting clothes he mentions are not at first observed." Miss Maris states that a photographic copy of the daguerreotype is at hand, but the original is now missing.

The Rhodes diary, like many of its genre, is quite brief, as one would expect of a work written under wilderness conditions at the point of fatigue. The grammar and the spelling are questionable. The text of the diary is devoid of literary style or flourish, traits showed by many of Rhodes' frontier-educated fellow travelers. It is, however, more honest and withal less prosaic than some overland journals, which bear evidence of an eye cocked on a publisher, or of revision for the edification of offspring, or of plain vanity. It is, in short, a rich and valuable historical document reflecting the strain, the hardships, the fears, the sheer drama of an overland trek across prairie, plains, mountain and desert, culminating in cruel disillusionment.

The California migration, contrary to the representations of screen and fiction writers, was an overwhelmingly masculine affair. According to figures computed at Fort Laramie, the ratio of women to men in 1850 was one to fifteen. There is no evidence that there were any women whatever in the Rhodes train. In fact, the record discloses that he was one of "a company of men" from Orange, Crawford, and Martin Counties, Indiana, who left in April for Eldorado. Some of his companions are named, including his brother-in-law, Levi Faucett, "Captain" Parks, William Brown, one Marley, and a "Mr. Austin" from New Albany. The only recognizable name, which affords the reader quite a romantic thrill, is that of "Williams, Fremont's guide over the mountain." To think that we would here run into that fabulous mountain man, old Bill Williams! "He was a great brag," reports Rhodes, and he guided a maverick outfit. That sounds like Old Bill all right.

The Rhodes train was not a blue ribbon outfit, just a few fellows in one wagon with a few oxen to start with, building up to 8 wagons, 30 men and 30 yoke of cattle by joining forces here and there with small groups, organizing, then fluctuating in numbers with fortunes of the trail and finally disintegrating as a recognizable unit under the pitiless Nevada sun.

The departure date was around April 30, the Fort Laramie check date June 6 and the date of arrival at Hangtown, August 5. These suggest that Rhodes got off to a good flying start, well ahead of the crest of the migration, and made a strong finish, with the resultant premium of good



grass, wood and water, while it was still fresh and available. Not that these commodities were ever overabundant on the Trail, but at least they were sufficient for survival. This was not always the case with those who started late or moved slowly.

The journal confirms but adds little to the actual history of the 1850 trek. Practically everything that happens is routine. There are stampedes, cholera, unseasonable snow, violent wind, buffalo hunts, buffalo chips, Indians, frayed nerves, desertions, manslaughter, murder—or probable murder. It would be interesting to learn whether the man who got stabbed below Courthouse Rock eventually died, and if the stabber was duly hung from a convenient wagon tongue.

The most routine part of the journey, however, was the route itself, the California Trail, which described a great arc anchored in Independence, Missouri and Hangtown, California and sweeping through territory destined to become Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, and Nevada. The Rhodes' journal clearly traces the classic route.

The first entry is dated May 4, when the journalist was about one week and over 100 miles away from Independence, the "jumping-off place" in "the states." This would put him across the Kansas River in the vicinity of Topeka, then known as Papin's Ferry. Just beyond Cross Creek, near present St. Mary's, Kansas, was "a French and Indian town," a village of the Kanza, containing a collection of earth lodges, trader's huts, and a Methodist mission. Turning northwestward away from the Kansas River, the Trail crossed the Red and Black Vermillion Rivers (otherwise known as the Big and Little Vermillion), crossing the Big Blue River in the vicinity of famed Alcove Spring below present Marysville, Kansas, and intercepting the equally busy emigrant road from St. Joseph just beyond. From here the Trail followed Little Blue River into Nebraska territory, near modern Fairbury, where the first buffalo herd could usually be spotted. It was but a brief hop from the headwaters of the Little Blue to the mirage-ridden valley of the Platte, which the emigrants were destined to follow now for over 500 miles.

After leaving the dismal outpost of Fort Kearney, there was little to relieve the plodding monotony until reaching the "Lower California Crossing" of the South Platte beyond present Ogallala. Descending into the valley of the North Platte by way of Ash Hollow with its notorious Windlass Hill, the Rhodes party came upon a much more scenic stretch of the Trail. From here the North Platte was

bounded by a succession of curious hills and ridges, including the famous landmarks of Courthouse Rock near present Bridgeport, Chimney Rock opposite Bayard, and Scotts Bluff, at Gering, Nebraska. The latter is now a national monument, commemorating the covered wagon migration, with a road to its summit and a museum and headquarters area at Mitchell Pass, on Nebraska State Highway 86. The emigrants of 1850, however, did not go via this pass, but detoured away from the bluff and its badlands, crossing the ridge at Robidoux Pass, where there was a trading post and blacksmith shop and from the crest of which, if the day was clear, Rhodes could get his first glimpse of Laramie Peak in Wyoming, often over-enthusiastically referred to by travelers as "The Rocky Mountains." Just beyond was Horse Creek, destined one year later to become the setting for a great gathering of Plains Indians summoned to the first Fort Laramie Treaty Council.

Above Horse Creek the California Trail followed the Platte into the present state of Wyoming. Twenty miles northwest of modern Torrington was Fort Laramie, in 1850 the only important white settlement in the hundreds of miles which lay between Fort Kearney and Fort Bridger.

Unlike many others who paused there to regroup their forces, Rhodes did not tarry at Fort Laramie, merely noting in passing that the place had "some five buildings." Had he passed this point a year before, on June 6, 1849, he would have found only one building, the adobe-walled trading post of the American Fur Company, built in 1841, the successor of a log-stockaded post called Fort William. The fur traders had been doing business at this stand since 1834, but the advent of the California Gold Rush, coupled with a decline in the Indian trade, prompted them to sell out to the United States Government shortly after the arrival there of the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, on June 16, 1849. Thus, Fort Laramie was now a bustling military post. In addition to the white-washed adobe fort purchased from the fur company, by June 1850 the Army had completed or was now constructing barracks, bakery, guard house, ordnance depot and a two-story block of officers' quarters made of frame lined with burned brick. The latter structure, which became the famous "Old Bedlam," together with an adobe structure erected by the post sutler, still survives after 100 years as the most conspicuous and illustrious feature of present Fort Laramie National Monument.

Following the south bank of the North Platte, like the majority of the emigrants, Rhodes' approach to Fort Laramie took him across the mouth of "Laramy's fork" or Laramie

mie Creek. However, there were many Argonauts who, having "jumped off" at Council Bluffs opposite present Omaha, followed the north bank of the North Platte. Although some continued along the north bank all the way, most crossed "the plat north fork" at Fort Laramie to join those on the main Trail. The crossing, usually made during a time when the river was quite swollen, was notoriously treacherous and drownings, one of which came to Rhodes' attention, were commonplace. For that matter many drowned also in crossing Laramie Fork, when it flooded, but that stream seems to have been docile enough at this time.

East of Fort Laramie the Oregon-California Trail was relatively smooth going over generally level prairie and plain. West thereof the terrain became progressively tougher, the first trial being the foot hills of Laramie Peak. The travelers met this threat by jettisoning cargo. They had been throwing supplies out ever since they left Missouri but now it began on a large scale. Not only valuable equipment and stores but wagons and animals themselves were discarded. The race was now on in earnest.

After crossing Deer, LaPrele, Horseshoe and LaBonte Creeks, Rhodes reached the North Platte crossing, just beyond present Casper, Wyoming. This was a Mormon monopoly at this time. Soon afterward, about 1854, the first bridge across the Platte would be erected. In 1865 this would be the scene of a bloody ambush by the Sioux and the heroic death of Lieut. Caspar Collins of the 11th Ohio Cavalry, whose name was then given to the nearby military post.

Beyond present Casper and the Alcova and Pathfinder Dams, where the North Platte turns abruptly southward to its source in Colorado, was Independence Rock, one of the famous landmarks of the Trail, which resembled a giant turtle basking in the sun. According to tradition it was so named by fur-traders or emigrants who here paused to celebrate an early Fourth of July. At this point the emigrants reached the Sweetwater River, tributary of the North Platte, the course of which brought them, via Devil's Gate, Split Rock, Icy Slough and endless sage-covered alkali flats to South Pass and across the Continental Divide to Pacific Springs, which Rhodes quaintly but accurately describes as "one corner of origan." After the Little and Big Sandy crossings, the original Oregon Trail proceeded in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Green River at Lombard Ferry and reaching Fort Bridger on Black's Fork of the Green, from which one branch continued southwest-



ward to Salt Lake City while another turned abruptly northwestward to strike Bear River at the mouth of Bridger Creek, just below the intersection of the present Wyoming, Utah and Idaho boundaries. The "Forty-Niners," however, impatient with detours, struck bravely due westward from a point just east of the Little Sandy crossing, to follow a route fifty miles across a hellish desert to reach Green River near present LaBarge, Wyoming. This passage, called "Sublette's Cut-off," was usually begun in the cool of the evening, with casks filled and completed 24 hours later with casks empty, in a mad disorganized scramble for water.

Mormons controlled the Green River Ferry, too. The next lap in the journey was the leap over the divide between the Green and Bear Rivers. This took the wagons past "Names Hill" up Fontenelle Creek and Ham's Fork or "north fork" of Green River, past high mountains and dense stands of timber to the lush, grassy Bear River Valley, which they reached just below Smith's Fork, some miles above the incoming trail from Fort Bridger. The passage up this valley was pleasant as a picnic, a welcome respite between the mountains just left and the desert to come. Like almost all brother journalists Rhodes makes note of the Soda or Beer Springs in present Idaho, a scenic highlight of the Trail now obliterated by a reservoir.

Just beyond Soda Springs the Bear River turned abruptly southward, and at this point, near present Alexander, Idaho, the emigrants could take their choice of two routes, either going northwesterly to reach the Snake River at Fort Hall and then descending the Snake as far as Raft River, or going almost due westward over a quite rugged route labelled "Hudspeth's Cut-off" after the deluded captain who pioneered it. It appears that the Rhodes party followed on the heels of Hudspeth. This short cut did save a lot of miles but many emigrants complained that it saved them little time. Rhodes, however, who was with a fast-travelling outfit, offers no complaint. He notes the junction of this cut-off with "the Fort Hall road." This was at Cassia Creek, a tributary of Raft River. At the divide between Cassia and Goose Creeks was City of Rocks, another well-publicized landmark, at which point a direct road from Salt Lake City joined the main Trail. Following up Goose Creek the emigrants crossed from present Idaho into Nevada, just brushing the northwest corner of Utah.

From Goose Creek drainage Rhodes crossed over to the headwaters of Humboldt River, to begin the last third and by far the most gruelling part of the overland trek. Long

dry runs, clouds of blinding glare and dust, mire, poisonous alkaline springs, starvation rations, chills and fever, oxen and wagon breakdowns, vicious diamond-back rattlers and skulking Utes and Diggers were only a few of the routine hazards henceforth encountered.

After leaving the oasis of Thousand Springs Valley, the wagon trains gave themselves up to the not so tender mercy of Humboldt River which, after dubious beginnings, threads a tortuous feeble way across arid sagebrush wilderness to disappear ignominiously in the complete desert of Carson Sink. Yet, without the Humboldt and its occasional water-holes and meadows, the covered wagon migrations would not have been possible. The trials and tragedies of this route are only dimly reflected in Rhodes' succinct journal, but we may trace his labored route—Mary's Fork, Greenhorn's Cut-off around Fremont's Canyon, Emigrant Spring, Gravelly Ford, Battle Mountain, Tutt's Meadow near Winnemucca, the Great Meadows at Lovelock and the final ordeal of the Sink. By way of Carson River and several unidentified trading posts Rhodes reached the final barrier of the Sierra Nevada. Beyond this was the new-born state of California and gold, the shimmering lure which made all struggle, suffering and loss bearable.

In the neighborhood of "hang town," now Placerville, which ten years later would see the launching of the fleet Pony Express, Rhodes and his nameless companions went to work in "the diggins." If Rhodes' luck was equal to that of most emigrants, he did not reap a fortune. If he did, he did not live to enjoy it, for three years later, almost to the date of his arrival at Hangtown, he was dead, presumably by accidental drowning. He did leave, however, this written account of his overland journey, itself a priceless legacy.

### THE JOSEPH RHODES DIARY

"Trip to California from the states. Before we left the states we fell in company with 4 waggons from Cooper Co. Mo. We traveled on together to the Cansas river about 100 miles from the states where we fell in with 3 more waggons. We crossed over the river; it commenced raining. We went up the river one mile and camped. We now had 8 waggons, 30 men and 30 yoke of cattle. We now formed our rules and selected our officers for one month. Wensday we laid in camp. On the 4th of May we traveled 14 miles and camped for night. Fine road to-day and grass scarce, fine day.

May 5th 1850. We drove on this morning 2 miles & crossed Cross Creek. A fiew miles further we came to a

saw and grist mill, 2 miles further we came to a French and Indian Town of about 100 houses, then on to where we are now camped. Very cold all day. carried wood 1 mile, grass good here.

May the 6th 1850. Drove on this morning  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile the cattle stampeded and run with the waggons but a short distance. 7 miles from camp to little Vermillion. it is a beautiful little creek. We had 3 stampeds to-day, was not damgd much, 1 wagon slightly broke, the Captain and some of the boys out of heart now and wanted to go home but did not for we laughed at the them so.

May the 7th, 1850. When we got up this morning the ground was white with snow. this dishartened some worse than ever, they say if they was at home they would stay there. The sun shined out and the snow was soon gone. We lay in camp all day to-day, our cattle is wild to-day we can hardly do anything with them. tied up to night.

May the 8.1850. Traveled on, it is a fine day but no grass at all, we crossed the Big Vermillion today, it is a bad stream to cross, we got over safe, 1 waggon & 3 men backed out this morning. We left them where we camped. they were from Cooper County Mo. and others talked of going back. ruff road to-day.

May the 9th, 1850. Traveled 13 miles to-day over a very ruff road. We halled wood&water to-day. we camped in the perray [prairie] grass scarce. 25 wagons pased us this evening, and two joined us this evening with 9 men. we are now beginning to come to the Bufalo and Elks. We are 3 miles from big Blue River. looks like rain.

May the 10th, 1850. this morning we crossed over the river and camped 15 miles further on the road. this morning very cold. wore our overcoats all day. ruff road to-day. We arrived at the St. Joseph road and they say there is 2000 waggons a head of us. We heard of 4 cases of colery to-day. two deaths.

May the 11th 1850. To-day we came 10 or 12 miles and drove 1 mile and a half off the road to camp to get wood water & grass. it was so cold last night that blankets would not keep ground warm, though it is very warm this evening. one train last night let half there cattle get away. today we met 2 men going back to Illinois. the boys had a fine mess of greens this evening.

May the 12th 1850. I think we traveled 15 miles today to where we are now camped. saw timber to-day. We met 2 waggons to-day & 6 men going back home. We asked them a great many questions the only answer we got was



that there is no grass 15 miles ahead. that is the amount of it. I am not out of sperit yet. I yet hope.

May the 13th 1850. To-day we laid in camp. it is the warmest day we have had since we left home. now timber near our camp. we used the first buffalo chips and water fit to drink. grass is very short here and 20 miles ahead there is none we hear. we see 2 sick men to-day. heap of talk about going home. I am going to Calafornia first if I have health.

Tuesday the 14, 1850. This morning we yoked our cattle traveled on 12 miles only the grass being short. we met several more men to-day who had turned back said the grass was to short. We are camped one mile from the road on a small creek and a good spring, the best water we have had yet. cattle looks very well for short grass. all well.

Wensday 15th, 1850. To-day we traveled 10 or 12 over a very rough road, neither grass nor wood but little water. the grass being short we stopped at 12 O'clock. 8 men with 2 waggons left us to-day. the boss of them was Williams, Fremont's guide over the mountains, he was a great brag. Some of our company out of hart. all well.

Thursday the 16, 1850. To-day we drove 10 miles where we camped on Little Blue River. it is a butiful stream. the grass is very short, dry and hot. one man accidently shot him self through the head. he died instantly his train was just behind us. We are getting along finely but slow. we are all in good health and sperits. no accidents to us.

Friday the 17th 1850. To-day we traveled up the river 16 miles, good road and short grass. We had a fine bufalo chase to-day, there was about 20 men after hit, run hit 5 miles and kiled hit. the meat is fine fried. May the 18 Traveled up Blue River. 19 Left the river 2 miles.

Monday 20, 1850 Drove 22 miles and camped on Plat River. came to the river at grand Island. it is 25 miles long and 2 miles wide. May 21, 1850 Traveld 6 miles up the river and camped. grass good on the plat.

May 22, 1850. Traveled 18 miles up the plat, passed the fort, no wood on this side the river, dig holes in the sand for water to drink. rained last night. fine day. mess of greens for dinner. passed Fort Carney [Kearney].

May 23 Traveled 18 miles to-day. very cold this morning wore over coats. very warm in the afternoon. grass very fine.

May the 24th, 1850. Started this morning at half past 5 o'clock, traveled 20 miles up the plat. very warm to-day. water scarce fit to drink. met one man going back. fine grass. road dry and dusty.

May the 25. Traveled 18 miles, water scarce. Dry and dusty and windy wind blew so hard in the evening we had to hold our plates to eat supper.

Sunday the 26th 1850. Traveled 25 miles. very warm. no air stirring passed several teams. Horse teams failing.

May the 27. Traveled 25 miles. rained last night. wind blew hard. Saw 3 men going back. Marley sick.

May the 28, 1850. Traveled 20 miles; heavy frost. Marley still sick. water scarce. had no wood for 3 days. looks like rain.

May the 29th, 1850. Traveled 18 miles. Marley still sick. in the evening crossed the plat river. it is 3 quarters of a mile, wide and from 1 to 3 feet deep and very muddy. broke one standard of our waggon, one other waggon broke a bolster. the bottom is sandy and very rough. low banks. all in fine spirits.

May the 30th, 1850. This morning we started 35 minutes before 3 o'clock. traveled 18 miles before breakfast which brought us to the other plat. 8 miles of this was the most desolate place I ever saw through the ash hollow. got breakfast and drove on 7 miles further up the Plat and found good grass. first good grass for 2 days. Marley is better.

May the 31th 1850. Traveled 25 miles over a sandy road, saw about 500 Indians. they begged for everything. Marley is still better. looks like rain.

June the 1, 1850. today one man had a fracas. one man stabbed another it is thought he will die before Monday. Monday he is to be tried. it is thought he will hang or shoot him if the man dies. June the 1st 1850. Traveled 16 miles. rained last night. We have been in sight of the Courthouse and Chimney rock all this afternoon. We are camped in 5 miles of them. the Courthouse rock looks like the State house in Missouri. in the morning I am going over to see it. Marley is better.

June the 2nd 1850. Traveled 20 miles. wagons started, 1 started for the rock. it was 10 miles to it. it is 250 feet high, covers 2 acres of ground at the bottom. I went on to the top and cut my name on the highest part. got to the road at 12 o'clock; then started for the chimney, it is 300 feet high. rained and we got wet. Marley is worse to day.

June the 3rd, 1850. Traveled 18 miles, left the river to cross Scotts Bluffs, they are 12 miles from the river. at 11 o'clock it commenced raining rained till night. camped near the bluffs. rained all night.

June the 4th, 1850. Traveled 18 miles. camped near the river, crossed one creek this evening. had no wood for 10

days till last night, we had plenty of pine notts. Marley is almost well.

June the 5th 1850. Traveled 22 miles. Cool day, fine for driving. oxen several horse and Mule teams pased us. short grass. to night Good watter.

June the 6th 1850. Traveled 15 miles. Crossed Laramys fork. Passed Fort Larimy. Some fine buildings. A young man from Illinois by the name of Evans was drowned in crossing the plat north fork yesterday. short grass all day.

June the 7th, 1850. Traveled 20 miles over high rugh Mts. passed 4 good springs. The road to day was lined with waggons Chains Trunks and old guns. here they left there waggons and packed on there teams. we have traveled in sight of Lamaries Peak for 4 days and a half and are not to hit yet. one man in Pikes train died some days ago in Ash hollow.

June the 8th 1850. Traveled 25 miles. Passed 58 waggons and teams. no good water to day. plenty of wood and grass. Crossed deer Creek.

June the 9th 1850. Traveled 18 miles. Nooned 5 hours on a creek. done some washing. hard washing on Sunday. comminced cooking.

June the 10th 1850. Traveled 25 miles, crossed 3 creeks of very cold watter.

June the 11th 1850. Traveled 27 miles. got to the ferry on plat. Charged 4 dollars for crossing a waggon. got the waggons over swin the cattle in morning. Four feri boats and crowded all the time. will not cross cattle in the boat at no price.

June the 12th, 1850. Took all day to swin our cattle. The rest of our mess did not get over till next morning.

June the 13, 1850. Traveled 27 miles over without water and grass. got to Willow Springs after dark. I left one steer the lead Bruner as he could not go further in the Mountains.

June the 14th, 1850. Traveled 18 miles. Plenty of water. No timber to day. Short grass to day. Camped near the Indipendence Rock.

June the 15, 1850. Traveled 18 miles, came to Sweet water at the indipendence rock. passed the Snow and Salaratas Mountains. Plenty water but no wood. Mountains nothing but rock.

June the 16th, 1850. Traveled 25 miles. grass very short, plenty of good water. Yesterday very cold and windy. to day is not so cold. Left captain Parks and company on the 14 of this month because he traveled to slow. 3 days in the Mountains.



June the 17th, 1850. Traveled 16 miles. Crossed the river twice and to avoid crossing it twice more, caried our waggons and provisions over a high bluff drove our oxen round, the creek was swimming. the further we go the whiter the Mountains with Snow. Passed many pison springs and Lakes and ice.

June the 18th, 1850. Traveled 18 miles. Passed many pison Lakes. Crossed the river. It has been very cold for 3 days and is getting colder. Fell in with William Brown and two of his sons. The mountains looks very white with snow.

June the 19th, 1850. Traveled 20 miles. Crossed sweete water twice and for the last time. Ground froze last night hard enough to bair up a horse. Passed snow banks ten feete deepe and plenty of ice. Blankets Coats and yarn gloved does not keepe us warm when walking. Ice hard enough to bare up a horse.

June the 20, 1850. Traveled 18 miles. Crossed the last branch of Sweete water, went through the pass of the Rocky Mountains. Eat our dinner right on the top. 3 miles down to the Pacific Springs. Drove 3 miles further on and stopped. We are agoing down hill now, we are in one corner of origan [Oregon]. Johnson is sick to day.

June the 21, 1850. Traveled 24 miles. Passed the little Sandy and nooned. then 6 miles to Big Sandy and camped. We have to morrow to travel 50 miles without water or grass over a sandy desert. Johnson is still sick. L. H. Faucett taken sick last night. One sick in Browns waggon.

June the 22, 1850. Traveled 24 miles where we found fine grass. Johnson and Faucett are better, F not so well as W is. We will now travel all night and find watter. Started this evening at 8 o'clock Traveled till 11, rested  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Traveled on till we came to the river at son up. Green river. paid five dollars for ferrying the waggons and swam our cattle over very easy. they were very dry for watter. We found some grass in this desert and some pison water. Saw a great many dead horses and oxen, some right in the road. Left the river at 11 o'clock on the 23. Traveled 8 miles and camped, makeing 58 miles without much grass, traveled over a crooked hilly road and very sandy. Sone shineing hot, sick mending.

June the 24th, 1850. Traveled 15 miles over a rugh sandy road, found fine grass on the Mountain. This evening I went up on the highest Mountain that I have been on yet. Snow in places is 10 feet deepe. as fine grass as I ever saw. a fine grove of timber with a fine spring in the center. this is the nicest place I ever saw.

June the 25th, 1850. Traveled 15 miles over very rough road, high Mountains and deepe valleys and camped on the north fork of Green River crossed over the river before we camped oxen sick; boys are mending. plenty of Indians all arround our camp to night. they are very friendly. plenty of grass serounded by snow.

June the 26th, 1850. Traveled 9 miles and stoped to noon at the dry wood Spring on the top of the mountain. Assended two of the highest Mountains that we have come to yet, very hard to get down again. Drove 12 miles in the afternoon. camped near Bair [Bear] river. Johnson is not so well the other two is better. fine day and dusty.

June the 27th, 1850. Traveled 20 miles over a very rough road, crossing 4 prongs of Bare river, not one 100 yards apart and a rocky road, crossed over Thomas's fork of Bair River and camped, the best grass I ever saw. There is a great deal of poison water all along here. See dead stock every day. Snow all around us on the Mountains, the best water I ever saw.

June the 28, 1850. Traveled 22 miles, forenoon bad road, fine road this afternoon and the best grass for cattle I ever saw in my life. Still in company with Brown. oxen improveing. I am not well to day. Camped on a small branch near Bair River. rained this evening, a small shower.

June the 29th, 1850. Traveled 30 miles, 8 miles over the mountains the rest down the valy of Bair River and camped at the Soda Springs. Saw a great many Indians and traders. Soda Springs the coldest water I ever saw and plenty of it. Fine grass heare. Snow all arround us on the mountains.

June the 30th, 1850. Traveled 23 miles without water, camped on a fine little creek runs into the collumba River. Fine grass and good water this evening. Saw Mr. Austin from New Albany who informs us the Orange and Martin County men are ahead of us, they went the Salt Lake road. sold 2 of our oxen for \$20. left the oragon road.

July the 1st, 1850. Traveled 25 miles over a fine road, plenty of good grass and cold water. Tuck a hunt over the mountains, no game. plenty of snow on the mountains here. Two of the New Albany waggons camped with us this evening.

July the 2, 1850. Traveled 20 miles. Forenoon fine road, afternoon rough road. New Albany Company still with us. no water this evening none since noon, 12 miles to water yet. Plenty of grass but no wood. very warm day.

July the 3, 1850. Traveled 22 miles. Arrived at little spring 3 feete in the ground. Men Mules and horses so thick around hit we could not get no watter, one mile fur-

ther came to a fine branch where we nooned. In the afternoon some fine little springs good grass and plenty of wood. Ett snow to day. warm as August.

July the 4th,1850. Traveled 22 miles. Fine road to day down a small Branch. 12 miles afternoon to water to Raft river very warm to day, road very dusty.

July the 5,1850. Traveled 25 miles. Fine road except Branches which are very muddy and deepe, very dusty and had on the drivers and cattle. Passed the Fort hall road to day. I think we will get to Humbolt to morrow.

July the 6th,1850. Traveled 22 miles, 14 miles good road 8 miles bad road, plenty of watter and grass and wood. Fine day for traveling. Plenty of events here this evening. Lindley traded a mare for a yoke of cattle. Snow all around on the Mountains. Camped on Goos Creek.

July the 7,1850. Traveled 18 miles, very good road, cut the waggon bed off shorter. Camped where we leave the Creek. Three of our oxen got miered down to day. it is 15 miles to water and grass. Good grass to day. killed 3 hawks.

July the 8. Traveled 25 miles over a very rough Road and 15 miles without water and grass. Camped in the valley of the thousand springs. the springs or wells are from 3 to 5 feete wide and from 8 to 12 feete deepe. Some of them are good water, others are not. very warm.

July the 9,1850. Traveled 20 miles, fine road, water and grass plenty. very cool day. rained a shower and hailed some, sharp lightning and heavy thunder.

July the 10th,1850. Traveled 22 miles, some rugh road. Nooned at a fine spring, good grass. Camped on the canion Creek. heavy frost this morning and the ground froze cold as winter time.

July the 11,1850. Traveled 20 miles over a fine road, crossed Marys river, very deepe crossing. camped on the river, not much grass to night. Miered down a slough this evening. The road very dusty, the dust 6 inches.

July the 12,1850. Traveled 20 miles over a very good road, Crossing the West fork of Marys River. good grass and water. Camped on the river. A great many Indians here.

July the 13,1850. Traveled 20 miles over a fine road. Plenty of water and grass, Sage brush for wood. very miery in the river bottom. plenty of Indians.

July the 14,1850. Traveled 25 miles over a very rough road, left the river this morning, 14 miles to water, 18 miles from there to the next water. camped without water or grass.



July the 15,1850. Traveled on to water and got breakfast, then Marley, Johnson and myself commenced packing, commenced slow, walked 30 miles. camped in the creek bottom, good grass and water. Feete very soar.

July the 16th,1850. Traveled 30 miles right in the river bottom. two fourteen places without water. saw some fine looking springs coming out at the foot of the Mountain looked good but the water was as warm as dishwater. Camped without water, suffered for water till 9 o'clock the 17th.

July the 17th, 1850. Traveled 20 miles. 8 miles and Marley stoped two wait for the waggon, give out. Johnson and myself went 12 miles further and camped, We think, in 28 miles from the sink of the river. they are cutting grass for the Desert. here we wait for the waggon.

July the 18,1850. Traveled 6 miles, waited for the wagon, it come up at 12 o'clock. Thought this was the Desert men made hay to cross it with we did not. Met a company coming back from California, news not very flattering. Brown sick to day. A german drowned here to day.

July the 19th,1850. Traveled 22 miles over a fine road, water plenty not good, grass scarce on account of the bottoms being overflowed. Brown still sick. Saw a man to day that had not eat a bite for 3 days, Saw where there had been some harses skined to eat. a man drowned here today in a small hole of water by falling in.

July the 20, 1850. Traveled 18 miles over a bad road. Sand very deep some rocks. left one oxen the carter oxen. Brown better.

July the 21,1850. Traveled 9 miles forenoon over a very sandy road, left the white Bruner ox mieraed in the mud this morning. Afternoon 18 mile Traveled till 11 o'clock at night. very little grass to day, bottom still covered with water, and miery.

July the 22,1850. Traveled 15 miles over a good road, grass better today, water getting worse, warm and brackish, the road dry and dusty. We wil Travel tonight. Still plenty of alkily. Traveled 8 miles last night. camped without water or grass, very rough place could not get the river.

July the 23,1850. Traveled 12 miles this morning before breakfast. afternoon traveled 10 miles and camped without water or grass or wood. Dead animals all along the road. Men are suffering for something to eat. I never heard such a cry for bread and beefe.

July the 24,1850. Traveled 15 miles to day and stopped to make hay for to cross the Desert. Good grass here but

it is almost covered with water. it is 65 miles from here to the other side of the Desert.

July the 25,1850. Mayde hay to day. a great many Indians heare, a great many dead horses heare and more that cannot cross the Desert.

July the 26,1850. Traveled 20 miles down the river over a good road, grass tolerable good, water very bad taste. We are in 5 miles of the Desert.

July the 27, 1850. Drove 5 miles this morning to the sink of the river. Left there at 1 o'clock to cross the Desert, 10 miles and rested one hour. 12 at night, rested one hour, at daylight rested one hour then drove to the river by one o'clock. Grass and water good, this Carson river. 3 of our cattle gave out and we left them.

July the 28,1850. To day we got over the Desert about 1 o'clock. 3 cattle gave out last night, the black bald More ox, then one 3 years old then the spotted Bruner lead ox. Men suffered greatly for water in crossing the desert, some beging water and some provisions but could not get neither.

July the 29,1850. To day we laid and rested till evening then we commenced packing. Traveled 7 miles and camped. This morning we butchered the last oxen we had. Sold the four [fore] quarters for \$19.75 Dried the hind quarters and eat them. Brown is to haul our close over. there one is provision [?].

July the 30,1850. Walked 20 miles, by 12 o'clock crossing a desert of 16 miles where we struck the river again the Salmon Trout. We now have a Desert of 26 miles to walk by tomorrow morning. got over the Desert by sunrise though we stoped and sleped 4 hours in the Desert. the Desert is very sandy, places rocky.

July the 31,1850. Walked 10 miles up the river,afternoon 15 miles to a tradeing post where we staid till morning.

August the 1,1850. Walked 7 miles to a trading post,7 miles to another,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile to another,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles to another,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to Morman station, 6 stores there,25 miles to next post,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles and camped.Heavy frost this morning and some ice. Fine grass on this river and plenty of clover all the way up after the Desert.

August 2,1850. Walked 10 miles to another post at the mouth of the large canon. 20 miles from the mouth of the canon to the first Mountain. had good water all day, Crossed Carson River four times to day, 3 bridges and one ford. snow all arround us this evening. Heavy frost this morning. very rough through the canon. road worst.

August the 3,1850. Walked 10 miles over a high snowy Mountain the worst road I ever saw., very rocky, a trader

at the foot of the hill. Walked 18 miles after noon over the Seranevada mountains, it is the hiest on the road, walked over snow 20 feete deepe.

August the 4, 1850. Walked 35 miles over a very rough road, a great many traders to day.

August the 5, 1850. Walked 20 miles to hang town, road good. passed Johnsons ranch. in 2 miles of the town found miners plenty, they gave us poor incouragement, said they did not make their board.

[No date] First week in the diggings was not able to half work and did not make our board. When we got in we were perfectly strapped, went in det for our tools and provisions to commence with.

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Second weeke did not make our board.

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3 weeks cleared our expenses."



# *"The City of Broken Hearts"*

By

IDA McPHERREN\*

The last few years men have turned their faces up toward Bald Mountain which is twenty-two miles from Sheridan, Wyoming, and six miles from Dayton. There is not a man alive today of the gold venture of half a century ago. But the hill of disintegrated ore, the worm-eaten lumber, the fallen logs and scattered remnants of beveled mirrors that ran along the back of the up-to-date saloon erected on a mountain peak are all grim reminders of a day when men staked their fortunes and their life savings on a mountain of gold.

There are people today who still believe that Fortunatus is an Indian name for broken hearts just as many believed in that day. The idea that Fortunatus was the Indian name for broken hearts arose from the fact that Fortunatus came to be known as "The City of Broken Hearts."

The postoffice that was established to serve a mountain metropolis was named for the European legendary hero who received an inexhaustible supply of gold from Fortune. The reason it became known as "The City of Broken Hearts" is because it came to be just that—a city of broken hearts.

When the first white men came to what is now the vicinity of Sheridan, the Indians told them weird tales of gold on top of the mountain that had no trees. This mountain was dubbed bald by the early prospectors and mountain men and it has remained Bald Mountain through the years. It was nicknamed "Baldy" by the prospectors.

As early as eighteen hundred seventy Arapahoe Brown who figured so conspicuously in the range war in Johnson County prospected around Bald Mountain and brought back the report that the mountain wore a crown of gold. Old-

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\*Ida McPherrren's (nee Miller) writings are well known throughout the West, and her gems of poetry are welcomed by numerous periodicals and newspapers. She has received the unique distinction of membership in the Eugene Field Society and the Mark Twain Society and the National Writers Club of Denver, for her excellent craftsmanship and her contribution to contemporary American literature. Some of her works are: **Trail's End**, **Empire Builders**, and the **Banditti of the Plains** (1930), which carried Mercer's story of the same name that had been suppressed for thirty-six years, along with her well-known poem, **The West** and her song **The Love of Ah-ho-appa**.

time prospectors had always said that, and they never stopped searching for the mother lode while living on the gold they brought down in small bottles and exchanged for supplies they took back up the mountain.

July tenth, eighteen hundred ninety, one of the intrepid prospectors came upon a rivulet of running gold and ran down the mountain to report his findings to men whom he knew to be interested in old "Baldy." These men sent a sample of the ore to the East to be assayed and capitalists came back with the report that the ore assayed at an average of three hundred dollars a ton.

The capitalists were taken up the mountain in the old springless buckboard drawn by the sure-footed but slow-going mules. This did not dampen their ardour and they agreed to furnish the very latest mining machinery and equipment if local capital would furnish the buildings which were to be well constructed and modern in every way.

From that day on Dayton Gulch vibrated with voices of men at work on the rough-hewn road over the mountains between Sheridan and the city that was being built on a mountain peak. Here was a long line of ten-yoke ox teams hauling machinery and mining equipment, shipped by Eastern capitalists, to the terminus of the railroad at Sheridan. The lumber, logs and furniture were purchased with local capital.

When the wheels of the machinery started to revolve on old "Baldy" there had been erected an up-to-date hotel with running hot and cold water and electric lights in the rooms. Substantial two-roomed, modern frame dwellings and log cabins for the workers had also been completed, along with a saloon with bevelled mirrors and cut-glass decanters and goblets; a combination dry goods and grocery store; repair buildings; a supply house and a postoffice. It represented a fortune furnished by men in Sheridan who staked all they possessed on the little city. Many of them had mortgaged their homes to get the money to do it.

Fortunatus was gay with work in the day and gay with revelry late into the night. Money flowed like the gold in the little rivulet. Men's enthusiasm soared like the eagles in the mountain vastness and hope was boundless.

Perhaps, that was why when the truth fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the men waiting in the city for the gold to pour into the coffers of the company, it hit so hard—the large deposits of gold were in the form of flour dust and floated away with the black sand from which it could not be separated, at least, not then nor has there yet been discovered a way to save it.

Men who had journeyed across a wild, unconquered West and staked their all on one of its mountains; men who had put their earnings of a life time into it; men who had borrowed capital to build a business dependent upon Fortune's fancy; men who had spent the best part of their lives to find the precious yellow metal and men who had lost their homes and their health learned with a bitterness that broke their hearts that there was no way to save the flour gold. They left the city on the mountain and it became known as the city of broken hearts.

A Sheridan newspaper of September 3, 1896 relates that Fortunatus was placed in the hands of a receiver. Mr. C. L. Tewksbury of the Fortunatus Mining Company made the startling announcement that nearly all the rock ledges in the vicinity of Bald Mountain contained gold in some form which assayed from a few cents to one-thousand two-hundred dollars, making an average of two hundred dollars per ton.

When men visit Bald Mountain and envisage the gold there, they recall the many stories and legends about the city on its top that became a city of broken hearts and, up to now, they have turned back.



# *Biographical Sketch of David Miller*

By

ELLEN MILLER FULLERTON

David Miller was born in Sterling, Scotland, January 11, 1847. He was educated at Perth Academy where he and Sir Henry Drummond were both class and seat-mates.

Mr. Miller's fine baritone voice brought him early recognition and in a musical contest in Edinburg he won the Queen's cup against fifty competitors. Later in Cheyenne he was prominent in musical circles for his voice was a great asset to the religious and social life during the early days.

While still in Sterling, he learned the precision trade of watchmaker and manufacturing jeweler and was Wyoming's pioneer watchmaker.

Before leaving Scotland he was received into the fellowship of the Bruce and Thistle Masonic body of historic Bannockburn, and had the distinction of being the oldest Free Mason in Wyoming.

When only twenty-one years old Mr. Miller left his native land and came to Wyoming Territory, arriving on the first passenger train that entered Cheyenne on November 14, 1867.

He belonged to the gradually diminishing group who had laid the foundation for the business and cultural life of Cheyenne and for sixty years was identified with the growth and development of the City.

Mr. Miller was a resident of the embryo city of Cheyenne when its population was 800 or 1000 and saw it grow into a city of 10,000 in a few months time.

Marauding Indians were an ever-present menace and not long after Mr. Miller's arrival an attack by a band of Indians on a white man occurred about a mile down Crow Creek where it was observed from Cheyenne. Miller was one of three men who volunteered to go to the scene to see if anything might be done for the unfortunate white man, but upon their arrival they found a scalped and otherwise mutilated corpse.

For many years Mr. Miller was dramatic critic for the New York Times and was instrumental in bringing the best theatrical talent and grand opera to Cheyenne. He en-

joyed the personal friendship of Bill Nye and Eugene Field during their years of newspaper activity in the Rocky Mountain region.

In politics he was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and was appointed by Governor Campbell to serve in the first court that convened on May 25, 1869. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1883 and held various offices in the City Government. In 1898 he received the nomination for Secretary of State, a year in which the Democratic party was in the minority. However, with overwhelming odds against him he whetted his fighting spirit and made a remarkable campaign. Although the normal Republican majority in Sweetwater County was 1000 votes, he not only carried the County but also led his opponent in several other counties and was defeated by only a few thousand votes.

Mr. Miller was married to Christina Gogan of Dunlap, Iowa, November 14, 1871. Mrs. Miller passed away August 20, 1901 and his son, David, Jr., died November 3, 1892. Mr. Miller died in 1927.

Still living are two daughters, Jean Miller Deering of Boone, Iowa, widow of Iowa's prominent physician and surgeon, Dr. Albert B. Deering, and Ellen Miller Fullerton of Los Angeles, widow of John H. Fullerton, a former businessman of Cheyenne. For many years Mrs. Fullerton was identified with the educational system of Wyoming and social welfare work in Cheyenne.

# *Sheep Trailing from Oregon to Wyoming*<sup>1</sup>

By

HARTMAN K. EVANS

Edited by

ROBERT H. BURNS<sup>2\*</sup>

During the early 80's, many sheep were trailed to Wyoming from the West and South. Such enterprises were quite profitable since sheep sold for over twice their cost even when in poor condition after three to four months on the trail.

Very few complete trail records are available and among these are the trail record of Hartman K. Evans of the firm Sargent, Homer and Evans. This firm kept a good set of

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1. This diary of Mr. Evans was given by him to the University of Wyoming and is now in the Archives Division of the University Library. It was originally in the Library of N. E. Corthell, pioneer lawyer of Laramie, who gave it to J. A. Hill, his son-in-law, who in turn gave it to R. H. Burns, the editor, who returned it to Mr. Evans in 1934.

2. The Editor wishes to thank Messrs. Hill, Corthell, and Evans for the diary and supplemental information. He is indebted to the Archives Division for the loan of the Sargent and Homer Journals from the Corthell Collection and wishes to thank the Mississippi Valley Historical Review for permission to republish the Evans Sheep Trail Diary with supplementary material.

Robert H. Burns contributed the Hartman K. Evans "Diary of Sheep Trailing from Oregon to Wyoming" to the **Mississippi Valley Historical Review**, March 1942. Permission has been granted to reprint it in the **Annals of Wyoming**.

\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Dr. Robert H. Burns, University of Wyoming Wool Specialist and Head of the Wool Department, was born in 1900 on the Flag Ranch, nine miles south of Laramie. He attended Regis College in Denver and in 1916 entered the University of Wyoming to study agriculture, graduating in 1920. In 1921 he obtained a fellowship at Iowa State College and received an M. S. Degree in Animal Nutrition. He then taught at New Mexico A. & M. College and at the University of Arizona. Since 1924 he has been with the Wool Department at the University of Wyoming.

In 1930-31 he studied at the University of Edinburgh and obtained a Ph. D. Degree in Science working in Animal Genetics. While there he and others developed the "Wyedina" (Wyoming-Edinburgh) and "Wyedesa" fleece calipers to separate the wool from a measured patch of skin to determine how thick the wool grows on the skin. In 1938-39, he was called to Washington to organize the work on wool shrinkage in the Wool Division of the U. S. Department of Agricul-



books among which are the old statements of the expense of the trailing operation.

In 1882, Hartman K. Evans and his partner, Robert H. Homer, drove three bands of sheep, 23,000 in all, from near Pendleton, Oregon, to Laramie, Wyoming, a distance of some 850 miles. They left on May 27 and arrived in Laramie four months later.

Evans served as trail foreman of this drive and supervised the movement of the three bands. Mr. Homer was also along to take care of business details.

Each band had a foreman, three helpers and a cook who drove the grub wagon—five men in all. They were accompanied, of course, by the indispensable sheep dogs. Of the fifteen men who started with Evans, only three came all the way through. The others left whenever sick or tired of the job, and at times Evans found himself very short-handed. The dogs also played out pretty badly on the trail, developing sore feet which made it impossible for them to assist in trailing the sheep in the right direction when beckoned to do so (letter Evans to Burns, April 9, 1934).

According to Evans' recollection, the foreman of each band received fifty dollars a month and the other men, including the cook, forty. Mr. Evans' recollection is proved right by the Journal Records of Sargent and Homer. Food for men and beast was quite plentiful. The men were always well supplied with mutton, of course, and when they encountered a cattle drive, mutton was exchanged for beef.

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ture. In 1946 he was selected as the livestock consultant of the China-United States Agricultural Mission and was sent to China for six months by the U. S. Departments of State and Agriculture to work with Chinese colleagues and to make out a program for research, teaching and extension work in Chinese Agriculture. In 1949 he was selected as the livestock consultant for Overseas Consultants Incorporated of New York and spent three and a half months in Iran making a survey of conditions in that country. His Department has had graduate students from many parts of the world and the wool short courses given each winter are very popular with the sheepmen from neighboring states and Canada. His research work has dealt with the physical measurements of fleeces including wool growth, fleece fineness and fleece density. He has worked with wool shrinkage or yield for many years and has developed methods of hand sampling for determining the clean weight of fleeces. He has published many bulletins and articles in American and English journals covering not only wool research but also fur farming and ranch history. He has furnished considerable material for the **American Wool Handbook** by von Bergen. He has collected one of the outstanding wool libraries of the country and has also collected the most complete set of wool samples from all sections of the world including some extremely rare samples of Saxony Merino of the 1830 clip.

In addition, all kinds of canned goods were carried in the grub wagons. The original bill of groceries and supplies purchased at Pendleton, Oregon, was made up as follows:

Hardware from J. M. Leezer	\$ 37.38
Wagon, (8x9" truss skein) Tongue Springs and bows from Shoemaker and Mattoon	121.75
5 saddles @ 15 mats budles, hobbles, harness, wagon sheets, etc., from Joe Bairler	174.25
Groceries and supplies from Alexander and Frazer including canned goods, dry goods, etc.	300.483

The following entries are taken from the Sargent and Homer Cash Book and note the expenses of the trailing operation covered by the Evans Diary.

#### SARGENT AND HOMER CASH BOOK

January 13, 1882	Draft thru Alexander & Frazer for money to purchase stock in Oregon	\$5000.00
January 31, 1882	Expense of telegram to Homer in Oregon	2.00
April 8, 1882	Check of money deposits from Pendleton trip. Drew this day	270.00
April 8, 1882	Interest on note of \$5000 given Laramie Bank, January 27, 1882 for funds to purchase sheep in Oregon	118.33
April 7, 1882	Samuel Webb, Jr. Money to defray expenses to Oregon	30.00
June 14, 1882	Received from Balch & Bacon on account of wethers purchased in Oregon and deposited	5000.00
Sept. 29, 1882	To Wm. Child. Wages on trail	200.00
Sept. 30, 1882	R. H. Homer, Trail expense	25.00
Oct. 2, 1882	H. K. Evans, Trail expense	680.00
Oct. 3, 1882	Note paid Laramie National Bank given April 8	
	Principal	7500.00
	Interest	457.50
Oct. 24, 1882	First National Bank. Pendleton. On account note of R. Alber	3021.55
November	Cash sent to F. W. Sargent from trail money	1000.00
Dec. 12, 1882	Wm. Childs. Balance of wages on trail herd.	51.00
Dec. 1882	Expenses on trail herd	1110.00
	To R. H. Homer	200.00
	Check (F.W.Sargent)	300.00
	R. H. Homer's account balances to above date with F.W.S. (F.W.Sargent) in Boston <sup>4</sup>	

3. From original statements in Corthell Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.

4. Corthell Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.

Pendleton, Dr., 25th May 1883. Messrs. Sargent and Homer. Bought of Alexander and Frazer Dealers in General Merchandise.

April 28	to Frazer and Kester (probably sheep)	\$ 2,000.00
May 1	Pr. Blankets	3.00
May 12	Order (Al Vogel)	175.00
May 14	Mdse. for Hill	295.98
May 16	Order (Shoemaker and Matoon)	121.75
May 17	Order (Joe Bayler)	174.25
May 18	2 Towels 1.00 2 yds. crash .50	1.50
May 19	Order (Childs)	500.00
May 19	Cash (Exchange)	31.25
May 19	Order (J. M. Leezer)	37.00
May 23	Order (Frazer and Kester) (probably sheep)	21,512.50
May 23	Cash	100.00
May 25	To order (Horn & Co.)	52.85
		<hr/> 25,005.08
April 28	By Check	5000.
May 3	By Check	20,000.
May 21	Pistol and cartridges returned 5.50	25,005.50
	Balance due R. H. Homer	.42

Frazer and Kester were probably the partners from whom the sheep were purchased. A total purchase price of \$23,512.50 taking Evans' figure of \$1.50 per head, would figure out 15,675 head of sheep purchased. There is a slight discrepancy in figures for if we take 23,000 head the figure mentioned by Evans, it figures out at around a dollar a head. The Cash Book of Sargent and Homer gives the figures for the trail expense both for 1882 and 1883 while the original statements for the Pendleton firms are for 1883. Sargent, Homer and Evans trailed sheep from California in 1881, and from Oregon in 1882 and 1883.

There is no record of the sex of the sheep in the trail herd but it is likely a high percentage of them were wethers. One entry in the Sargent and Homer Cash Book already used as a reference, states that in June 14, 1882, they received from Balch and Bacon \$5000 on account of wethers purchased in Oregon. These wethers were in the trail herds under Evans' care. They were purchased at an average price of \$1.50 a head and 10,000 were contracted for delivery at Laramie, Wyoming at \$3.00 a head. (Letter from Evans to Burns, April 12, 1934). These may have been the wethers Balch and Bacon contracted for. Evans arrived in Laramie late in September 1882 with a loss of only 820



sheep out of 23,000. This was considered a very good record. (Letter from Evans to Burns, April 9, 1934.)

The following entries from the diary of Hartman K. Evans give a clear picture of the daily routine of a trail drive. Because this diary or journal touches on a relatively unexplored field of Western history, it is an interesting feature of the early sheep industry of Wyoming and the West.

Maps have been made showing the nightly camps on this trailing operation. These three maps, showing the trail in Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming, are shown by courtesy of The Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa, publishers, as well as Edward Wentworth who wrote "America's Sheep Trails" and who prepared the maps from the information in the Evans Sheep Trail Diary.

**May 27th, 1882**—Started on horse back from Pendleton to La Grande at 7 A. M. arriving at the latter place where I found Homer at 7 P. M.

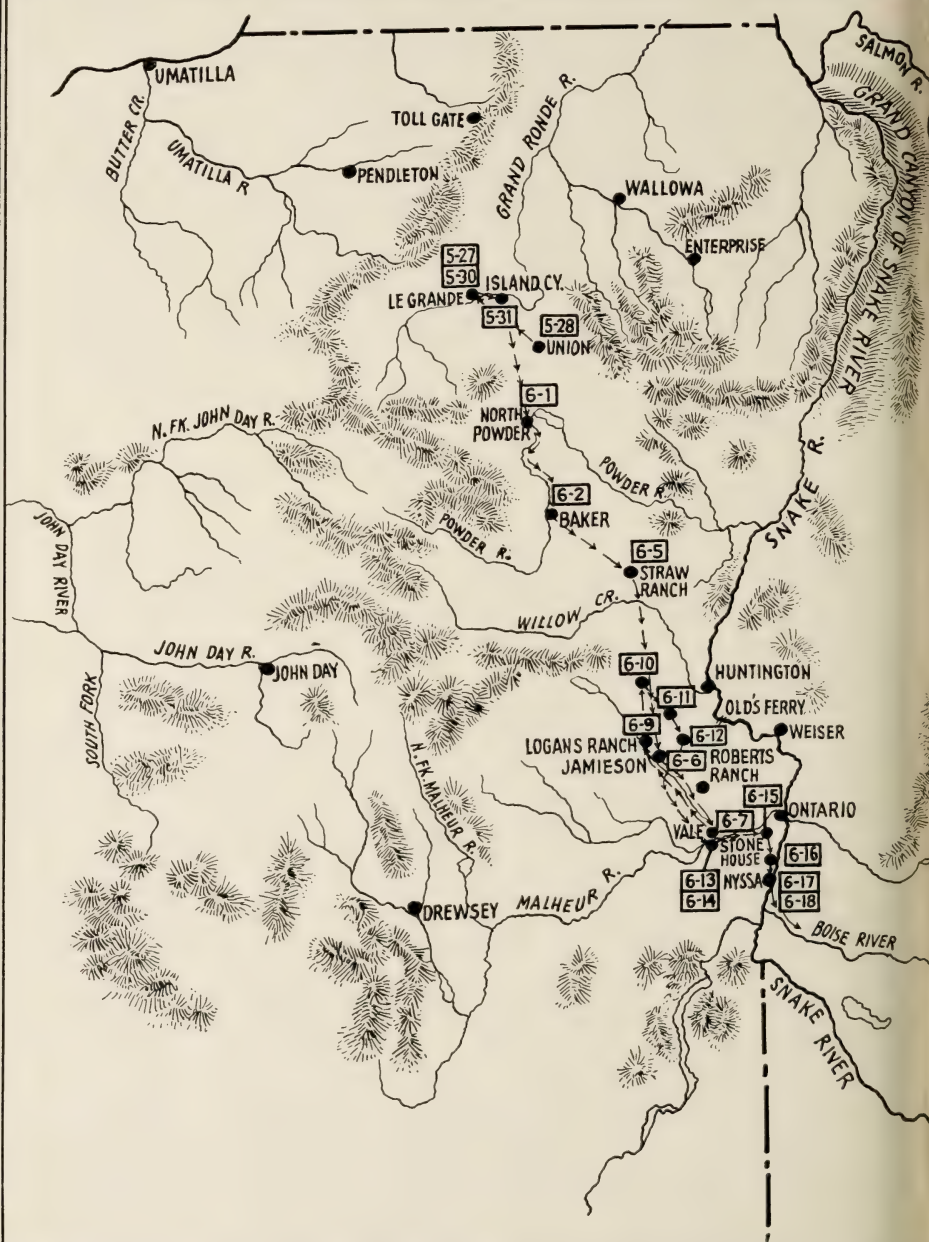
**May 28th**—Started with Homer at 7 A. M. horse back to look for sheep. Got dinner at farm house sixteen miles from La Grande. Separated from Homer about one mile beyond, he going towards Baker City and I to Union.

**May 29th**—Left Union at 6:30 A. M. and went to La Grande. Found Hamilton camped above town. Went back and met Webb. Camped for the night at a lake about 3 miles from La Grande. Good running stream just below. Feed first rate. Plenty of wood.

**May 30th**—Drove in the morning about three miles and camped above town by a small stream. Had a bad canyon to cross with steep banks near Albee. Lost 500 sheep. Went on in the afternoon towards Ladd's Hill. Left the band to go back to La Grande to join Lon tomorrow. (This loss of 500 sheep is the largest one recorded out of 820 head which Evans mentioned in his letter of April 9, 1934. For other losses, see entries of June 5, August 3-4, August 9 [R. H. Burns].)

**May 31st**—Joined Lon just before he came to the Albee canyon. Camped at noon above town. Drove in the afternoon about 2½ miles and camped at the side of the hill just above stage road. Wagon about 400 yards below. Sheep very uneasy all night. Good stream of water. No wood.

**June 1st**—Drove over in the morning to foot of Ladd's Hill. Had a good deal of trouble getting the sheep through the lane. Good sized creek coming down Ladd's canyon and



Reproduced from AMERICA'S SHEEP TRAILS by Edward N. Wentworth, The Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa, 1948.

plenty of wood. Drove up over Ladd's Hill in the afternoon and camped where wagon road strikes trail. Plenty of wood and water. No feed all day until half past five on top of hill where it was very good.

**June 2nd**—Left Lon's camp in morning and came to North Powder. Found Webb camped about one mile beyond town having passed North Powder River by bridge through town. Took dinner at North Powder and went to Baker on horseback in the afternoon. Beyond North Powder are two roads; one to the left goes over toll bridge which can be crossed for about \$10.00; right hand road goes to Baker and is the stage road. Sheep can cross main Powder on bridge at Baker.

**June 3rd**—Went over accounts with Homer. Hamilton in town in afternoon. Said he was going through town early in the morning. Homer left on the stage in the afternoon for Kelton. Both Webb and Hamilton camped close to town.

**June 4th**—Webb started through town early in the morning, Hamilton coming directly behind him. Both bands were over the bridge before 6 o'clock. Started back to meet Lon and found him camped about 11 miles from Baker. Found there is better feed to be had by taking right hand road 8 miles from town and going by Wingfield.

**June 5th**—From Baker down Pleasant Valley to the left of stage road and Alder Creek until coming to canyon 13 miles from town. Take hills to left of canyon towards old emigrant road and meet wagon where old emigrant road meets stage road at Straw Ranche. Plenty of wood along Alder creek. Also poison. We lost 5 sheep by it.

**June 6th**—From Straw Ranche keep to left of stage road until you strike Burnt River about six miles beyond Straw Ranche. Follow it down for three miles and cross on bridge at settlement, leaving stage road to the left. Take across mountains to Rye Valley about 10 miles. Poor feed. From there across mountains to Willow Creek taking right hand road on top of hills (17 miles) short cut at fork of roads by taking between them.

**June 7th**—Follow down to Willow Creek on the left hand side until you come to Roberts Ranche about 12 miles, where you cross the creek on bridge and follow down it to Malheur River about 10 miles. Poor feed and bad water all along the valley. Plenty of wood. Lots of sage brush.



**June 8th**—Cross bridge at Stone House across Malheur River and take left hand road for McDowell's ferry on Snake. Nothing but sage brush and sand. A little grass some distance off the road. No water until you get to Snake River about 18 miles from Malheur.

**June 9th**—Rode back from Malheur to Logan's Rancho on Willow Creek two miles above where Rye Valley road comes in. Stayed at Logans over night.

**June 10th**—Started towards sheep in morning and met Webb just above Willow Creek. Hamilton about 10 miles back and Lon I found camped for noon at foot of hill just east of Rye Valley. Took left hand road towards Farewell Bend at top of hill and camped on creek at mouth of canyon about six miles from Rye Valley. Good water and feed for the last three miles.

**June 11th**—Followed along wagon road to top of hill and down creek for about two miles. Camped at lower end of large flat for noon. Came on down Durbin Creek for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Took to the right and came along hills above canyon for about 3 miles where road to Willow Creek goes off to the right. Camped for night at junction of roads. Plenty of wood. Very bad water. Sheep stayed all night on hills about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from camp.

**June 12th**—Wagon took Willow Creek road in morning before breakfast and camped at first creek crossing road. Sheep about 2 miles to the right. Camped for noon on Birch Creek. Sheep started across hills and wagon took first right hand road. Made dry camp in big canyon about 4 miles from Birch Creek.

**June 13th**—Left sheep in morning and came on to Malheur River. Found Webb trying to cross his sheep. Worked till 5 P. M. and only got about 2000 across. Crossed the rest on the bridge.

**June 14th**—Hamilton came down and crossed Bridge about 3 P. M. Went out to meet Lon and sent up to store on Willow Creek with him to get supplies for cook. Camped about one mile from Stone House.

**June 15th**—Helped Lon across bridge in morning and went on to Hamilton's band. Camped on Malheur for noon about 5 miles from Stone House. Bad country to drive through. Big sage; sheep could not get to water. Camped for night on Malheur about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles below store. Better watering place  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles below close to Big Butte.

**June 16th**—Take right hand road and strike across hills over to Snake River, watering at slough about 8 miles from aforementioned Butte and just beyond ranche. Were unable to reach there before dark and had to make two dry camps. Wagon camped by slough, sheep about a mile up on the hills.

**June 17th**—Sheep came down to water in morning before breakfast. Camped for noon on river near lake about 3 miles from ferry. Camped at ferry corral at night.

**Sunday, June 18th**—Ferried all the sheep—Count 6859. Lon came up in the evening and camped by ferry.

**June 19th**—Lon began crossing his sheep. Rode on and found Webb camped for noon on road 28 miles from Boise. Rode to canyon ferry on Boise River and made contract. Camped for night close to ferry.

**June 20th**—Webb began ferrying sheep. Went back to Hamilton who camped for noon on ditch and slough  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond where New Ferry road comes into Boise stage road. Good watering place. Lon camped for night on hills  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from stage road.

**June 21st**—Went on with Lon to ferry again. Hamilton nooned about 3 miles from ferry and camped for night at slough about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from ferry where there is little feed.

**June 22nd**—Began ferrying Hamilton sheep; went on and camped with Webb on 10 mile Creek.

**June 23rd**—Came in town with Webb in morning. His wagon came in in afternoon to be outfitted.

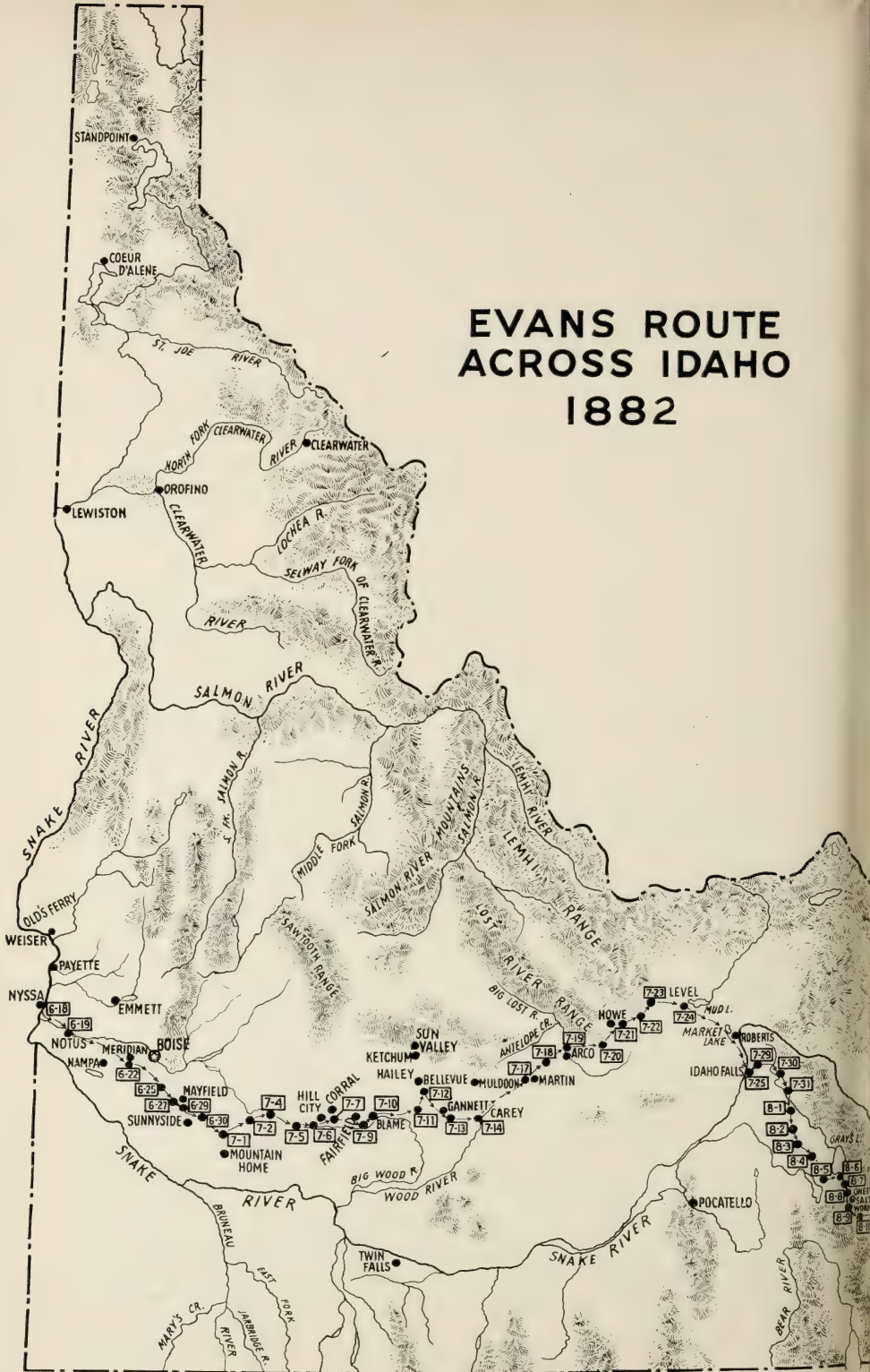
**June 24th**—Stayed in town all day.

**Sunday, June 25th**—Hamilton came in town with his wagon at 12 o'clock and quit work at 2. Hired a man and went out with him to hunt Webb, whom I found camped near stage station, 16 miles from Boise. Sent Child back to the other band.

**Monday, June 26th**—Came to town in morning and saw Lon. In the evening was accosted by Reidenbo, who said our sheep had been in his field. Told him the ones he meant belong to Lang & Ryon.

**June 27th**—Was subpoenaed as witness to prove brands on sheep. Case continued in the afternoon till tomorrow. Went out to Childs band and found them camped on creek about 22 miles from town and one or two miles from store.

# EVANS ROUTE ACROSS IDAHO 1882





**June 28th**—Came back to town in morning passing Kermarar's band in field. Damage difficulty settled. Joined Lon and camped close to creek about 15 miles from town (Black Creek).

**June 29th**—Brought sheep to creek to water. Camped for noon on creek 21 miles from town. Sheep did not get much water at either one, nor in the evening on Indian Creek where we camped close to store. Water so shallow and muddy that sheep would not drink.

**June 30th**—Came on Child's band in morning which nooned between Willow and Syrup Creek, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the latter. Good water in both. Camped on Syrup Creek. Good watering place for sheep. Willow Creek was also a good place.

**July 1st**—Drove over hill in morning and camped on flat about 5 miles from Syrup Creek (Long Tom). Fair watering place and good feed. Came on about 3 miles in the afternoon and camped where the trail goes off to the left and close to Long Tom Creek.

**Sunday, July 2nd**—Over hill to Dixie Creek, 2 miles from where trail takes to left and 6 miles to Little Camas prairie where we nooned. Fine watering place. 3 miles to meadow with several miry sloughs in it where we camped. Good water. No wood.

**July 3rd**—Over hills to High Prairie, 3 miles and a half. Nooned one mile further on. No water or wood. Camped about 1 mile beyond end of High Prairie.

**July 4th**—Went back to Lon who nooned at Little Camas and camped at meadow 3 miles beyond. No wood. 1 mile further to Castle Rock where there is a good spring and plenty of wood.

**July 5th**—On to High Prairie for noon, 4 miles; and to first creek beyond for night, 5 miles.

**July 6th**— $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles to creek with wood and splendid grass. 4 miles to creek at commencement of open prairie for night. Wood hard to get all through Camas.

**July 7th**—3 miles in morning to creek and 4 miles in afternoon to Corral Creek.

**July 8th**—Left band in morning and came to Bellevue about 40 miles, through which place Webb and Child both passed within a couple of hours of each other.

**Sunday, July 9th**—Left Bellevue in morning and went back to Lon. Camped on Camp Creek, 3 miles west of Willow Creek which is at Nevada Saloon, 20 miles from Bellevue.

**July 10th**—Nooned on Willow Creek about 1 mile below store. Camped on creek close to road 4 miles beyond.

**July 11th**—Nooned on Rock Creek, 5 miles. Camped on creek 5 miles beyond and 3 miles from Wood River.

**July 12th**—Camped on river by bridge for noon. Crossed and made dry camp for night about 4 miles from river on flat. Kraft stopped over night with us.

**July 13th**—Nooned on headwaters of tributary of Silver Creek about 4 miles, near ranche and meadow **not fenced**. Sheep crazy for alkali of which there is some there, though not much. Camped about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from Silver Creek. Take left hand road where it forks.

**July 14th**—Went over hill to Dry Creek for noon  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Silver Creek. Crossed Little Wood River 3 miles beyond on toll bridge and camped on flat 2 miles beyond.

**July 15th**—Nooned on Fish Creek 7 miles beyond Little Wood River. Good camping place at Lake Springs[?] 4 miles and a half from river. Waited for Webb's band on Creek and camped with him.

**Sunday, July 16th**—Waited for Child and went on with him. Water 2 miles beyond Fish Creek and 4 miles beyond. Nooned on flat above last creek and camped on Deadman's Flat 4 miles beyond said creek. Take canyon preceding one stage road goes up for Deadman's Flat. Good creek running through flat. Nice watering place.

**July 17th**—Started up canyon in morning for Cottonwood. Left trail and followed up creek on left side. Terribly rough. Trail also very rough. Joined Lon's band beyond Cottonwood and followed stage road about 5 miles. Made dry camp. Sheep very uneasy all night. There is short but rough short-cut over mountains from Cottonwood to 15-mile creek.

**July 18th**—Followed stage road in morning about 7 miles over to 15-mile creek. Started in afternoon towards Lost River. Made about 6 miles and dry camp.

**July 19th**—Got to River about 11 o'clock, about 7 miles. Moved down River about 1 mile and a half towards bridge

(free). Webb and Child both came down close. Mosquitoes terrible.

**July 20th**—Came down and crossed bridge. Nooned on creek. Child and Webb also crossed in the afternoon. Drove in afternoon about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles and made dry camp.

**July 21st**—Nooned about 4 miles from River and about 8 miles from yesterday's camp. Drove down to River in afternoon, watered and came on about 3 miles round sink of River. Made dry camp. Fence near watering place through which sheep are liable to go.

**July 22nd**—Drove to sink of Big Lost River, 3 miles and nooned on lake caused by sink. Good watering place. Came on 4 miles in the afternoon and made dry camp. Webb and Child both camped close to sink. Took left hand road at fork 2 miles beyond sink, but right hand road is said to be shorter (This is at 2d fork of roads not at first).

**July 23rd**—Drove over to Birch Creek, 8 miles and nooned. Fine watering place; lots of wood. Crossed creek, took road down creek 300 yards and then turned to left. Drove 6 miles and made dry camp.

**July 24th**—Drove in morning about 9 miles keeping on trail till we struck some sand knolls where we pulled off to the right about a mile and found good feed. Drove 5 miles in evening and camped within  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of Mud Lake, which is a good watering place.

**July 25th**—Left band in morning and came on to Eagle Rock. From Mud Lake there are two trails; one leaving lake and going direct to Market Lake; the other following creek and going to Sand Holes. First is best and shortest trail, but the other not so far without water. Distance between two lakes by shortest trail good 20 miles.

**Wednesday, July 26th**—Stayed in town all day and took in the horse races!!!!

**July 27th**—Homer came up from Blackfoot in the morning and went back in the afternoon. Lon's band camped close to town.

**July 28th**—Lon's band crossed bridge in the morning and Child's in the evening.

**July 29th**—Webb's band came through in the afternoon and all his men quit work. He had no difficulty hiring other hands. He followed down road and camped on Willow



Creek 2 miles. Best way to take old Emigrant road from Eagle Rock and strike Willow Creek 4 miles from town.

**July 30th**—Came on Childs who nooned 1 mile west of spring which is 9 miles from Willow Creek. Took left road at fork so as not to cross the creek and watered on creek 3 miles beyond. Camped 500 yards from (beyond) creek.

**July 31st**—2½ miles beyond strike another small creek. Half mile further another, and half mile further still another. Nooned with Lon between last two creeks at good spring surrounded by willows. Came on about 3 miles and camped beyond small stream.

**August 1st**—Came on 4 miles in the morning and camped on good sized stream in canyon where road crosses on bridge and turns to the left on the other side. Camped for the night 3 miles beyond and corralled sheep in grove of trees. For the last 15 miles small streams of water every mile or two.

**August 2nd**—Came on 4 miles in the morning and nooned by small stream. Drove 5 miles in the evening and made dry camp. Spring and stream 2 miles beyond.

**August 3rd**—Watered sheep at first creek and drove altogether 6 miles nooning by small stream. Webb passed us at noon. Came 3 miles and camped above Willow Creek. Child went past in the evening. Saw a good many poisoned sheep.

**August 4th**—Came 4 miles in the morning and nooned on hills above Willow Creek. Came on 2 miles in the afternoon and camped close to ford of creek. Lots of dead sheep all the way.

**August 5th**—Crossed creek in morning. Left trail and crossed hills to the right, beyond small stream, short distance east of Willow Creek. Came down into level valley and nooned at old deserted ranche. Came on to Child's band who nooned 4 miles beyond. Left trail and large lake to our left and came straight across hills to another valley. Camped at far end of it close to ranche and blacksmith shop. Two streams of water there.

**Sunday, August 6th**—Came on with Lon about a mile and a half beyond blacksmith shop and nooned at side of hill. Camped on creek 5 miles beyond ranche and blacksmith shop. First water.

**August 7th**—Nooned on creek at edge of timber 3 miles beyond. Laid over all afternoon so as to let Child and Webb get out of the way.

**August 8th**—Started into the timber in the morning; drove 6 miles and drew off the trail to feed to the left. Fine feed. Strung them out again in afternoon and drove through the timber, taking left hand road at fork after coming out of canyon and camping near old Salt Works on flat. Lots of water all the way.

**August 9th**—3 miles in the morning to first stream beyond Salt Works (actual). Stopped there all the afternoon in order to recruit salted or poisoned sheep of which we had 50 to 100 sick ones.

**August 10th**—Drove 5 miles through canyon over the Salt River valley and nooned on creek that runs into the river. Drove up valley 3 miles and made dry camp.

**August 11th**—Crossed creek in morning, 3 miles and nooned on river, 6 miles. Sheep crossed river at noon. Recrossed river in afternoon, driving 4 miles and making dry camp.

**August 12th**—Came on Webb whom I found at first creek in timber about 12 miles from the edge. Camped for night 1 mile beyond top of hill and 15 miles from edge of timber. Spring on top of hill which is bare of timber and a good place to hold stock. Where we camped is also a good sheep camp.

**August 13th**—4 miles to creek and 3 miles farther to open flat and creek (Thomas Fork), where we nooned and found considerable feed. 2 miles farther to edge of scattering timber. Camped in open place 2 miles beyond. Streams of water at short intervals all along. One quarter of a mile belt of thick timber just before camp.

**August 14th**—4 miles and a half to top of hill through very thick timber and up a hellish steep hill. Nooned on top. 2 and a half miles down hill through very bad timber to open country. Camped on Hams Fork. Pleasant Valley about 3 miles beyond. Some feed along the creek. (Evans was probably on the headwaters of LaBarge Creek rather than on Ham's Fork. His mileage checks with the former but not the latter, which would have required thirty to forty miles more travel than he records [R. H. Burns].)

**August 15th**—Went back to Child who nooned in clearing this side of open valley, and camped about 2 miles beyond.

**August 16th**—Drove over hill in morning and nooned on edge of timber. Camped just beyond Pleasant Valley and at entrance of canyon.



Reproduced from AMERICA'S SHEEP TRAILS by Edward N. Wentworth, The Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa, 1948.



**August 17th**—Came ahead and took dinner with Newman's cattle which nooned about 6 miles from Pleasant Valley. Camped with Lon at entrance of canyon.

**August 18th**—Went on to Child's camp and was brought back to Lon's by the news that he had shot himself. Camped about 4 miles in canyon. (Lon was shot in a peculiar accident. He was leading his horse on the side of a steep hill, the horse being above him. The horse suddenly stopped and shook himself, and in so doing threw Lon's revolver out of the saddle holster. On striking the ground, the revolver discharged, the bullet going through Lon's thigh. Fortunately it missed arteries and thigh bone, so Evans loaded Lon in the wagon, washed the wound with cold water, and it healed perfectly within two weeks. Evans believes that Lon's last name was Murphy. Letter from Evans to Burns, May 10, 1934.)

**August 19th**—Drove in morning to second creek beyond canyon going up on hills to left and coming down canyon parallel to the one the trail goes by. The creek is 5 miles from end of canyon. Sage brush and no feed. 5 miles in evening and dry camp in sage brush desert.

**Sunday, August 20th**—6 miles to Willow Creek in morning where we found good feed. 7 miles in afternoon through small sage brush with scattering grass off the trail. Dry camp.

**August 21st**—7 miles in morning to Green River. Good feed all along the bottom. Helped Webb to finish crossing his sheep and laid over in the afternoon.

**August 22nd**—Started crossing sheep and worked all day getting about 4000 across.

**August 23rd**—Finished crossing sheep at noon. Crossed wagon over to other side of river and camped for the night.

**August 24th**—Drove over to New Fork and crossed by 2 P. M. Made 5 miles in afternoon and dry camp.

**August 25th**—7 miles in morning to Mud Holes to left of trail where we watered horses and nooned. 6 miles in afternoon and camped 1 mile west of Muddy Creek.

**August 26th**—Came on, on horseback 8 miles from Muddy to first crossing of Big Sandy. 5 miles more to where you strike it again where I had dinner with Newman's cattle outfit. 5 miles to Little Sandy and 5 more to Golden. Made dry camp with Child about 5 miles farther on.

**Sunday, August 27th**—Rode on 18 miles to South Pass City. Stayed there over night.

**August 28th**—Came back to Lon's band and took Squire on to Webb's band to replace him. Camped with Lon on right hand trail near where the road forks.

**August 29th**—Nooned on hill 5 miles from fork of roads and half a mile above creek. Drove 6 miles in afternoon crossing big creek 4 miles from starting and making dry camp 2 miles beyond.

**August 30th**—Nooned by big rock 4 miles from South Pass City and 1 mile beyond small creek. Made dry camp 5 miles beyond South Pass.

**August 31st**—Drove 4 miles and crossed South Pass Creek; 2 miles in afternoon and crossed good sized creek making dry camp one mile beyond.

**September 1st**—3 miles in the morning and nooned on hills. 2 miles farther there is a spring to the left of the trail. Camped on flat about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond spring.

**September 2nd**—2 miles further small stream running along left side of road for about a mile. Nooned 3 miles beyond. Came across hills about 4 miles to the Sweetwater by ranche where there is wire fence, about 3 miles below where the trail strikes the creek.

**Sunday, September 3rd**—Watered sheep and came on about 3 miles. Nooned on the creek. Drove  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles taking left hand road at fork and making dry camp to left of road.

**September 4th**—5 miles and came on to creek for noon. 4 miles in afternoon and crossed creek by the store and bridge camping just beyond.

**September 5th**—4 miles and a half in the morning following the line of telegraph poles, and made a dry camp.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to creek which we crossed and followed down on north side to avoid sage brush for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Camped on creek.

**September 6th**—Crossed back to south side of creek and nooned close to it and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile below store. Drove 5 miles and made dry camp, taking right hand road at fork of roads  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from store.

**September 7th**—Kept to right of road away from wire fence and nooned on lake about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 4 miles and a half in afternoon and made a dry camp.

**September 8th**—4½ miles to where the road strikes the Sweetwater again. Nooned on the creek. 4 miles in the afternoon and camped about ¼ of a mile from the creek and just at fork of roads.

**September 9th**—Took left hand road along the creek. Should have steered by the right hand road which is the shortest. Came 4 miles and nooned on the Sweetwater. Three miles in afternoon across hills and camped close to alkali bed.

**September 10th**—2 miles and nooned 1 mile west of wire fence and ¾ of a mile from the Sweetwater. 3 miles in afternoon and camped one mile to right of trail. Dry camp.

**September 11th**—2½ miles in morning and made dry camp ½ mile from the Sweetwater and ¼ of a mile from the wire fence. Camped on road 1½ miles from Tom Sun's ranche.

**September 12th**—Took to left of road and about 1½ miles from it. Drove 5 miles and made dry camp at noon. 5 miles in evening and struck the road about 1 mile beyond the turn.

**September 13th**—5 miles in morning to store on Sand Creek. 4 miles in evening and dry camp.

**September 14th**—Rode on 3 miles to North Platte. 5 miles to creek—4 miles to another—6 miles to another—3 miles to Shirley Basin. 5 miles to lake. 7 miles to water in canyon to right of Basin. 1½ miles to Child's camp.

**September 15th**—7 miles to Medecine Bow. 5 miles to Sheep Creek. 10 miles to a dry creek. 6 miles to Rock Creek Station.

**September 16th**—45 miles to Laramie where I arrived after dark.

**September 26th**—Number of Sheep in Child's Band 7569.

**September 28, 1882**—(When the remaining 12,500 head arrived at Laramie does not appear in the diary. However, the 10,000 head that had been contracted for at Laramie



were delivered and Evans shipped 2500 head to Mexico, Missouri, for corn feeding. Letter from Evans to Burns, April 12, 1934.)

**September 29th**—Number of Sheep in Murphy's Band 2129.<sup>5</sup>

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5. When the remaining 12,500 head arrived at Laramie does not appear in the journal. However, the 10,000 head that had been contracted for sale at Laramie were delivered, and Evans shipped 2,500 head to Mexico, Missouri, for corn feeding. Evans to Burns, April 9, 1934.

The trailing of sheep and cattle was at its peak in 1882 but shortly after that the differential in price between Oregon, California and Wyoming declined to such an extent that trailing was no longer a profitable venture. Evans to Burns, April 12, 1934.

Sargent, Homer and Evans trailed sheep from California in 1881 and from Oregon in 1882 and 1883 (Sargent and Homer Cash Book, Corthell Collection, University of Wyoming Archives). After the trailing operations in 1883, they, as well as others, did not trail livestock from Oregon although Homer did purchase shorthorn cattle in Oregon during the 90's and early years of the 20th century.

Steedman and Rand trailed cattle from Oregon in the late 70's and left a detailed account of the operation in book form (*Bucking the Sagebrush* by C. J. Steedman, 1904).

The editor of this article, whose father was general manager for Homer for many years, remembers very well the numerous trips his father took to Shaniko and Burns, Oregon and points in Utah, in the early 1900's to purchase cattle for Homer. Later, however, the price differential was not favorable and the practice was entirely discontinued just prior to the first World War.

# *Almira Hadley Lewis Houston*

By

LORA NEAL JEWETT\*

One of the most interesting personalities I know is Mrs. Almira Houston, age almost ninety-six years young. Almira Hadley (Lewis) Houston was born on New Year's Day, 1854, on her grandmother's farm in Parke County, Indiana. As she grew to girlhood, Almira became known as "the flower of the flock" of her family of ten. Her mother, Jane Hill, in 1853, when just seventeen married Henry Clay Lewis in the Bloomingfield Quaker meeting house. Both had been born in Parke County, Indiana.

Of this union, Almira was the eldest child. A few months after her birth, her mother took her to live at her father's farm, which was within easy walking distance of Grandmother Hill's farm. Many a happy week-end and holiday were spent at her grandparents' farm house. This farm is well described in Mary Ellen Hill Allen's "Story of My Life." (Aunt Mary Allen was the youngest of the ten children of William and Achisa Hill, Jane Hill's parents.) The following is an interesting excerpt from that manuscript:

"The house on Grandfather's place was a story and a half, of hewed logs, weatherboarded and ceiled. At the east end was a one-story log house joining the taller front building. This had a large fireplace, there being a big double chimney in the center, or between the two buildings. The fireplace had a crane and a broad hearth for cooking. There was no cookstove and all of the cooking was done in iron pots hung on the crane which had pendant hooks and was long enough to hold two pots and an iron teakettle. Baking was done in round iron flat-bottom kettles or ovens with three legs two inches long, giving enough room underneath where hot coals could be placed to furnish the heat. These round ovens had iron lids with rims to hold the coals which were heaped on top to give heat. Today these utensils are called "dutch ovens" and are used in the West dur-

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—This article was written in collaboration with Carl Wall, grandson of Mrs. Houston, a prominent artist and engineer of California.

Mrs. C. Gordon Jewett, wife of a prominent ranchman of Big Piney, Wyoming has written a number of articles under the name of L. Ellis Jewett which have appeared in many of the leading newspapers and magazines. She is a member of the Press Reporting Syndicate and the Dramatic League of America.

ing roundups. Lovely pies and biscuits were often baked on a tin reflector that was placed in front of the blazing fire where coals could be heaped beneath it.

"In the large living room there was a broad mantel above the fireplace. It was here one always saw the family clock, inside of which was placed a liberal-sized bottle of pills. Other decorations included brass candlesticks and sundry other things more or less decorative and useful, such as a vase with paper candle-lighters in it and a bottle containing camphor, the popular family medicine. Always hanging at one end of the mantel was an Ayers or Jaynes Almanac. In the room there were two rocking chairs, some straight-back chairs, and a table on which the Bible, the Christian Worker and Friends Review, or whatever the church paper was at that time, and maybe a book or two, could always be found.

"Against the partition between the main room and bedroom stood a cherry dresser-bureau, on top of which was a glass bookcase. On the lower shelf was a strong-box with lock and key, in which were kept my grandfather's and father's deeds and other valuable documents and papers. On the shelves above were the books, mostly sacred, historic, and biographical.

"The kitchen contained a large dining table extending along the north side of the room, with a bench between the table and wall. Behind the door in the corner was the flour barrel. In the southwest corner stood the loom on which cloth was woven for the family's clothing, the blankets for the beds, and rag carpets for the floors. The small wheel for spinning flax, the reel for winding the thread into skeins for coloring, and the big dye kettle were in the corner near the fireplace. There were a number of splint-bottomed chairs and a large cupboard for dishes and various kitchen utensils."

It was in this house that the child Almira was born. There she spent many happy days with cousins, aunts and uncles. There too, her brothers, Will and Tom, spent many happy days, grew up and became railroad men, who pioneered in Colorado until their retirement.

When Almira was six years of age, she and her family emigrated by covered wagon to Iowa where, with the money from the sale of the Indiana farm, her father purchased and developed a large and prosperous farm near Greenwood, Iowa, about ten miles north of the pioneer town of Des Moines. On the banks of the creek that ran through the hazelnut and fruit groves on this farm, the children enjoyed years of exploration and play which is still re-



membered by Almira after the lapse of nine-tenths of a century.

In 1864 Almira's mother died at the birth of a little son who passed away at the age of two weeks. This was a severe blow to little ten-year-old Almira. However, the philosophy and faith of her Quaker upbringing gave her courage and made her sorrow easier to bear. A housekeeper took over the duties of the motherless home. She soon won the hearts of the widower and his children and became wife and mother to them.

At the age of twelve, Almira graduated from elementary school. She then went back to her birthplace and childhood "haven" and attended Bloomingdale Academy, a private school which was the alma mater of her parents, and her grandparents on both sides of the family.

During the winter of 1869, while visiting her father at vacation-time, she developed a cough and her health began to fail rapidly. On the chance that a different climate would be beneficial, she was sent to the home of an uncle who owned a plantation in Texas. There, in that sunny climate, her health was restored and she entered the gay social whirl of a southern plantation neighborhood—a far cry from the stern and quiet life of a Quaker family. On August 12, 1869, Almira eloped with a dashing southern gentleman and became the bride of Professor William Henderson. Professor Henderson was a musician, artist and photographer who had a very good income from his profession. Their elopement was very romantic. It was a moonlit night when Almira and Will rode horseback to Columbus, Texas. It was just breaking day when they reached the minister's. She wore a little cotton print dress and carried her wedding gown in a bag. It was made of rich black silk with tiny pink rosebuds and green leaves, and had a white chiffon overdress caught with pink roses at the waist.

Mr. Henderson's father was the owner of a large plantation with many slaves and it was there that he and Almira went to live after their marriage. It was called Henderson Landing for many of the river steamers stopped to take on wood. Mr. Henderson's father was a general in the Civil War and it was during this period his mother was killed while the family was eating breakfast.

Professor Henderson was noted for his fine art. Many of his paintings gained wide publicity and one hung in the steamboat, "Mississippi."

On July 5, 1870, their first child was born, a little fair-haired girl whom they named Zoe after Mr. Henderson's mother who was of French extraction. Zoe was a beautiful

child, the pride and joy of her young parents. Her golden curls matched the \$100 gold piece on a necklace which had been presented to her by her doting father.

Mr. Henderson died in Sacramento, California, while traveling alone in 1874, the year the second child was born. The young widow and mother of two, now just twenty years of age, stayed on her Aunt Mary Allen's farm near Westport, Missouri, later known as Kansas City. There she met Dr. Robert Houston, second cousin of Sam Houston of Texas, whom she eventually married. He took his bride and two stepchildren to Chanute, Kansas, where he practiced.

During the very happy and hectic life as the wife of the busy and beloved country doctor, who was called out both day and night regardless of fatigue or weather, the young wife bore him the following children:

Lillian Houston Richardson Beck, who died at Merna, Wyoming, in 1922,

Lulu Houston Hand, now deceased,

Janette Houston Wall, now living at Atascadero, California,

Grace Houston, who died at the age of two years, and

Robert Houston, of Denver and Kansas City, a well-known newspaper man.

Meanwhile Zoe blossomed into young womanhood and married a young farm lad, Oscar Reddick. She went with him to Nevada where he worked in a mine near the village of Winnemucca. The only legend of that interlude was of the time when, annoyed by the attentions of one of the miners, the blond little bride, Zoe, was rescued by the Chinese cook, who armed himself with a butcher-knife about a yard long.

Later the Reddick family moved to Oregon, then to Stanley, Wyoming, near the town of Big Piney. Here Oscar Reddick filed on a homestead which he sold to another homesteader, planning to file on some land in Ohio. In a letter to her mother, Zoe declared that if Oscar went to Ohio, he would have to go without her and their two small sons. She wanted to stay in the Green River Valley, "because the scenery here, also the water, air and everything, far surpass that of any other place I have ever lived." Finally, her young husband reconsidered and filed on 160 acres on Horse Creek under the shoulder of Merna Butte. This section of land is now a portion of the Ralph Conwell place.

On November 11, 1899, Zoe died at the age of twenty-eight at the birth of her fifth child.

Dr. Houston had died, due to pneumonia he had developed answering a midnight call while he himself was ill with a severe cold. Almira Houston came to the farm on Horse

Creek to care for her motherless grandchildren and their bereaved father.

Falling in love with the country as had her late daughter, Mrs. Houston filed on a homestead adjoining the Reddick place on the west, and proved up on it in 1907.

Mr. Reddick took his five children to Canada after selling his ranch to Pat Conwell, and somehow lost contact with Mrs. Houston. Forty years later, Hobert Reddick, at whose birth his mother, Zoe, had died, called on his grandmother at Atascadero, California, thus providing the answer to Grandma Houston's prayers.

Grandma Houston lived in her little cabin on Lead Creek, a tributary of Horse Creek, almost continuously from 1902 until 1930. During all that time her homestead cabin was headquarters for her children, grandchildren and many friends, both white and red. For many summers three Indian squaws, Judy, Susie and Maggie, would show up at the homestead with their tepees and camp gear packed on their ponies, to spend the summer fishing, picking gooseberries which abounded thereabouts, and paying frequent short visits to Mrs. Houston's cabin.

Once, during the absence of her son Robert, Mrs. Houston was taken violently ill. The three squaws brewed up a "hell broth" of various roots and herbs. After administering some of this remedy to the sick woman, they sat in a corner of the room chanting a tuneless, endless appeal to the Indian gods to heal their white sister. Whether due to this, or their nursing or fire-tending, their white patient recovered and soon was restored to her usual good health. In addition to this act of service, these squaws also rewarded their hostess, on whose land they camped, with gifts from time to time—beaded moccasins, fringed buckskin shirts, skirts and jackets. Once they offered to sell her a handmade beaded saddle for one dollar. The failure to accept this offer has been a source of regret to Mrs. Houston's children.

One summer when Janette Houston was at her mother's, Mrs. Houston asked Maggie where her daughter Ida was, as Ida usually came with the three squaws on their trips. Maggie's reply was, "Man catchum. Me heap cry." So it was presumed that Ida had married during the winter. The following summer Janette was married to a Mr. Wall, an artist of note who did drawings and paintings for many of the leading magazines. Janette and her husband lived in Delaware and in the famous Greenwich Village, an artists' colony in New York City. That summer when the Indian squaws came they missed Janette, and Maggie in-



quired about her. Mrs. Houston replied, "Man catchum. Me heap cry." Maggie burst out laughing.

During the years of residence on her Wyoming homestead, Mrs. Houston was active in church and Sunday School work. She started the meetings in her own home. Later they were held in the Merna Butte school-house. A Mrs. Cramer was organist. The Cramers lived on the old Hartley ranch. In 1913 Mother Houston went to New York to visit Janette. When she returned home a city missionary, Ida McCoy, went home with her to Red Butte at Merna. Mrs. Wall sent them money regularly to help carry on their church, a sort of "mission," they called it. They had a good attendance. Among those who attended were Ed and Pearl Sargent, who originally came from Maine.

Mr. L. W. Sargent, brother of Ed, lived on Beaver Creek. When his wife Bessie passed away after giving birth to a daughter, Cecilia, Mrs. Houston went to take care of the Sargent children. Always kind and helpful to those in sickness or need, Mrs. Houston was present at the birth of many of the babies who now are prominent Green River Valley citizens.

In 1930, Grandma Houston, as she is lovingly called by those who know her, went to live with her daughter Janette in Atascadero, California. At the age of eighty-one, she made the long trip back to Wyoming to spend the summer at the home she made for her children and herself thirty years before. That summer she walked regularly four times a week the five mile round-trip to the post office at Merna.

Mrs. Houston is now in her ninety-sixth year. She still remembers with joy those happy years spent on Horse Creek. Most of her surviving children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren periodically feel the homing urge, and return there as to a shrine.

# *In Memoriam*

**GEORGE A. BIBLE**

**Born July 20, 1878**

**Died August 22, 1950**

In 1907, in Green River, Wyoming, Mr. Bible started his banking career. He advanced in his chosen profession and in 1938 was made president of the First National Bank of Rawlins, which position he held until 1949, when he resigned and became chairman of the board of directors. He had additional banking and business interests along with his civic, social and charitable activities.

As a member of the Wyoming State Historical Advisory Board, he was always conscientious and anxious to do for that Department any service that promoted historical research.

# *Accessions*

to the

## **WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT**

July 1950 to November 1950

McCullough, Dell, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a hand-made horse's bit.

Cartwright, Carl, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of an old rusty key.

Limon, Gene N., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of an old rusty key.

Sorg, Mike, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a rock that had been used and polished by the Indians.

Fisher, Mrs. Fred, Pine Bluffs, Wyoming: Donor of the top layer of a wedding cake made in 1898 and also used at the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. Fisher's father and mother.

Wagner, Howard A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a picture of the State Capitol, and Supreme Court Building.

Meyer, John E., Laramie, Wyoming: Donor of the W. W. Jeffers' Trap Shooting Trophy Union Pacific System Athletic Meet.

Wyoming Pioneer Association, Douglas, Wyoming, by Mr. L. C. Bishop, President and Mrs. Pauline E. Peyton, Secretary: Donor of the first record of Wyoming Pioneer Association; proceedings of school meetings of School District Number 6, Albany County, Wyoming Territory—May 4, 1885 to 1904; half-dollar purchased by the Wyoming Pioneer Association to celebrate the Oregon Trail Centennial.

Joy, Mrs. Cora, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of one small vase bought in 1885; one mug of Sutherland Art Ware—The Wayside Inn—Frank Beardmore and Company; cocktail shaker.

Sanders, Jerry, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of one spur and part of a double barrel rifle (trigger and guard).

Dickson, Mrs. Howard, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of The Cheyenne Daily Sun-Leader—November 2, 1898; The Wyoming Tribune September 22, 1898.

Ayres, Clement, Douglas, Wyoming: Donor of Revised edition of the Tables of Distances and Itineraries of Routes in the Department of the Platte. Published by command of Brigadier General George Crook, U.S.A., Commanding the Department—Engineer office, Headquarters Department of the Platte, Omaha, Nebraska, February 1882; one very old unframed picture of Natural Bridge, La Prele Creek, near Douglas, Wyoming.

Edwards, Mrs. Sally A., Douglas, Wyoming: Donor of white granite bowl.



- Crosley, C. H. B., Douglas, Wyoming: Donor of a hand-made horse shoeing tong made by himself in 1880.
- Olsen, Philip O., Oswego, Oregon: Donor of a typed copy of a trip across the plains in 1862, taken from Hamilton Scott's Diary with additional notes by Alvin Zaring, one of the party.
- Bresnahan, L. R. Estate, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of a fireplace taken from the room in which the Constitutional Convention of 1889 was held.
- Hurd, G. H., South Gate, California: Donor of two letters written to J. D. Hurd in 1893 concerning the passage of the bill for Woman Suffrage.
- Kienzle, H. Clay, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of one picture.
- Plummer, Samuel B., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a rock drill used in a mine near Rambler, Wyoming.
- Schutte, Ernest W., Burns, Wyoming: Donor of a handmade threshing machine and grain wagon which were constructed by his father William Schutte of Burns, Wyoming. Mrs. Susie S. Holm is the daughter of William Schutte and should be included as a donor also.
- Kinnear, Mrs. N. B., Kinnear, Wyoming: Donor of a side saddle about 76 years old that she used as a little girl; saddle her mother, Mary Baker, wife of Jim Baker, made out of bone is around 105 years old. She also made the quirt that goes with the saddle and the long rawhide string is the one with which she used to tie her horse, Grayeagle.

### Books—Gifts

- Brock, J. Elmer, gift of the **History of St. Luke's Episcopal Church**, by Lillian H. Baker. Published by the church, 1950.
- Wykoff, Roy, gift of **My Friend and Classmate, John J. Pershing**, by A. D. Andrews. Published by the Military Service, 1939.
- Reckmeyer, Clarence, gift of **First Five Years of the Rail Road Era in Colorado** by E. O. Davis. Published by Sage Books, 1948. **Boomerang** by Bill Nye. Published by Belford Clark, 1881. **Ocean to Ocean on Horseback** by Willard Glazier. Published by Hubbard 1898.
- McCullough, A. S., gift of **Gold, Guns and Ghost Towns** by W. A. Chalfant. Published by Stanford University, 1947.
- DeLaney, William H., donated the Railroad magazine, January 1949 and June 1950. The Horse—November-December 1947.
- Bower, Earl T., and L. C. Bishop donated **LaBonte, Hunter, Free Trapper, Trail Blazer and Mountain Man of the Old West—1825-1848**.
- Crouch, Kenneth E., donated **The Land Where the Cow Boy Grows**, by Addie Viola Hudson.

Jones, Mrs. Bruce S., donated two music books: **The Midway Musical Collection** and a music book copyrighted in Boston 1888 by Oliver Ditson and Company.

Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of **The Book of Mormon**. An account written by the Hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi.

### Books—Purchased

Williams, Albert N., **Rocky Mountain Country**. Published by Duell, Sloan, 1950. \$2.34.

Conrad, H. L., **"Uncle Dick" Wootton**. Published by Dibble, 1950. \$10.00.

Urbanek, Mae, **Wyoming Winds**. Published by Lusk Herald, 1950. \$1.50.

Malone, Rose Mary, **Wyomingana**. Published by the Author, University Denver Press, 1950. \$2.00.

Ray, Clarence, **Famous American Scouts**. Published by Regan. \$2.50.

Hudson, Ruth, **Here in Wyoming**. Published by University of Wyoming, 1950.

### Erratum

Rodney T. Hanson's gift was found to be a *Castor Canaeleusis* or modern beaver, instead of a "saber tooth cat" found in Lake Marie, Wyoming as reported in the July 1950 issue of the **Annals of Wyoming**.

# General Index

## —A—

Adams, Charles F., Jr., 30  
Adams, Thomas B., 30  
Agriculture in Colorado, 10  
Albee canyon, 81  
Albee, Oregon, 81  
Alber, R., 79  
Alcova Dam, 59  
Alcove Spring, 57  
Alder Creek, 83  
Alexander, Idaho, 60  
Alexander & Frazer, 79, 80  
Allen, Mary Ellen Hill, 97  
American Fur Company, 58  
**America's Sheep Trails**, by Edward N. Wentworth, 81, 82, 86, 92  
**American Wool Handbook** by von Bergen, 78  
Antelope Pass, 5  
Arkansas River, 6  
Ash Hollow, 57, 64, 65  
Augur, General, 7  
Austin, Mr., from New Albany, 56, 67  
Ayres, Clement, gift to museum, 104

## —B—

Badger, Wyoming, 30, 36, 42, 43  
Bairler, Joe, 79  
Baker (City) Oregon, 81, 83  
Baker, N. A., 8, 10, 18  
Balch and Bacon, 79, 80  
Bald Mountain, 72, 74  
"Baldy," 72  
Bancroft Library of the University of California, 53  
Banking, early-days, Cheyenne, 18  
Bank of Rogers and Company, 8  
Battle Mountain, 61  
Bayard, Nebraska, 58  
Baylor, Joe, 80  
Bear Creek, 18  
Bear River, 60, 67  
Bear River Valley, 60  
Beck, Lillian Houston Richardson, 100  
Beer Springs, 60  
Bellevue, Idaho, 87, 88  
Berthoud Pass, 5  
Bible, George A., 103  
Big Blue River, 57, 62  
Big Butte, 84, 85  
Big Horn Mountains, 19  
Big Lost River, 89  
Big Piney, Wyoming, 100  
Big Sandy, 66, 93  
Big Sandy Crossing, 59  
**Biographical Sketch of David Miller**, by Ellen Miller Fullerton, 75-76  
Big Vermillion River, 57, 62  
Birch Creek, 84, 89  
Bishop, L. C., gift to museum, 106



- Black Creek, 87
- Blackfoot, Idaho, 89
- Black's Fork, Green River, 59
- Black Hills, 19, 20, 28
- Black Hills' gold rush, 19
- Black Hills Stage Line, 22
- Black Hills, (Wyoming), 5, 6
- Black Vermillion River, 57
- Bloomington Academy, 99
- Bloomington Quaker Meeting House, 97
- Blue River, 63
- Boise, Idaho, 85
- Boise River, 85
- Boise stage road, 85
- Bonser, William A., 8
- Boulder, Colorado, 10, 14
- Boulder Pass, 5
- Bower, Earl T., and Bishop, L. C., gift to museum, 105
- Bozeman-Cheyenne Road, 22
- Bozeman, Montana, 22
- Bresnahan, L. R. Estate, gift to museum, 105
- Bridge, first across Platte, about 1854, 59
- Bridge, Ft. Laramie, 1875, 22
- Bridges and roads, Wyoming, early-day, 22
- Bridgeport, Nebraska, 58
- Bridger Creek, 60
- Brock, J. Elmer, gift to museum, 105
- Brown, Arapahoe, 72
- Brown's wagon, 66
- Brown, William, 56, 66, 67, 69
- Bucking the Sagebrush**, by C. J. Steedman, 96
- Buffalo and elk, 62
- Buffalo chase, 63
- Buffalo chips used for fuel, 57, 63
- Buffalo hunts, 57
- Buffalo, Wyoming, 31
- Burlington Railroad, 35
- Burns, Dr. R. H., biographical sketch, 77, 78
- Burns, Dr. R. H., editor, **Sheep Trailing From Oregon to Wyoming**, by Hartman K. Evans, 77
- Burns, Oregon, 96
- Burnt River, 83

## —C—

- Cache la Poudre, 5
- California Gold Rush of 1850, 52
- California-Oregon Trail, 52
- California, Rhodes' journal of journey to, 52
- Camp Carlin (Cheyenne Depot), 8, 9, 10, 21-22
- Camp Creek, 88
- Camp Walbach, 5
- Campbell, Governor, 76
- Canyon Creek, 68
- Carey, Joseph M., 29, 49, 51
- Carpenter, Wyoming, 44
- Carson River, 61, 70
- Carson Sink, 61
- Cartwright, Carl, gift to museum, 104
- Casper, Wyoming, 30, 34, 36, 59
- Cassia Creek, 60
- Castle Rock, 87

- Cattle industry, early-day, 23-25  
Cattle ranches established in Wyoming, 18  
Central City, Nebraska, 54  
Chadron, Nebraska, 28, 34  
Chanute, Kansas, 100  
Cheyenne and Burlington Railroad Co., 44  
Cheyenne and the Colorado trade, 10  
Cheyenne Depot (Camp Carlin), 8, 9, 10, 21-22  
Cheyenne Leader, 8, 10, 18  
**Cheyenne Looking North**, by E. O. Fuller, 3-51  
**Cheyenne Looking North**, bibliography, 45-47  
Cheyenne and Northern, Articles of Incorporation, 47  
Cheyenne and Northern Railway Co., passim, 3-51  
Cheyenne Pass, 5, 6  
Cheyenne, Wyoming, passim 3-51, 75-76  
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Co., passim, 3-51  
Chicago and Northwestern, passim 3-51  
    Dining car at Orin Junction, 32-35, 44  
Childs, Wm., passim, 79-96  
Chimney Rock, 58, 64  
Cholera, 57, 62  
Chugwater Creek, 18  
**The City of Broken Hearts**, by Ida McPherrren, 72  
City of Rocks, 60  
Clear Creek, Colorado, 10  
Coe Collection of Yale University, 53  
Collins, Lieut. Caspar, 59  
Colorado, passim, 3-51  
Colorado and Central, 42  
Colorado Central and Pacific Railroad Co., 41  
Colorado Central Railway, passim, 3-51  
Colorado Central Railroad Co., 41  
Colorado and Clear Creek Railroad Company, 41  
Colorado Junction (formerly Hazard), Wyoming, 11, 12, 37, 41, 42  
Colorado Leader, Denver, 8  
Colorado mining, 10  
Colorado population, 1870, 10  
Colorado Railroad Company, 37, 42, 44  
Colorado and Southern Railway Company, passim, 3-51  
Colorado and Wyoming Railroad Company, 44  
Columbia River, tributary of, 67  
Columbus, Texas, 99  
Continental Divide, 59  
Converse, Asa R., 17  
Conwell, Pat, 101  
Conwell, Ralph, 100  
Cook, Rev. Joseph W., diary and letters, 9  
Cooper County, Missouri, 61, 62  
Corlett, William W., 8, 9, 29, 49, 50, 51  
Corral Creek, 87  
Corthell, N. E., collection, 77, 79, 96  
Cottonwood, 88  
Council Bluffs, 59  
Courthouse Rock, 57, 58, 64  
Coutant, C. G., unpublished notes, 18  
Cramers, the, 102  
Crawford County, Indiana, 56  
Creighton, Edward, 24-25  
Crook County, Wyoming, creation authorized and organization of, 20  
    Number of cattle, 1885-88, 24

Crook, General, 19, 20  
 Crosley, C. H. B., gift to museum, 105  
 Cross Creek, 57, 61  
 Crouch, Kenneth E., gift to museum, 105  
 Crow Creek, 5, 6, 7, 18, 75  
 Custer, General, 19, 20

## —D—

**Daily Missouri Republican**, 52  
 Dakota Junction, Nebraska, 28  
 Dakota Territory, 8  
 Dale Creek, 5  
 Dams, Alcova and Pathfinder, 59  
 Danielson, P. B., 8  
 Dater, Philip, 29, 49, 50, 51  
 Dayton Gulch, 73  
 Dayton, Wyoming, 72  
 Deadman's Flat, 88  
 Deer Creek, 59, 65  
 Deering, Dr. Albert B., 76  
 Deering, Jean Miller, 76  
 DeLaney, William H., gift to museum, 105  
 Denver, Colorado, *passim*, 3-51  
**Denver News**, 8  
 Denver Pacific Railway & Telegraph Co., *passim*, 3-51  
 Denver and Rio Grande Railway, 11, 12  
 Denver and South Park Line, 12  
 Devil's Gate, 59  
 Dickson, Mrs. Howard, gift to museum, 104  
 Dining car, Orin Junction, 32-35, 44  
     picture, 33  
 Dixie Creek, 87  
 Dodge, General Grenville M., 5, 6, 7, 9  
 Douglas, Wyoming, 28, 32, 36  
 Drownings in North Platte, 59  
 Dry Creek, 88  
 Drywood Spring, 67  
 Durbin Creek, 84  
 Durbin, Mrs. Harriet, 17

## —E—

Eagle Rock, 89, 90  
 Eastland, George W., 32  
 Edwards, Mrs. Sally A., gift to museum, 105  
 Elrod, Miss Lily, 55  
 Emigrant Road (Oregon Trail), 83, 90  
 Emigrant Spring, 61  
 Evans, Colorado, 14, 16  
 Evans from Illinois drowned in Platte, 65  
 Evans, Hartman K., sheep trail diary, 81-96  
 Evans, Hartman K., **Sheep Trailing From Oregon to Wyoming**, 77  
 Evans Pass, 5

## —F—

Fairbury, Nebraska, 57  
 Farewell Bend, 84  
 Farnham, Elijah Bryan, **From Ohio to California in 1849, Gold Rush Diary**, 54  
 Faucett, George and Elizabeth Killion, 54  
 Faucett, L. H., 66  
 Faucett, Levi, 54, 56  
 Faucett, Maria, 54  
 Ferry charge, Green River, 66



- Ferry, Platte, 65
  - Field, Eugene, 76
  - Fifteen Mile Creek, 88
  - First court, Cheyenne, May 25, 1869, 76
  - First National Bank of Denver, 8
  - First passenger train into Cheyenne, 75
  - Fish Creek, 88
  - Fisher, Mrs. Fred, gift to museum, 104
  - Fontenelle Creek, 60
  - Fort Bridger, 21, 58, 59, 60
  - Fort Caspar, 30
  - Fort Collins, Colorado, 7, 41, 42
  - Fort D. A. Russell, 7, 9, 10, 21
  - Fort Douglas, Utah, 21
  - Fort Fetterman, 21, 30
  - Fort Fred Steele, 21
  - Fort Hall, Idaho, 21, 60, 68
  - Fort Kearney, 23, 39, 57, 58, 63
  - Fort Laramie, 3, 4, 5, 7, 21, 37, 39, 48, 52, 56, 58, 59, 65
  - Fort Laramie, Congressional appropriation for 1875 bridge, 22
  - Fort Laramie National Monument, 58
  - Fort Laramie Treaty Council, 58
  - Fort McKenzie, 21
  - Fort Sanders, 21
  - Fort Washakie, 21
  - Fort William, 58
  - Fortunatus Mining Company, 74
  - Fortunatus, Wyoming, 72
  - Forty-niners**, 60
  - Frazer and Kester, 80
  - Freight rates, railroad, 12, 13, 39
  - Freight traffic volume, railroad, 16
  - Freighting by ox-teams, rates, 4
  - Freighting into Cheyenne in 1867, 10
  - Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, 28, 42, 43
  - Fremont's Canyon, 61
  - Fremont's guide, Williams, 56, 63
  - French and Indian town, 62
  - French Lick, Indiana, 54
  - Friend, John C., 8
  - From Ohio to California in 1849; the Gold Rush Diary of Elijah Bryan Farnham**, 54
  - Fuller, E. O., **Cheyenne Looking North**, 3-51
  - Fuller, E. O., Biographical sketch, 3
  - Fullerton, Ellen Miller, 76
  - Fullerton, Ellen Miller, **Biographical Sketch of David Miller**, 75-76
  - Fullerton, John H., 76
  - Fur traders, 58
- G—
- Gering, Nebraska, 58
  - Gerster, Mme., 28
  - Gilchrist, Andrew, 8
  - Gold discovered in Black Hills, 19
  - Gold Rush Diary of 1849**, by Alexander Ramsay, 54
  - Golden, Colorado, passim, 3-51
  - Golden, Wyoming, 93
  - Goose Creek, 60, 68
  - Gould, Mr., 12
  - Grand Island, Nebraska, 63
  - Gravelly Ford, 61

Great Meadows at Lovelock, 61  
Greenhorn's Cut-off, 61  
Green River, 59, 60, 66, 93  
Green River Ferry, 60, 66  
Green River, Oregon Trail Crossing, 59  
Green River Valley, 100, 102  
Grist Mill, 62

## —H—

Haas, Herman, 8  
Hamilton, with Evans, 83-96  
Ham's Fork, 60, 91  
Hand, Lulu Houston, 100  
Hangtown, California, 56, 57, 61  
Hay, Henry G., 29, 49, 50, 51  
Hays, Mrs. Ralph, 54  
Hazard Station, Wyoming, later called Colorado Junction, 11, 14, 37  
Hecht, Charles, 21  
"Hell broth," 101  
Henderson Landing, 99  
Henderson, Professor William, 99  
Henderson, Zoe, 99, 100  
High cost of living, 39, 40  
High Prairie, 87  
Hill, J. A., 77  
Hill, Jane, 97  
Hill, William and Achisa, 97  
Hill, Will and Tom, 98  
Historic sites in proposed reservoir areas, 52  
Holiday, companion of Joseph Rhodes, 55  
Homer, Robert H., 77-96  
Horn & Company, 80  
Horse Creek, 18, 58, 100, 102  
Horseshoe Creek, 18, 59  
Hosier Pass, 5  
Houston, Almira, 100, 101, 102  
**Houston, Almira Hadley (Lewis)**, by Lora Neal Jewett, 97  
Houston, Dr. Robert, 100  
Houston, Grace, 100  
Houston, Janette, 101  
Houston, Lillian, 100  
Houston, Lulu, 100  
Houston, Robert, 100, 101  
Houston, Sam, 100  
Hudspeth's Cut-off, 60  
Humboldt River, 60, 61, 68  
Humboldt Valley, 23  
Hurd, G. H., gift to museum, 105

## —I—

Icy Slough, 59  
Illinois, 62  
Independence Rock, 59, 65  
Indian Claims, 3  
Indian Creek, 87  
Indian scalping near Cheyenne, 75  
Indian squaws, 101  
Indian Trade, decline in, 58  
Indian Treaty of 1868, 19  
Indian Tribes, Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Shoshone, 19, 20, 21  
Indian Tribes, Utes and Diggers, 61  
Indian War, 1876-1877, 20

## Indian Wars

Battle of the Little Big Horn, 20

Battle of the Rosebud, 20

Indians, 6, 58, 64, 67, 72

Indians, Sioux, ambush of Lt. Caspar Collins, 59

Independence, Missouri, 57

Indiana, 54, 55

**Indiana Magazine of History**, 54

Indiana, Orange, Crawford and Martin Counties—company from, 56

Irvine, William C., 29, 49, 51

## —J—

Jeffrey, J. K., **The Territory of Wyoming**, 1874, 25

Jenkins, Captain J. F., 21

Jersey Junction, 11, 14

Jewett, Lora Neal, **Almira Hadley (Lewis) Houston**, 97

Johnson, 66, 69

Johnson, Edward P., 8

Johnson of Rhodes party, 66, 67

Johnson County, number of cattle, 1881-88, 24

Johnson County organized, 20

Johnson County, Wyoming, 31, 72

Jones, Mrs. Bruce S., gift to museum, 106

Joy, Mrs. Cora, gift to museum, 104

Judy, Indian squaw, 101

Julesburg, Colorado, 6, 11, 14

## —K—

Kansas City, 10, 11

Kansas City, Missouri, 7, 100

Kansas, 57

Kansas Pacific Railway Co., *passim*, 10-51

Kansas River, 57, 61

Kanza, village, 57

Kelton, 83

Kermarer's band of sheep, 87

Kienzle, H. Clay, gift to museum, 105

Kinneâr, Mrs. N. B., gift to museum, 105

Kraft, 88

Koval, F. V., 32

Kuykendall, W. L., 8

## —L—

LaBarge Creek, 91

LaBarge, Wyoming, 60

LaBonte Creek, 59

Ladd's Canyon, 81

Ladd's Hill, 81, 83

LaGrande, Oregon, 81

Lake Springs, 88

Lang and Ryon, 85

LaPorte, Colorado, 7, 10

LaPrele Creek, 59

Laramie Canyon, 5, 6

Laramie County, Wyoming, 17, 26

Number of cattle, 1870-1888, 24

Laramie Creek, 58, 65

"Laramy's fork" (Laramie Creek), 58, 65

Laramie National Bank, 79

Laramie Peak, 58, 59, 65

Laramie Plains, 23

Laramie River, 18

Laramie, Wyoming, 31, 77, 78, 95, 96



Latham, Dr. H., 25  
 Lead Creek, 101  
 Leadville, Colorado, 12  
 Leavenworth, Kansas, 7  
 Leezer, J. M., 79, 80  
 Lewis, Henry Clay, 97  
 Limon, Gene N., Gift to museum, 104  
 Lincoln, President, 3  
 Lindley, 68  
 Little Blue River, 57, 63  
 Little Camas prairie, 87  
 Little Sandy, 66, 93  
 Little Sandy Crossing, 59, 60  
 Little Vermillion, 62  
 Little Vermillion River, 57  
 Little Wood River, 88  
 Lodge Pole Creek, 5, 6  
 "Logan's Ranche," 84  
 Lombard Ferry, 59  
 Lon, with Evans, 81-96  
 Longmont, Colorado, 11, 14  
 Long Tom Creek, 87  
 Lone Tree Creek, 5, 6  
 Lone Tree Pass, 6  
 Lost River, 88  
 Loveland, W. A. H., 11  
 Lower California Crossing of South Platte, 57

## —M—

Maggie—Indian squaw, 101, 102  
 Malheur, 84  
 Malheur River, 83, 84  
 Mapleson Opera Company, 28  
 Map, Evans route across Wyoming, 1882, 92  
     Evans route across Idaho, 1882, 86  
     Evans Sheep trail across Oregon, 1882, 82  
     Colorado Central Railway, 15  
     Denver, Pacific Railway, 15  
     Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway, 43  
     Orin Junction and vicinity, 38  
     Union Pacific Railway as originally planned, 7  
     Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company, 43  
 Market Lake, 89  
 Marley, 56, 64, 65, 69  
 Mary's Fork, 61  
 Mary's River, 68  
 Marysville, Kansas, 57  
 Mattes, Merrill J., biographical data, 52  
 Mattes, Merrill J., **Joseph Rhodes and the California Gold Rush of 1850**, 52  
 Maris, Miss Anna J., 54, 55, 56  
 Martin County, Indiana, 56  
 Mavity, Mrs. N. B., 54, 55  
 Medicine Bow, 95  
 Merna Butte, 100  
 Merna Butte schoolhouse, 102  
 Merna, Wyoming, 100, 102  
 Methodist mission near St. Mary's, Kansas, 57  
 Mexico, Missouri, 96  
 Meyer, John E., gift to museum, 104  
 Miles City, Montana, 31

Miller, Christina Gogan (Mrs. David), 76  
**Miller, David, Biographical Sketch**, by Ellen Miller Fullerton, 75, 76  
 Miller, David Jr., 76  
 Mines—west of Denver, 4  
 Mining, early day, 72  
 Missouri River, 4, 6  
 Missouri River Basin Surveys, Historian, 52  
 "Mississippi" (Steamboat), 99  
**Mississippi Valley Historical Review**, 77  
 Mitchell Pass, 58  
 Montana, 19, 20, 22, 28, 31  
 Mormon ferry across North Platte, 59  
 Mormons, Green River Ferry, 60  
 Mounted Riflemen, arrival at Fort Laramie, 1849, 58  
 Montana Territory, 48  
 Music, Cheyenne early-day, 75, 76  
 Mud Holes, 93  
 Mud Lake, 89  
 Muddy Creek, 93  
 Murphy's band of sheep, 96

## —Mc—

McCoy, Ida, 102  
 McCullough, A. S., gift to museum, 105  
 McCullough, Dell, gift to museum, 104  
 McDowell's ferry on Snake river, 84  
 McPherrren, Ida, **The City of Broken Hearts**, 72

## —N—

Nagle, Erasmus, 29, 49, 50, 51  
 Names Hill, 60  
 National Park Service, regional historian for, 52  
 Nebraska, 28, 52, 57, 58, 59  
 Nebraska Central College, 54  
 Nebraska forts—Omaha, Robinson, Sidney, 21  
 Nebraska Indian agencies, 21  
 Nebraska Territory, California trail through, 57  
 Nevada, 61  
 Nevada Saloon, 88  
 New Albany, 56  
 New Albany, Mr. Austin of, 67  
 New Ferry, 85  
 New Fork, 93  
 Newman's cattle outfit, 93  
 Newspapers, Wyoming early-day, 8  
**New York Times**, David Miller dramatic critic for, 75  
 Nichols, Dean G., **Pioneer Theatres of Denver, Colo.**, 16  
 Northern Pacific Railroad, 28, 31, 48  
 North Fork of the South Platte, 5  
 North Platte, 22, 58, 59, 95  
 North Platte Crossing, 59  
 North Platte, Nebraska, 7  
 North Platte River, 5, 18, 19, 20, 52, 57, 59  
 North Platte, valley of, 57  
 North Powder River, 83  
**Northwestern Newsliner**, 32  
 Northwestern Railroad, passim, 3-51  
 Nuckolls, Stephen F., 8  
 Nye, Bill, 76

## —O—

Ogallala, Nebraska, 57  
 Ogden, Utah, 13

"Old Bedlam," Fort Laramie, 58  
 Olsen, Philip O., gift to museum, 105  
 Omaha, Nebraska, 3-51, 59  
 Orange County, Indiana, 56  
 Orange County (Indiana) Company on California Trail, 67  
 Oregon, 66  
 Oregon-California Trail, 52, 59  
 Oregon Trail (Emigrant Road), 3, 59, 67, 83, 90  
 Oregon Trail exhibits, Scotts Bluff National Monument museum, 53  
 Orin Junction and vicinity, map, 38  
 Orin Junction, Wyoming, 32, 34, 35, 37, 42, 44  
 Orleans, Indiana, 55  
 Overland Trail, 5  
 Ox teams, 73  
 Ox-team freighting, 21

## —P—

**Pacific Historical Review**, 54  
 Pacific Railway hearings, 1887, 37  
 Pacific Springs, 59, 66  
 Paoli, Indiana, 54  
 Papin's Ferry (Topeka, Kansas), 57  
 Parke County, Indiana, 97  
 Parks, "Captain," Company of, 56, 65  
 Pathfinder Dam, 59  
 Patti, Mme., 28  
 Pease County, Wyoming (now Johnson), creation authorized, 20  
 Pendleton, Oregon, 78, 79, 81  
 Pike's train, 65  
 Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, 11, 14  
 Pine knots, used for fuel, 65  
 Pinnick, James, notation to Rhodes' diary, 55  
 Placerville, California, 61  
 Platte Ferry Charge, 65  
 Platte River, 6, 23, 30, 48, 63, 64  
 Platte River Crossing, 65  
 Platte valley, 57  
 Pleasant Valley, Oregon, 83  
 Pleasant Valley, Wyoming, 91, 93  
 Plummer, Samuel B., gift to museum, 105  
 "Poison" springs and lakes, 61, 66  
 Pony Express, 61  
 Population, Camp Carlin, 21  
 Population, Casper, 1908, 36  
 Population, Cheyenne, 1870, 17  
 Population, Denver, 1870, 16  
 Population, Douglas, 1908, 36  
 Post, Amelia B., 8  
 Post, Morton E., 8, 29, 49, 51  
 Powder River Campaign, 5  
 Powder River country, 22  
 Prospectors, 73

## —R—

Raft River, 60, 68  
 Rail war, 12, 13  
 Railroad freight rates, 12, 13, 39  
 Railroad passenger rates, 12  
 Railroads, passim, 3-51  
 Railroads of 1892, Wyoming, map, 43  
 Railroads, surveys to Pacific Coast, 1853-55, 4  
 Ramsay, Alexander—**Gold Rush Diary of 1849**, 54



- Ranches, Flag, 77
  - Tom Sun, 95
- Range war, 72
- Rapid City, Dakota Territory, 28
- Rawlins, General John A., 8
- Reckmeyer, Clarence, gift to museum, 105
- Red Butte, 102
- Red Cloud Indian Agency, 21, 22
- Red Vermillion River, 57
- Reddick, Hobert, 101
  - Oscar, 100, 101
  - Zoe Henderson, 100
- Reel, A. H., 8, 21
- Reidenbo, 85
- Retail prices, Denver, 1867-72, 40
- Rhodes, Andrew Jackson, 55
  - Jane, daughter of Joseph, 55
  - Jane T. Meacham, 54
- Rhodes, Joseph, and the California Gold Rush of 1850**, by Merrill J. Mattes, 52
  - Joseph, diary of 1850, 52
  - Maria, 55
  - William, 54
  - William and Jane, 54
- Ridge, Miss Louise, 54
- Riner, J. A., 50
- Roads and bridges, Wyoming early-day, 22
- "Roberts Rancho," 83
- Robidoux Pass, emigrants crossing, 58
- Rock Creek Station, 21, 95
- Rock Creek, Wyoming, 31, 88
- Rogers, H. J., 8
- Rye Valley, 83, 84
- Rye Valley road, 84

## —S—

- St. Joseph, emigrant road from, 57, 62
- St. Joseph, Missouri, 7
- St. Mary's, Kansas, 57
- Saint Vrain and Laramie Trail, 6
- Saleratus Mountains, 65
- Salmon Trout, 70
- Salt Lake City, 6, 39, 60, 67
- Salt River valley, 91
- Salt Works, 91
- Sand Creek, 95
- Sand Holes, 89
- Sanders, Jerry, gift to museum, 104
- Sargent, Cecilia, 102
- Sargent, Ed and Pearl, 102
- Sargent, F. W., passim, 77-96
- Sargent and Homer Cash Book, 79, 80, 96
- Sargent, Homer and Evans, sheep trailing, 96
- Sargent and Homer Journals, 77, 78
- Sargent, L. W., 102
- Saw mill, 62
- Schutte, Ernest W., gift to museum, 105
- Scotts Bluff, 64
- Scotts Bluff National Monument, 52, 54
- Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, 58
- Shaniko, Oregon, 96

- Sheep Creek, 95  
 Sheep foremen, wages, 1882, 78  
 Sheep prices, 1882, 80  
**Sheep Trailing From Oregon to Wyoming**, by Hartman K. Evans,  
 edited by Dr. R. H. Burns, 77  
 Sheridan, Wyoming, 72  
 Sherman Pass named by General Dodge, 5  
 Shirley Basin, 95  
 Shoemaker and Mattoon, 79, 80  
 Sierra Nevada Mountains, 61, 71  
 Sidney, Nebraska, 12, 21  
 Silver Creek, 88  
 Sink, the, 61  
 Sioux City, 7  
 Sioux Indian lands, 19  
 Smith's Fork, 60  
 Snake River, 60, 84, 85  
 Snow Mountains, 65  
 Soda Springs, 60, 67  
 South Dakota, 19, 20  
 South Pass, 59, 66  
 South Pass Creek, 94  
 South Pass, Wyoming, 5, 94  
 South Platte, "Lower California Crossing," 57  
 South Platte River, 5, 6  
 Sorg, Mike, gift to museum, 104  
 Spanish Grant, 55  
 Split Rock, 59  
 Spotted Tail Indian Agency, 21, 22  
 Squire, 94  
 Stage, Black Hills, 22  
 Stage service between Cheyenne and Denver established, 9  
 Stanley, Wyoming, 100  
 Steedman, C. J., **Bucking the Sagebrush**, 96  
 Steedman and Rand trailed cattle from Oregon, 96  
 Sterling, Colorado, 44  
 Stone House, Oregon, 84  
 "Straw Rancho," 83  
 Sturgis, Thos., 29, 30, 49, 50, 51  
 Sublette's Cut-off, 60  
 Sun River area, 22  
 Sun, Tom—ranch, 95  
 Susie, Indian squaw, 101  
 Sweetwater, 65, 94, 95  
 Sweetwater County, 76  
 Sweetwater River, 52, 59, 66  
 Svbille Creek, 18  
 Syrup Creek (Long Tom), 87

—T—

- Teller, H. M. 11  
 Ten Mile Creek, 85  
 Territory of Wyoming, 75, 76  
**Territory of Wyoming, 1874** by J. K. Jeffrey, 25  
 Terryall Pass, 5  
 Tewksbury, C. L., 74  
 Theaters, Cheyenne early-day, 26, 27, 28, 75  
 Theaters, Denver early-day, 14, 16  
 Thomas fork, Bear River, 67, 91  
 Thousand Springs Valley, 61  
 Time Table, Chicago and Northwestern, 1909, 34

- Time Table, Colorado and Southern, 1903, 35  
 Time Table, Colorado and Southern, 1908, 36  
 Toll bridge, Little Wood River, 88  
 Topeka, Kansas, known as Papin's Ferry, 57  
 Trail, California, 57  
 Trail freight rates, 37-39  
 Trails, Oregon, 83, 90  
     Oregon-California, 52, 59  
     Overland, 5  
     Saint Vrain and Laramie, 6  
 Transportation, 4, 37  
 Tutt's Meadow, near Winnemucca, 61  
     —U—  
 Union, Oregon, 81  
 Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railway Company, 37, 41, 42  
 Union Pacific, History of, 40, 41  
 Union Pacific Railroad (Railway) passim, 3-51  
 U. S. Pacific Railway Commission, 12, 30  
 Uinta Valley, 6  
 Uva, Wyoming, 30  
     —V—  
 Valley of the thousand springs, 68  
 Vogel, Al, 80  
     —W—  
 Wagner, Howard A., gift to museum, 104  
 Wall, Janette Houston, 100, 102  
 Waltz, Rev. Henry Clay, 8, 17, 18  
 Warren, Francis E., 17, 29, 30, 49, 50, 51  
 Washakie, Chief, 20  
 Webb, Samuel, Jr., 79-94  
 Wendover, Wyoming, 30, 36, 42, 44  
 Wentworth, Edward N., **America's Sheep Trails**, 81, 82, 86 92  
 Westport, Missouri, 100  
 Wheatland, Wyoming, 35  
 Whitcomb, E. W., 8  
 White, Stewart Edward, **Forty-Niners**, 52  
 Whiteside, J. R., 8  
 White Valley, 6  
 Williams, Fremont's guide, 56, 63  
 Williams, Old Bill, 56  
 Willow Creek, Idaho, 87, 88, 89, 90  
 Willow Creek, Oregon, 83, 84  
 Willow Creek store, 84  
 Willow Creek, Wyoming, 93  
 Willow Springs, 65  
 Windlass Hill, 57  
 Wingfield, Oregon, 83  
 Winnemucca, Nevada, 61  
 Wood River, 88  
 Wykoff, Roy, gift to museum, 105  
 Wyoming Central Railway, 28  
 Wyoming Pioneer Association, gift to museum, 104  
 Wyoming's pioneer watchmaker, David Miller, 75  
 Wyoming Territorial Legislature, 1875, 20; 1883, 76  
     —Y—  
 Yampa Valley, 6  
 Yellowstone National Park, 52





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# *Annals of Wyoming*

Volume 23

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## *Contents*

AN APPEAL .....	2
DIARY OF JAKE PENNOCK .....	4
The original copy is filed by Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas	
LEVI POWELL AND A. J. POWELL LETTERS .....	30
Copied from the originals by W. W. Morrison	
SPANISH DIGGINGS .....	41
Helen Willson	
STATE SONG OF WYOMING .....	47
Kenneth E. Crouch	
LIFE OF FRANK BALL .....	49
Lora Neal Jewett	
THE FIRST TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN WYOMING .....	55
Courtesy of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company	
WYOMING'S WEALTH OF HISTORY .....	57
Howard R. Driggs	
ACCESSIONS .....	62
INDEX .....	65

## *An Appeal*

The **ANNALS OF WYOMING** is the medium through which Wyoming's colorful and early day history is preserved.

The Wyoming State Museum, which will be moved to the new Office Building during 1951, will contain more than three times the space of the present one. The main object in moving the museum is to have more room to preserve Wyoming's treasured possessions in a fireproof building.

As a State Wyoming has played a great and romantic part in the era of Western development, yet its history has been grossly neglected. Now we solicit your help in a nation-wide project to create a wider interest on the part of Wyoming individuals to get into every possible nook and corner and search for old and valuable manuscripts or old diaries, written or printed articles on the history of the Territory and the State; reports, year books, directories, old newspapers and scrapbooks; records of churches, societies, clubs, financial and business organizations; photographs and pictures, historical paintings and drawings; old books and pamphlets; mementos of historical events and personages; early equipment and household utensils; Indian relics and artifacts.

"History's highest function is to let no worthy action or work be uncommunicated, for to do so is evil." Thus the Wyoming State Historical Department is most eager to impress this responsibility upon every loyal individual who has the state's interests at heart to do his part in keeping Wyoming's past and present in circulation for the sake of coming generations.

If anyone knows an individual or group of people who has information of the past, not already recorded, this Department would appreciate being informed so we may contact him or her and have those facts written and placed in the historical files for future reference.

Our funds are limited and we must depend in a large measure on the interest and generosity of the people who are Wyoming-minded.

All gifts will be numbered, labeled, recorded and card indexed. A mention of same will be published in the

**ANNALS OF WYOMING** and a gift of the issue in which the write-up appears will be sent gratis to the donor.

If you are a subscriber to the **ANNALS OF WYOMING** and your friend and neighbor is not, please pass this appeal along and have as many names and relics as possible perpetuated in Wyoming's history and our outstanding and unusual State Museum. Thank you.



## *Diary of Jake Pennock* \*

**May 1, 1865:** Started on expedition to Wind River at 5 o'clock p. m. Commenced snowing at 10 o'clock—snowed all night. Very disagreeable. Camped  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 2 in the morning against southern side of a high sandstone range of rocks. Marched about 30 miles.

**May 9, 1865:** Started at 12 noon. Snow all day. Marched 11 miles. Quite snowy. Miserable—getting colder. Crossed stream of water about forty miles from bridge. Camped about 2 miles beyond on same stream. Stopped snowing about 10 o'clock p. m. Turned very cold. No wood at this camp. Use sage and grease brush.

**May 10, 1865:** Reveille at 2 o'clock in the morning. Started on march as soon as we could saddle up, without any breakfast. Extremely cold. Our boots so frozen almost impossible to get them on. Had to thaw them out. No wood at this camp. Had to cook our coffee with sage and grease brush. After starting froze our whiskers until arrived at stopping place to get breakfast. Sage and grease brush for cooking. No wood. Seen three human skulls on the roadside. Travelled about 18 miles or 20 miles. Rolled out after dinner,  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 p. m. Travelled until 15 minutes of 11 o'clock at night. Camped on trail between Powder and Wind River, among sand hills. Travelled about 30 miles, 50 miles in all today. Fed our last corn tonight. Horses commence giving out this evening. All very tired. Man and beast went to bed. This day crossed two or three of branches Powder River.

---

\*This diary, written by Jake Pennock of Co. "L" 11th Kansas Cavalry, is published from the copy donated to the Wyoming State Historical Department by Raymond A. Burnside, M. D. of Des Moines, Iowa.

Dr. Burnside is a Surgeon by profession and an Historian by avocation. For the past thirty years he has been intimately associated with the history of Wyoming, especially as regards the Military engagements with the Indians; the visiting and recording of data of each and every early Fort; the early development of the Fur Trade and Traders. He has assisted in the erection and dedication of many of the monuments placed on vital Historic Sites.

He is closely associated with the Iowa Historical Society, as well as being active in and a Life Member of the South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas Societies.

For many years he has contributed generously to various historical magazines and his articles are always acceptable for their historical accuracy.

**May 11, 1865:** Waked up at 4 a. m. Hasty cup of coffee and sow belly. Saddle up and travel 12 miles. Turn out horses to very poor grazing. Orders to clean up and inspection of arms immediately as the enemy are not supposed to be far off. Saddle up at 12 M. Marched to south side of branch of Wind River about 5 or 6 miles. Lie there to let horses graze on tolerable grass for this country. March at sundown. Continue marching all night through a barren sand desert, nothing but sage brush. Good moonlight for us to march by. All of us very sleepy. Indian trails numerous, but not very fresh, the freshest going north to Powder River. No water. Stop to rest for 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours at 3 o'clock. Nothing for horses. Alkali and sulphur boiling spring water bubbles up from the ground in flat places and runs off, not fit for man or beast. Came thro' rough pass in mountains. Roused up at daylight. March at 2 in the afternoon about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile above on same creek. Camped for night. Good grass; horses enjoying themselves hugely. Men kill some buffalo, antelope and deer. Pleasant night. Horses and men get good rest.

**May 13, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. March immediately after. March about 5 miles up creek; get breakfast. March  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 8 a. m. Very rough road, southerly direction. Pass to head of stream flowing to the north over the hills. Strike head of stream in flowing south towards Sweetwater. Both streams consist of melting snow. Dry after snow melts. Poor country; very large sage brush; some large cottonwood timber in places on creeks. Reach camp at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 p. m. on dry creek about 20 miles.

**May 14, 1865:** Reveille and march at 4:30 o'clock. March about 2 hours, 8 miles. In sight of Sweetwater. On another dry creek now full of snow water. Very windy. Cross Sweetwater. Get breakfast and dinner together. March at 11 a. m. Arrive at Sweetwater at 1 p. m. All right at station. Bridger, the old pioneer, our guide, takes supper with us. His life has been a romantic one in this country since he was 13 years old when he came here. Has been roaming and trapping for 42 years over this country. Gen. Moonlight took supper with us. Snow all afternoon. Letters.

**May 15, 1865:** Cool wind. Has cleared off. Clouds up. Snow nearly all day. Cool tonight.

**May 16, 1865:** Warm, pleasant day. Wind in forenoon. Lieut. Clancey's scout came in. Nothing seen.

**May 17, 1865:** Very warm day. Thermometer over 70 degrees fahrenheit. River raising again.

**May 18, 1865:** Extremely warm day. Thermometer indicates 87 degrees fahrenheit. Wind raised at 11 a. m. after which the atmosphere not so oppressively hot.

**May 19, 1865:** Warm, strong wind. Thermometer 86 degrees fahrenheit. News of Indians. "H" Company had a skirmish with them.

**May 20, 1865:** Took a walk to Independence Rock 2 miles west of station. It is on north side of Sweetwater. The stream washes the southeastern base of it. It is about 700 paces long, 1,900 paces in circumference around the base. While there, heard recall. Hastened to camp. The Indians have attacked Three Crossings station from 3 to 5 hundred strong. Station surrounded. They have cut the telegraph wire. Ninety men start immediately at 12 m. March till 6 o'clock. Stop and graze one hour. March. Arrive at Three Crossings at 9:30 p. m. Station still safe. Indians crossed the river about 5 p. m. Some fighting. Took one pony that was out from the station.

**May 21, 1865:** Graze horses. Sixteen men cross Sweetwater and follow trail of Indians until satisfied that they went over to Wind River. Sweetwater very deep and rapid. About 150 or 200 Indians, war, or hunting party. Fine warm morning. "H" and "I" Companies, or detachment of them, 30 from "I" and 50 from "H" at Three Crossing Station. No Indians have shown themselves yet.

**May 22, 1865:** Start from Three Crossings for Sweetwater, travel 15 miles to Split Rock. Stop to graze horses and get breakfast. Passed Castle Rock on right of road, 10 miles east of Three Crossings. Passed Whiskey Gap south of road about 6 miles. Came to Devils Gate before sundown. Stopped to graze horses for one hour. After sundown arrived at Sweetwater. Col. Plumb has been fighting Indians across Platte at Deer Creek; 200 Indians. One killed on each side; several Indians wounded.

**May 23, 1865:** Fine pleasant morning; very warm afternoon 82 degrees fahr. To leave for Platte Bridge on tomorrow morning. Very high wind in the night.

**May 24, 1865:** Wind fell before morning, clear day in forenoon, 80 degrees fahr. Cool, some rain and hail, clear in afternoon. Hear that Indians stampeded mules of train along with some Infantry at or near Platte Bridge; forty mules taken by the enemy.

**May 25, 1865:** Bright fine morning, H and I Companies start for Platte Bridge. Very warm until 2 o'clock p. m. March



20 miles to camp at fine cool spring on Fish Creek. Clouds and wind in evening. Sage brush to cook with.

**May 26, 1865:** Reveille at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 a. m. Let horses graze till 7 o'clock. March 15 minutes after camp 25 miles at Red Buttes Pass on the road Willow Springs 6 miles from Fish Creek 5 miles on the two Poison Creeks 8 miles from Butte Pass over Devils Back Bone. South of Willow Springs is an oil spring said to run 50 barrels of petroleum per day. 5 or 6 miles hear the Indians tried to stampede stock at Sweetwater yesterday afternoon, 30 or 40 of them, they did not succeed.

**May 27, 1865:** Reveille at 4 a. m. Breakfast and horses graze. Poor graze all been eaten off by campers stock. March 8  $\frac{1}{2}$  at 1 o'clock a. m. Pass over the steepest and worst hill between Sweetwater and Leavenworth City. Graze twice on road. Very warm weather, cross Platte Bridge on 6 miles beyond, turn southeast; after marching about 4 miles. Camp on swift mountain stream. Excellent water and grass. Several springs on creek near camp; wood plenty for cooking purposes. Platte bridge is composed or built entirely of pine hewn, the piers are 28 in number built up in the river of hewn pine logs filled in with stone. The piers are 30 feet from center to center. It is a very substantial structure for this wooden country. Price of crossing 6 mule team from one to five dollars each according to stage of river. We have news that the Indians attacked Rocky Ridge Station today in strong force. The fight is still going on don't know what the result will be. The operator says there is an immense number of the enemy. Crossed Muddy Creek 2 miles from Bridge on road to camp.

**May 28, 1865:** Still in camp and likely to be for sometime. Sunday. Pleasant, but very warm in middle of day. Rations getting very scarce. Hear that Indians crossed the Platte River in front of provision train. Moonlight has sent reinforcements to the train and despatched to Col. Plumb to send a detachment. Also from this end of the road. No telegraphic communication farther east than Deer Creek nor west from Sweetwater. A range of mountains run along about 8 to 10 miles south of Platte River, the center of the range south of the upper Plate Bridge. They are about 30 or 40 miles long. Several creeks flow from them, the first one after Bridge going east 2 miles, next 5 miles from the first. Five Indians seen near the encampment—five miles west of our.

**May 29, 1865:** Very warm morning, but going to be very warm by middle of day. Talk of another expedition to go north to Powder River after the Indians in a few days. Sprinkled rain this afternoon. No communication east yet. No word from the train. Orders from headquarters to strengthen herd guard to 10 men, 2 noncoms and 6 men from each Squadron as night guard, also 1 noncom and 5 men at lower Platte Bridge to remain concealed through the day in the house on south side of the Bridge.

**May 30, 1865:** Brisk wind all last night. Strong wind all day from southwest. Sprinkled rain a little last night. This forenoon and in afternoon. Train at Major Adams camp. Mail this afternoon. Letter from N. O. also from Phila. A dozen papers. Train attacked twice between here and Laramie. One man killed.

**May 31, 1865:** Fine day still in a. m. Very warm, drawing rations for 30 days for company. An Indian came into Co. "L" or "M" herders yesterday, they let him escape. Disagreeable in evening on account dust blowing. Letter to New Orleans.

**June 1, 1865:** Fine morning, move camp 3 or 4 hundred yards up the creek. Good grassy sod, no dust, which makes the wind pleasant these warm days. Hear that Rocky Ridge Station was burned by the Indians don't know if the garrison escaped or not—some anxiety on their account. Two companies of Galvanized Troops started for there escorted by a detail from our regiment—last night at 7 p. m.

**June 2, 1865:** Fine day—nothing transpiring in forenoon. Afternoon hear that Indians attacked the bridge today. 100 men sent to its relief. No particulars yet. Rain and hail from south—not very heavy. Very cool and pleasant evening.

**June 3, 1865:** Fine day at 3 o'clock p. m. received dispatch from Col. Plumb that Indians have attacked station of upper Bridge; ordered to cross lower bridge with 20 men and attack them in the rear. Capt. Greer and 20 men started, but the Indians were gone when we got there, but plenty of fresh tracks. Col. Plumb is in close pursuit and was in firing distance at 2 hours before sundown. We have heard from the fight—two of our men killed and one Indian and several ponies, one of our men had 10 arrows shot into him, scalped and fingers cut off and terribly mangled. Barnwell of Co. "F" got some distance in advance and Indians in superior numbers turned on him and two others, his horse being shot, he was dismounted and unable to get away.

**June 4, 1865:** Sunday—cool pleasant day. Nothing particular to note. “h” and “k” Co. leave this a. m. for and Horse Shoe. Hear that 16 Kans. is ordered up to relieve our regiment.

**June 6, 1865:** Inspection. Cool a. m. Heavy fog on Mountains. Clears up in middle of forenoon. Pleasant breeze blowing, expect mail today. Passed Deer Creek yesterday at 4 p. m. Col. Plumb started for Laramie this afternoon.

**June 6, 1865:** Fine weather, but cool at night. A constant breeze from southwest. Mail arrived today. Not many letters. Received two or three papers. Leavenworth Times, D. R. Anthony in another dirty shooting scrape.

**June 7, 1865:** Cold chilly windy disagreeable day. No telegraph communication east of Laramie for five days. Indians cut wires between there and Julesburg. Also west of Bridge between it and Salt Lake City. Mail left today. Sent no letters as I got none. A ministering officer arrived at Laramie.

**June 8, 1865:** Foggy morning, not so cold as yesterday. A rather pleasant day. Mosquitoes bad.

**June 9, 1865:** Fine day. Dull, nothing doing.

**June 10, 1865:** Nothing stirring “16” at Laramie.

**June 11, 1865:** Warm, very close air, Sunday.

**June 12, 1865:** Extremely warm close day in forenoon. Commissioned Officers went after evergreens to erect a bower in front of tent, which is a sure indication that we will leave shortly. No sooner said than done. The order to take station at Platte Bridge, just handed to me by an orderly from Headquarters. Headquarters and rest of battalion start east for Fort Laramie. Co. “J” as usual left to protect the rear.

**June 13, 1865:** Order countermanded of going to Bridge to remain at this camp. Headquarters remain also. Our boys that were at Rocky Ridge got back. Goddard wounded by Indians at Three Crossing.

**June 14, 1865:** Mail came today. Indians have burned all ranches west of Cache La Poudre to Platte River on Denver side.

**June 15, 1865:** Twentny-one of Co. “j” refused to do duty—all put under arrest but gain point contended for. Roll call in the a. m. Exceeding cold for this time of year.



**June 17, 1865:** Cold dreary wind and cloudy all night. Very chilly cold and windy. Most of the men in their tents, overcoats on to keep comfortable. Capt. Green of "B" Co. and detachment just started for Deer Creek. Snowing like 40 thousand devils. Ground covered with snow. Still pouring down the near way very cold wet snow. Quit snowing but clears off after dinner, cool northwest wind. Lieut. Clancey starts for south pass this evening.

**June 18, 1865:** Sunday general inspection by Major Anderson. Hear mail is at La Bonte on way up.

**June 19, 1865:** Cool night. Bracing morning, commencing to get warm enough to allow mosquitoes to fly around. Hear that Col. Plumb pressing the Indians closely that were fighting our forces near Fort Mitchell the other day.

**June 20, 1865:** Mosquitoes troublesome. Indians committing depredations at various points on the road. This camp not so healthy as heretofore. Nine men of our company sick.

**June 21, 1865:** Operator at Sweetwater killed and one other wounded. Three Indians killed by our men. Sent one Sergeant and ten men to Sweetwater. Mail arrived yesterday. Sergeant and men sent to La Puelle today with mail.

**June 22, 1865:** No news today. Hear that Troops are on the way with supplies. No corn for horses, since before we left Sweetwater, ran out on Big Scout about 10th of May. One of the boys seen a bear this evening after dark, but it got off from camp before anyone got a shot at it. This two or three times it has been around camp.

**June 23, 1865:** Some of the folks appear to think our friend the bear is an Indian in disguise as a bear. The party that took the mail down got back at noon today. 300 wagon emigrant train near Laramie coming out to gold regions. Strong wind all day the beasts not troublesome on that account.

**June 24, 1865:** Fine day. Our boys back from Sweetwater. The Indians in the fight there were Arapahoes. About forty of them and nine of our troops. The Indians were supposed to have been killed. One of our men killed, one wounded. The man killed, they scalped all the hair of his head, cut his hand off at the wrists, took the sinews out of his arms, took out his heart and liver, ran a lance into him and stuck him up on a pole. Several Indians wounded. Col. Moonlight is relieved of command of this district. Powder River expedition about to start. Wrote letter subscribing for

Leavenworth Times, ought to get it by the 20 of July. Wrote letter to N. O.

**June 25, 1865:** Sunday. Inspection at 8 a. m. One sergeant and ten men started for mail to meet it at La Prelle. Dispatch that mail left La Bonte this morning. Will get to Deer Creek today and likely come clear through. Still warm today. Mosquitoes very bad. No Mail.

**June 26, 1865:** Fine day. Lieut. Drew and twenty men to start to Sweetwater at 12 m. today. The station surrounded by Indians and telegraph wire cut. No mail yet—sundown. News that the wire is down between Deer Creek and the Bridge. Our mail in a dubious fix. 9 o'clock Lieut. Drew and party return: They had a hard fight with the Indians go among them at about two miles this side of Red Buttes. Two or three hundred warriors. Our men fought them for six miles. The Indians wounded two of our boys. Killed one horse. Wounded seven. Our boys expended from 35 to 60 rounds of ammunition, and by very hard riding escaped with whole head covering and hard fighting.

**June 27, 1865:** Nearly out of ammunition. Our ammunition at Horse Shoe. Mail party arrived this morning. Small mail for our Company. No letters and few papers. Commence building corral for the horses. Finish it. It makes the horses more secure at night if the Indians attack us. Headquarters ordered to La Bonte. We draw fifteen days rations. Only "I" Company left here in a pretty ticklish position. Scarcely any ammunition, but expecting it tomorrow night from Horse Shoe.

**June 28, 1865:** Threatens rain all night. A little at different times in the night. At daylight it commenced pouring down raining ever since, now  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 o'clock. Slackened some, but not enough to let cook get breakfast. Headquarters started although raining. Major Anderson, Lieut. Walker, Acting Adjutant Lieut. Harper, the band and the hospital outfit—about thirty in all. Emigrant train 180 went up on the other side of River on yesterday bound for Utah, Oregon, Idaho and California. Quit raining at noon today.

**June 29, 1865:** Cool after rain, fine day expect ammunition tomorrow a. m. and wire to repair telegraph line west. No news from Sweetwater or any place west.

**June 30, 1865:** Beautiful morning, very pleasant. The ranch men said it rained more day before yesterday than they ever knew it to do in this country. It hardly ever more

than a sprinkle at a time. Operators and escorts with wire arrives today at 3 o'clock. No news from below.

**July 1, 1865:** Twenty five men started from the company today to escort operator and fix telegraph line. Men returned from above at 9 p. m. having fixed line.

**July 2, 1865:** Fine pleasant morning. Call for inspection sounded at 9 a. m. Just as we were falling in three shots were heard in quick succession, which was the signal in case Indians were seen. All but a small party to keep camp started to save the horses which were grazing  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles from camp. When horses were started safely to camp, we pressed on a little beyond to the brow of the Bluffs on west and down in valley  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile distant were the Indians. We fired a few shots and returned to camp, sent out a few mounted men to ascertain their strength. Horsemen soon returned. Indians came nearer within range of camp shooting from ravines. Sent out five or six men to engage them. Fought them awhile from one ravine to another. Did not apy. Sent twelve or fourteen men under Capt. Greer and charged them. Drove them shooting one, capturing a great many of their trinkets, bows, shields, etc. Indians then drew of on hills to the East. Capt. Greer and nine or ten mounted men pursued them endeavoring to cut off some of their stragglers. Proceeded  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile when the Indians discovered to be in force just beyond a hill. We were about to ascend after some hesitation we fell back slowly which we had no sooner began they they charged on us in greatly superior numbe s, endeavoring to cut us off from camp. We put in what shot we could to the best of our ability, but in spite of our efforts to repell them, they drove us a few hundred yards. Sergeant Holding was wounded in this engagement. A ball entered the lower part of the ear. The man who shot him was supposed to have been a white man. The man himself was shot through the breast by one of our men (Hammond), just after he had shot Holding. Could not ascertain how many Indians were killed only by the blood which marked the field which proved that quite a large number of men or ponies were killed. This fight on Reshaw Creek, four miles from Lower Ridge.

**July 3, 1865:** Lieut. Drew with twenty men ordered on a scout to Deer Creek 28 miles east. Started at noon. Capt. Greer ordered to send ten men to Sweetwater to escort operator and repair lines. Boys refused to go in so small a party, ten more men were detailed. Still they refused to go, ten more volunteered to go with them, a teamster oper-



ator and one citizen, in all 34 men. Just at sunset they started out. Srgt. Pennock in Command.

**July 4, 1865:** A dull 4th indeed. Can hear nothing from the boys who went above last evening. Fear they had not wire enough or something wrong.

**July 5, 1865:** Cold and dank. Rained last night. High winds in afternoon. Hear nothing from boys who went above 3rd. Feel fearful for their safety.

**July 6, 1865:** Cloudy in a. m. Clears up. Very warm wind in afternoon. Looks like rain storm.

**July 7, 1865:** Cloudy—thunder storm in afternoon. Capt. Greer, Lieut. Clancy and twenty-six men started at 7 p. m. to Sweetwater Bridge to see if the boys were safe who went up to repair line on 3rd. Soon after they left we heard the boys had left for P. B. this a. m. Capt. met them near Red Butte, all safe. Found a great deal of the line destroyed. As they came down saw a few Indians near Red Butte and Devils Backbone. Capt. turned back. All reached camp about 11 o'clock. Trip on scout to Sweetwater Bridge. Major Mackey telegraphed Capt. Greer to send ten men to Sweetwater 55 miles to repair telegraph line to meet Col. George of California. Which order was equivalent to an order to march that number of men, shoot them down, scalp them, cut out their hearts, liver, hands and feet and send them to the savages. The boys refused to go unless fifty men were sent. I volunteered to take command of the party. Started at sundown July 3rd marched continually with scouts in advance as far as the Devils Backbone or near it. Found wire cut—400 yards of it carried off 700 yards off the poles. It being dark it took two hours to repair it. Indian camp only a short distance south of road. Could hear dogs bark. Went on west to Devils Backbone. Found wire down 700 yards of it, but not carried off. Day break being repaired at Poison Creek or just beyond we found 400 yards down and repaired it. Went to Lower Willow Springs two or three miles. Turned horses loose to graze. Got breakfast. After 2 ½ hours caught animals started at 11 o'clock. Arrived at Horse Creek found 800 yards down two or three hundred carried away. Exhausted all our wire on this cut. Crossed creek found 1,000 yards cut. Carried away. Here struck a large Indian trail of ponies, lodge poles 100 yards wide going north. Scouts see one Indian two miles east. Trail fresh crossed one hour before us—it was fortunate for us we were detained so long on road. There were 300 to 500 warriors on the trail.

Made rapid time to Sweetwater station. Found 400 yards of wire there. Telegraphed west—none nearer than Rocky Ridge. Col. George to bring it down who is on his way. Line out west at a little after dark. Remain at Sweetwater 4, 5, 6 of July. On 6th Col. George arrived. A party went to put up line, but no communication yet East. The cut west was tied to a post with a buck skin string sharp trick of the Indians on morning 7th at  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 8 started with new supply of wire for Platte Bridge. A short distance one of our advance discovered Indians signal fires south east toward Platte River between mouth of Sweetwater and Red Buttes toward Buttes, one of them came back and told us to keep sharp look out for enemy. At this time I observed one of their signal smokes. It went up some 30 or 40 feet, lasted three or four minutes and faded away. Looked about size of flour barrel. Scouts see an Indian off road about three miles. Stop to graze horses at Horse Creek  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour for wagons to come up. Proceed to Willow Springs. Stop to graze horses. Catch up and proceed up at top of Devil Backbone find wire cut badly—700 yards out—some carried off. Repair and start on at point where the Virginia City road leaves for the north west—find wire down and insulators carried off—400 yards down, several poles down and partly burned up. Scouts see two Indians going off toward the Buttes. Prepare for fight. Scouts pass the Buttes. Run the gauntlet safely. Met Capt. Greer and detachment about five miles from Platte Bridge in search of us. All glad we are safely through.

**July 8, 1865:** Very windy day. Boys talk of the trip to Sweetwater and back. Wind strong in after part of day. Nothing exciting heard Line still in running order.

**July 9, 1865:** A party to start tomorrow morning for La Puelle to bring rations. Fine day. Hear mail is at Deer Creek a party will likely start in the morning that way. Lieut. Drew and Clancey went for the mail at dark tonight. To start back tomorrow night. Boys talk of not going after rations tomorrow morning.

**July 10, 1865:** The detail for rations did not start this a. m. for La Puelle. The Capt. put it off until mail arrives. A scout of 20 men start for Sweetwater to fix up the telegraph. The Indians have cut wire again between here and there again. Scouts start at 1 o'clock. A detachment of ten of Third U. S. Infantry went along with our men. They found wire cut beyond Devils Backbone 25 miles west of here. Fix it and returned to camp arriving at daybreak. Nothing of incident occurring. About a dozen or 20 Indians

had cut wire and taken out small pieces. Lieut. Drew and Clancy arrived with mail about 2 o'clock in the night.

**July 11, 1865:** Rec'd two letters from N. O. and one from at home. About  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 a. m. a party of Indians attempted to stampede our herd. Two of them slipping between the pickets and herd and on discovery fired on pickets who returned the fire and mounted their horses breaking for the herd. We in camp ran across the bridge as soon as possible and saved the herd.

**July 12, 1865:** The Indians yesterday did not number more than 20 warriors. A large train of emigrants passed the bridge today. Seventy-five wagons bound for Montana, Idaho and the Gold Regions. Warm in forenoon, stiff breeze in afternoon. Private Frank Bush of our Company arrived with this train. Wire cut beyond Sweetwater. Twenty men ordered to start with wire to fix it tomorrow a.m. 1,300 yards gone they lack 300 yards to repair line. A very disgraceful affair occurred this afternoon. A number of men of "G" Co. 11th Ohio Cav. got drunk after getting a written order of their commanding officer Lieut. Britney, contrary to the orders of Capt. Greer ranking officer at this place. Capt. Greer gave permission to emigrants to camp one mile or farther across the river from company. Lieut. Britney came to his tent and in a boisterous and insulting manner demanded to know who commanded here. The Capt. told him he did. The Lieut. told him he did not that he was commander here and he was going to make those emigrants leave where they were camped. The Capt. told him that he must not interfere with them that he was ranking officer here at this place and he had given them permission to camp anywhere a mile or farther from the bridge. The Lieut. demanded to see his written authority to command him. The Capt. told him he acted from seniority and superiority of rank and told him he wished him not to interfere with the emigrants as he had authorized them to camp on the other side of the river, one mile from camp. The Lieut. left in a passion. His men went to the emigrant camp, got drunk, fired into it several shots narrowly missing two persons, one a young child. One fired from the bridge with a Spencer rifle, the ball narrowly missing some person in the train. Some drew their arms on our boys and struck one as he was on duty carrying a dispatch to the telegraph operator for transmission. Lieut. Britney ran the telegraph operator out of the office twice cocking arms and threatening to shoot him. The operator came to the Capt. tent and asked permission for a place to sleep saying he was fearful for his life if he re-



mained over night and slept with the Capt. and myself one of the members of the night company. Kelly was run off from the station and had to remain over night with our camp in his escape from them he lost his hat coming into our camp bareheaded. Sergeant Holding of our camp being at the well of the station having a wound dressed which he received in a battle with Indians on Sunday week ago was accosted by one of them and was told he wished to God the ball had gone through his brain—this in the hearing of Lieut. Britney. The emigrants asked protection of Capt. Greer against the Ohio Troops as they were more fearful of them than the Indians.

**July 13, 1865:** The emigrants left this a. m. for the Red Buttes. Capt. sent wire by Mr. Dickerson to Sweetwater to repair line west of there. Ten men to scout the Red Buttes. Started at 6 o'clock p. m. Returned near daylight. All right. Train camped at the Buttes last evening—not molested by anyone. Whiskey about out over at post—it was what was the matter. If Lieut. Britney had given orders for whiskey for his men there would have been no disgraceful conduct on the part of his men. He is chiefly to blame for all the trouble yesterday. His own men cocked their guns on him and threatened to shoot him and he was unable to do anything with them, or at least did not. Sent let-to N. O.

**July 14, 1865:** Good weather. Non. Com. staff of our regiment ordered to start for Laramie to be mustered out. Ten men went to Deer Creek to escort Dr. Johnson down there on his way to Laramie. A dispatch from Gen. Gus Henery ordering Capt. Greer to command of the post at Platte Bridge and all troops stationed there. Major Anderson to take charge of all troops from Laramie to South Pass. Headquarters at Platte Bridge.

**July 15, 1865:** Fine day. Good breeze enough to keep the away. Our boys returned that went after rations also ones who escorted Dr. Johnson. Major Anderson and the brass band of the 11th will be here tomorrow evening. We are to be relieved as soon as the Michigan Cavalry arrive. They started from Leavenworth City the 15 or 17. The river turned as blood this afternoon. Heavy rains in the canyons of red clay some miles up. It is a curious sight. Britney and men ordered to Sweetwater.

**July 16, 1865:** Drew no sugar on 16 days rations. All head-quarter of regiments mustered out immediately quarter-master, adjutant, non. com. staff started from Deer Creek

on yesterday for Laramie on way to Kansas. Warm day, no breeze a. m., better at p. m. The river is thick with mud turned yellow color. Stinks dreadfully of alkali in mud. Major Anderson and post arrived this evening. We borrowed some corn from Camp "K" for horses. Forty men of whom came with the Major A. hear of an Indian camp on Horse Creek fifteen miles from Sweetwater. Capt. Greer going tomorrow to try to find it.

**July 17, 1865:** Cool, cloudy and sprinkling rain. Fifty-five men of our company, twenty-five men of Co. "K" and some of the infantry of station start at 1 o'clock to Horse Creek with eight of Ohio 11th, one howitzer to surprise Indian camp that was seen about the 25th of June and I am satisfied left for North Powder or Wind River about the 4th of July from personal knowledge, but now fifteen days later old foggie commanders send a party to surprise a camp that the rank and file know to have been clear out of the country for 12 or 15 days from having seen their trail at the time of their leaving, also their rear men as they were going off. Rained 11 am. Rained all day. Camped at Buttes. Good grass and plenty of wood.

**July 18, 1865:** Horses grazed 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, feed 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  qts. corn since yesterday. Heavy for government stock. Start march 8 a. m. Graze three miles off Willow Creek. A scout of ten men with one Snake Indian as guide and scout on a scout around the head of Horse Creek. We arrived at two hours before sundown at Camp at Horse Creek  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles north road. Good grass. Plenty sage brush to cook with. Scout came in after night. No sign of Indians. None in country for some time. Got one horse had been shot left by Indians some time ago as no good.

**July 19, 1865:** Nice day. Turn horses out before sunrise. Start back after breakfast. Go as far as Red Buttes if all goes well start  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 a. m. Stop for dinner and feed horses at Willow Springs. Water, wood and grass plenty north road  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Arrived at Red Buttes two hours before sundown. Cold disagreeable, chilly. Looks like rain.

**July 20, 1865:** Commenced rain in night, not having any shelter, we all got a soaking. Let horses graze. Gave them 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  qt. corn. Start for Platte Bridge. Sun shone. Arrive at Bridge  $\frac{1}{2}$  10 a. m. Cool rain.

**July 21, 1865:** Rain damp. "G" Comp. 11th Ohio, Lieut. Britney started for Sweetwater station to take care of that post. Rained p. m. Company "H" and "L" detachments came to this post as reinforcements to troops stationed

here. Cool. Detachments from "H" and "D" went to protect tent. Britney and Company got through to Sweet-water.

**July 23, 1865:** Fine day. Five horses stolen by Indians last night. Capt. Greer with detachment of 26 men pursued the Indians, but was unable to overhall them. Indians crossed mountains 14 miles south east of our old camp. Ten Indians and one white man. Capt. Greer found where war party that fought us three weeks ago today first stopped after flight, found where they dressed the wounded ones. A great many bloody rags were discovered, one warrior was found hidden under a rock supposed to be a great warrior or chief from the trappings found on him, silver ornaments and number buried there and a number wounded. The detachment that went the other found another fresh graves of warriors.

**July 24, 1865:** Monday. Cool. Pleasant. Indians around camp last night. Sentinel Stenkbery saw two but did not get a shot at them. Just before daybreak Corporal May fired on but did not hit him. Dark no moon. Suppose we will have mail today. Mail delayed at Horse Shoe on account of party of Indians in that vicinity. Will not be here before Weds. Rain p. m.

**July 25, 1865:** Fine breeze a. m. Considerable noise among the horses last night. Think Indians prowling. Too dark to see well. Immediately after dinner the cry of here comes the Indians through the camp. I ran out then sure enough they were coming up the other side of the river. The boys commenced shooting and made some very good shots, 75 rode along the bank yelling and hooting like mad men. We crossed the bridge ten mounted following them a couple of miles. We killed two if not 3 of them. They were gradually reinforced until we found we would be taken. We fell back to camp. They commenced crossing the river two miles below and ran into the cattle herd. Twelve or fourteen of the boys went after them and had a severe fight. Killing one a head chief, who was scalped. Also two or three mortally wounded. We finally drove them across the river. They killed one steer, but we stuck it and hauled it into camp. We fought them across the river until after dark, when we returned to camp. They did not disturb us during the night. About fifty or one hundred in sight.

**July 26, 1865:** Terrible day for our command and no knowing how it will end. At daybreak a few Indians was seen in the hills north of the river. Lieut. Britney and ten men



arrived from Sweetwater before daybreak. Detachments of Co. "H" and "D" to be here by twelve or one o'clock. They camped three miles this side of Willow Creek. Capt. Greer received an order to send a detachment to meet Co. "H" and "D." I took charge of it by request of Capt. On reporting to Major Anderson found that Lieut. Collins of Co. "G" of the 11th Ohio was going along, but the Capt. thought it best if I went along, twenty to twenty-five in all. We crossed the bridge and got about one mile from camp when from N. E.-S.W. and every point of the compass the savages came. It appeared as if they sprung from the ground. They completely surrounded us. There was no other alternative. Death was approaching on every side in its most horrible form. That of the scalping knife tomahawk of the Indian. We turned and charged in the thickest of them, drawing our pistols and doing the best we could. It was a terrible ordeal to go through. It really was running the gauntlet for dear life after a terrible break neck race of  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles we arrived at the bridge where our boys met us and to our support. In the charge we lost—five killed and twelve wounded. Lieut. Collins was killed. Everything was in full view of station. Over 1,500 Indians were around our little party. The Indians suffered dreadfully as our pistols were pushed right against their bodies and fired going great execution. We were forced to come back. Every horse was wounded in one or more places. Four were killed. They now cut the wire both east and west. Twenty men under Lieut. Walker went two miles east to repair it. Indians attacked and killed one and wounded two of our company. He had to retreat not getting the wire fixed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 o'clock. "H" and "D" Company detachments came in sight west of us, the savages surrounded them, five of boys crossed river, three miles above, two were killed and three came in camp on foot. There horses being killed. One on horseback near the mountains, but several Indians were in close pursuit. All this we could see plainly from the station, but we could do nothing for them. "H" and "D" detachments corralled, or tried to corral their wagons, but did not succeed very well. We could see the Indians in swarms charge down on our boys when they would roll volley after volley into them, it seemed as though the boys were in strong position, twenty in all being their number. About 4 o'clock the firing ceased and a smoke that of burning wagons commenced ascending. The enemy began going off north two and three until sundown not a living being was to be seen. We are sure all the boys were killed but from the length of time they held out and the number of Indians in solid masses upon them the

Indians must have suffered terrible in killed and wounded. Two Snake (Indians) scouts started  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 p. m. with dispatches for Deer Creek. Would get there before day.

**July 27, 1865:** Up at day break. Went on top post with glasses. Soon Indians commenced appearing on the ridge just opposite on north side of river. First one then two until by sunrise hundreds were in sight on all the hills. Some of them halloed across in Cheyenne language. Telling the women to leave as they were going to burn us out and kill all the soldiers and men here. They are now going southwest for high ground towards Red Buttes, but few in sight at 8 a. m. The Indians are very mad they told the Indians (Snake, friendly) that they killed all men in "H" and "D" yesterday and was going to kill more white men today and our men had killed and wounded heaps of Indians. Copy of papers found on battle ground yesterday, viz. Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Arraphoes, Sioux and a few Comanches are here, now they want to fight four days more. It was taken prisoner down on Platte River. You killed Chief yesterday evening. They say they no want peace. There is over 1,000 they want stock and want to fight. They are moving to battle on place. A party of us crossed this afternoon to try to bring in our dead. We found Lieut. Collins and McDonald and one other man in a dreadfully mangled and cut up condition. Our scouts found discovered Indians in force about two miles off dancing encircled by their horses. Think this body 600 strong. Another body of men came in sight from the east. When we were recalled they proved to be a reinforcement of 50 men from Deer Creek. Our Indian scouts got there after day break. Lieut. Hubbard and Greer started immediately. Another party is just starting to bring dead bodies nearest river (Sundown.) The boys are all in safe. Brought in three dead bodies nearest river, 58 arrows were found in one body, 24 in body of Lieut. Collins and several in McDonalds. Two Indians showed themselves in the west on hills. The three boys that escaped from the train yesterday fought their way 7 miles, 60 Indians crossed the river and followed them, killing all their horses and two out of the original that were cut off from the train at 1st charge of Indians, four of the Indians was killed and several wounded. The fighting were distinctly seen by all at the station. The three boys got into the bed of a brushy creek when the band of Indians pursuing them nearly all left, only fourteen continuing the pursuit of the three. The boys were Company "D" of our regiment, Henry Smith, Byron Swain and Corp. James Shrader. Co. "H"—13 killed, "L"—8, "I"—3, "K"—2 in

Battle of Platte Bridge, Co. "J" 11 wounded "K" 2 wounded, address Henry Smith, Prescot, Kansas, Byron Swain, Corp. James Shrader, John Holding, Oaskasoosa, Kansas.

**July 28, 1865:** Sentinel on guard, fired shot at 2 o'clock a. m. Three Indians came near the post and ran as soon as fired upon. They were mounted. We all ran into the breastworks immediately, but at daybreak no one was in sight on the surrounding hills. No Indians appeared up to 2 o'clock p. m. A detachment started out to find our boys above. About five miles west from the station 20 dead bodies were found, the wagons burned. The Indians had a great many killed and wounded. They had to cup up a great many telegraph poles and split them to drag off their killed and wounded. The Indian scouts (Snake) say there were 3,000 Indians at least went north from the Trail the telegraph lines destroyed as far west as the party went about six to eight miles.

**July 29, 1865:** Move back this a. m. from station to camp. A strong party went out to bury the dead. Twenty-one bodies were burried on the battle ground. A horrible sight. All scalped, but one, and bodies nearly all burned up. The savages set fire to the wagons and heated iron bolts and burned the men with them and turned their feet to the fire torturing them alive in every possible manner. They were buried in two graves. Seven in one thirteen in the other. One was buried on the other side of the river from where the train was taken. Wire cut East.

**July 30, 1865:** Co. "K" left this a. m. for Deer Creek. No sign of the 6th Michigan said to have passed LaBonte on yesterday. A detachment of Ohio 11th came in from Sweetwater this a. m. They tried to fix wire up there but too much of it down. A detachment went out to guard operator, to telegraph west for repair train to return about 300 yards of wire down. 9 o'clock p.m. no news from east. Wire still cut. Great anxiety on account of 6th Michigan not being heard from—fears for "K" Co. Strong guard.

**July 31, 1865:** Pleasant cool a. m. Nothing of note took place last night. No telegraph communication from east or west. Six Michigan not up yet and no intelligence from them. Some alarm on their account. Our ration of provisions out today. The messes have not meat for three days and are cut of flour this a. m. Things begin to look serious if nothing turns up today will have to commence butchering and jerking beef for subsistances. Draw one day ration of



bacon and flour of ganard or ranchman here of bridge. Saw two Indians below camp a couple of miles the herd was brought in farther has been seen on account of nothing being heard from below. We all moved into trenches and station. The scouts did not attempt to go near Deer Creek as they thought the danger imminent. To attempt going through must come soon. The suspense is terrible.

**August 1, 1865:** Pleasant morning. No news whatsoever from below. We cannot imagine what can be the matter. Gen. Connor telegraphed when the line was up that 6th Michigan would reach here by last Sat. night. It is now Tuesday and not a word of any kind from below and Indians but here and Deer Creek. Shurly today we can hear something. A party went as far up the line west as where the wire was not disturbed but could not get no communication west. Wire cut west somewhere. We have strong working parties throwing additional dirt works for fortifications are now nearly perfected and we can hold the fort for two hours if assaulted by the enemy in force by firing ten shots each from our carbines, but our pistol ammunition is plenty for close quarters. At 4 o'clock p. m. we were working in the trenches. The joyful cry came the line is working spades and shovels were instantly thrown down, rush was made for the telegraph office. The joyful tick put a glad smile on every countenance. Soon we heard the 6th Michigan would be here tomorrow. Sergeant Todd and rations for fifteen days with them. All is gladness and joy.

**August 2, 1865:** Very cold and windy this evening. Very chilly night. Cold bracing November weather. Men got so cold last night in bed they had to take their blankets and go three together for comfort instead of two in a bed. A company of about 28 men of 6th Michigan arrived to relieve our company here on tomorrow we start for Kansas. We are ordered to report at Fort Kearney. Headquarters of this district go with us. We start at 5 o'clock.

**August 3, 1865:** Homeward bound start  $\frac{1}{2}$  after 5 o'clock a. m. for Deer Creek, 30 miles crosses Horse Creek, three miles from Bridge, passed Reshaw Creek 7 miles from upper bridge. Passed Snow Creek passed Reshaw creek 7 miles from upper bridge. No water there arrived at Muddy Creek. Arrived at Deer Creek at 4 p. m. Passed big Muddy 10 miles from Deer Creek.

**August 4, 1865:** Reveille at 4 o'clock a. m. March at 8 o'clock a. m. Met part of California Reg. also one company

of Nebraska Reg. They were Winnebago Indians crossed Elder Creek 13 miles east of Deer Creek. Good water, grass and wood. Natural Bridge two miles up the Creek. Crystalized quartz and Isinglass a splendid quality of white rock, soft, can be cut with knife. Twenty miles from Deer Creek to La Puelle Powder River Expedition started on yesterday.

**August 5, 1865:** Reveille at 3 o'clock. March at 5 a. m. Natural Bridge over La Puelle 98½ feet long, 28½ feet span, 18 feet thickness of arch. Six miles below La Puelle passed Bed Tick Creek. Next came Wagon Hound. Water, not much grass. Camped at La Bonte Station on La Bonte Creek. Hills on all sides. Road hilly from this to Laramie.

**August 6, 1865:** Sunday Reveille 3 o'clock. March at 5 a. m. Strike Platte River 5 miles from station. Good camping there, ten miles strike Little Bitter Cottonwood, three miles farther on Strike Big Bitter Cottonwood Creek at mouth of this creek the Platte River comes out between two high hills in a narrow channel. It must run 8 or 10 miles, 2 or 3 hundred feet perpendicular on each side of river. Camped 6 miles west of Fort Laramie on bank Platte River below Star Ranch. Warm day.

**August 8, 1865:** Remain in camp all day. Captain went to the fort to arrange about turning in a lot of tents and other fixtures. Will try to turn in all horses and other equipage, if we can get transportation in train to Fort Leavenworth. Order to march five miles east to Laramie, there train is camped. Arrived there after night. Fifteen miles.

**August 9, 1865:** Started from camp six miles from east Laramie with ox train. Fort Laramie is on the River Laramie a couple of miles from its mouth on the west side of the rivers. Its head is south of Laramie Peak. There is a saw-mill at the foot of Laramie Peak, which supplies the fort with lumber. Laramie is about 130 miles from Platte Bridge. We hear the Indians who fought at the bridge went south to the Denver bridge road and have had a fight with some our troops and are reported to have captured 12 wagons and our men hitch to and drive seven miles and camp on the Platte bottom for the night, at near sundown some Nebraska troops passed in night, turned all mules and wagons at Laramie today.

**August 10, 1865:** Reveille at 3. Roll out at 4. Travel 14 miles to Horse Creek at 10 o'clock. Had breakfast. This is the spot where Capt. Folks and his men were escorting some Indians to Fort Kearney, were attacked and he and

several of his men were killed by the Indians. They were friendly Indians (Sioux) armed and clothed by the government to kill soldiers. Started again at 3 o'clock p. m. Camp five miles west of Fort Mitchel on Platte River. Scotts Bluff in view all day. Several dead bodies of Indians found at Horse Creek by our men.

**August 11, 1865:** Reveille 3 a. m. Did not get started until 5 a. m. The teamsters going to sleep on herd. Passed Fort Mitchel. Camped two or three miles east of Scotts Bluffs about 12 miles from starting point. Hear at Mitchel Indians on the Denver Road near Cottonwood to Fort Hallock and have burned several stations. Hear also Sergt. Porterfield of "B" Co. is missing with ten men that started from Laramie with him for Camp Collins on southern road near Ficklins Bluffs. Commenced cutting hay at Mitchel. Good grass, no wood.

**August 12, 1865:** Reveille at 3. Breakfast—start—between 4 and 5 o'clock a. m. Stop for noon opposite Chimney Rock in sight of Courthouse Rock, this a. m. Table Rock is back of Flicklins Bluffs a stream of water named Rush Creek at Chimney Rock 20 men stationed to carry mail. Road hilly and sandy. Noon camp at Courthouse Rock.

**August 13, 1865:** Sunday camp  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles east of Courthouse Rock. Boy seining caught 79 fish, first draw and next 150, all black or minto suckers. In all caught 2 or 3 thousand. The creek is called Lawrence Fork and Timpkins is several miles east. Some pickets. Saw campfires head of stream. From number of fires a large number of Indians in this vicinity. Hear our troop had fight west of

**August 14, 1865:** Hear our troop had fight west of Chimney rock, killed two Indians and wounded one. Indians this a. m. cut wire east of here and taken four telegraph poles. Leave at 4 p. m. Marched at 5 p. m. stopped at 12 o'clock midnight  $\frac{1}{2}$  between Mud Springs and upper crossing Pole Creek on divide. No water or wood.

**August 15, 1865:** Start at sunrise. Reach Pole Creek 10 a. m. Meet large train which took Hallock Road. March  $\frac{1}{2}$  4 p. m. about 7 miles camp on Pole Creek.

**August 16, 1865:** March after sunrise. Arrive in camp 10:30 a. m. about 10 or 12 miles. March at 3 o'clock p. m. to 13 miles to Julesburg on Pole Creek. One mile station on this creek, also one back at Chimney Rock.

**August 17, 1865:** March 5 a. m. 8 miles to Lower Crossing of Pole Creek in sight of Julesburg Station five miles from it



at 2:30 p. m. Marched before sundown five miles below Julesburg on bank South Platte River. Camped for the night. Hundred of wagons along the river, ox trains, mule trains, horse trains and pony train in abundance. Everything looks lively and brisk.

**August 18, 1865:** Reville at 3 o'clock. Gave full ration of corn last night. Marched at 5. Crossing Platte at our camp. Marched until 9:30 a. m. Met over 300 wagons going and coming on road, mule and pony trains out travel ox trains considerably. Marched 4:30 p. m. to camp four miles west of Beauvais Ranch. Marched 18 or 20 miles today. Good grass, no wood.

**August 19, 1865:** Marched 5 a. m. Camp 5 miles east Beauvais ranch on river. Good grass, no wood. March at 3 p. m. about 13 miles within 9 miles of Alkali Station. Make 20 miles today. Met 315 wagons since leaving crossing at Julesburg, 615 in number and with that were camped around the post about 1,000 in all.

**August 20, 1865:** Sunday. Remain in camp. Sod tough enough to build house on.

**August 21, 1865:** Reville at 2 o'clock a. m. March at sunrise. Camp at Alkali Station about 10 miles this a. m. Rumor a wagonmaster from Omaha killed boy last night on his train. Marched 3 p. m. 10 miles camped on South Platte. Good grass. This a. m. passed Virginia Cavalry in camp—met 280 wagons going East today.

**August 22, 1865:** Reville 3 o'clock a. m. Marched little after sunrise. Met Gen. Dodge and staff escorted by 14 Pennsylvania Cav. Camp at noon by one Afallens Bluffs. Start again at 3 p. m. Cross the Bluffs. Station and several houses scattered along for four or five miles, lately erected camp 3 miles east of last house on Fremont Sloo. Dig 3½ feet for water. 250 wagons passed today.

**August 23, 1865:** Reville 15 to 3 o'clock a. m. Marched a little before sunrise about 7 or 8 miles. Stopped at Fremont Sloo to graze. Marched at 3 p. m. Passed junction of north and south Platte River. Camped 6 or 7 miles west of Cottonwood station. Wood and water. Platte River water sufficient for all cooking purposes. Passed Jack Marrows Ranch 10 or 13 miles. Cottonwood Best ranch on the Route so far. Mosquitoes very bad at this camp.

**August 24, 1865:** Reville 3 a. m. Marched at sunrise. Reach Cottonwood past 8 o'clock a. m. This is best point

for a fort from Leavenworth to Laramie. Plenty timber, grass, wood near post. The post building are good built of cedar logs. Horse power circular saw mill in operation at post. Camp  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles east of Cottonwood, three stores in Cottonwood, good water all along road. March at 3 o'clock p. m. Nine miles east of Cottonwood camped for night on Platte River Passed on yesterday and today.

**August 25, 1865:** Reville at 3 o'clock a. m. March about 10 miles. Camp near River. Black man teamster died this a. m. Buried this p. m. March at 3 p. m.—9 miles camp on river bottom.

**August 26, 1865:** Reveille 3:30 a. m. Marched  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before sunrise. Ten miles pass midway station, camp 3 miles east of it. March 3 p. m. A large train of Mormon emigrants camped side of us. Sweed, Norweigans and Danes, 3rd Massachusetts Cav. camped near us on their way west, just before we started from our noon camp. Marched 10 or 11 miles. Camped on river.

**August 27, 1865:** Sunday. Remain in camp today. Stock herding on Island in Platte River, washing, baking, mending, card playing, all kinds of work and play the order of the day, pleasant and good night to rest.

**August 28, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. March 11 or 12 miles to Plumb Creek. March at 3 p. m. March 11 miles, 2 miles west of 22 mile point—camp over night.

**August 29, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. March 10 miles before sunrise. Pass 17 mile point. Camp for dinner and graze—14 miles west Fort Kearney. Marched 10 miles. Start again 3 p. m. Arrive in 5 miles of Fort Kearney where we hear that Conner has ordered all our horses turned in.

**August 30, 1865:** Reveille 3 a. m. Marched at sunrise. Arrive at Fort in 3 hours. Universal indignation at Connors in dismounting and taking our horses from us. It is nothing but petty spite doing it. Turned all horses and tents and equipment. March at 5 o'clock p. m. passing through Kearney with repeated groans for Connor the miserable Commander of this district. Camp 3 miles East of Kearney.

**August 31, 1865:** Reveille 4 o'clock. March at 6 o'clock. Camp  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile east of Valley City, find H. M. Hook at home and well. Water good at his ranch. March 3 o'clock to camp on sand hills. Left Platte River for good this afternoon. Water at this evening camp a mud hole not fit for use.

**Sept. 1, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. March  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before sunrise. Went 16 miles, camped at 32 mile creek, 4 miles of Mudy Creek. March at 3 p. m. Make a good drive camp where grass is good, 10 or 12 miles west of Little Blue. No Water.

**Sept. 2, 1865:** Reveille 3 a. m. Marched  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before sunrise. March. Reach Little Blue camp  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east of Pawnee Rock. Drove in cattle and marched at 3 p. m. Made about 10 miles. Saw the 7th Cavalry on route for Leavenworth to be mustered out. Had to turn in part of their horses and foot it in. Camped at 7 a. m. on nine mile ridge.

**Sept. 3, 1865:** Reveille at 3 o'clock a. m. Marched 5:30 camped at 10 made 11 miles. Lay in camp all afternoon to rest. Mosquitoes very bad in evening. Could hardly sleep for their gnawing. Lieut. Drew and 3 or 4 boys started on way for home about 9 o'clock. Sgt. Pennock very sick.

**Sept. 4, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. Marched 4:30. Cool, cattle traveled very brisk. Met 9th Wisconsin Battery on their way to Cottonwood Springs. Camped at 10 o'clock. Made 15 miles. Marched at 3 o'clock p. m. Met 5th U. S. Volunteers enroute for Fort Kearney. Camped at Thompson Ranch 8 o'clock. Made 11 miles.

**Sept. 5, 1865:** Reveille at 3 o'clock a. m. March at 5:30 a. m. Rain. Roads slippery. Reached Big Sandy. Camped at 11 o'clock. Start at 4 o'clock p. m. March 7 or 8 miles. Cross Little Sandy 4 miles east of Big Sandy. Camp 6 o'clock on open prairie. No wood or water.

**Sept. 6, 1865:** Reveille at 3 o'clock. March at 5 o'clock. Rained like    Marched a little after arrived at Rock Creek 14 miles or near'd camp had to carry water to cook with  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Marched at 3 p. m. About 10 miles. Camp on open prairie 9 o'clock. No wood or water.

**Sept. 7, 1865:** Reveille 3 o'clock. Marched at 5 o'clock. Rained like blazes before starting. Roads muddy heavy for 6 or 7 miles. Sun dried up roads. Passed 17 mile point 3 or 4 miles. Camp for dinner. Marched at 3 o'clock p. m. Crossed Big Blue at Marysville. Camped  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile east of Marysville at 10 o'clock.

**Sept. 8, 1865:** Reveille 3 o'clock. March 8 o'clock. Roads dry, but hilly. Camped 8 or 9 miles east of Marysville for dinner. March again at 3 p.m. Camped on Black Vermilion near Barretts Mills at 8 o'clock p. m.



**Sept. 9, 1865:** Reveille at 3 a. m. March at 5 o'clock. Stopped at small stream for dinner. March at 3 o'clock p. m. Roads very slippery for cattle. Camped 2 miles east of Clear Creek.

**Sept. 10, 1865:** Reveille at 3 o'clock a. m. March at day break 5 o'clock. Cool. Roads still slippery. Stopped 3 miles east of America for dinner. March at 2:30 p. m. Camped for the night about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile west of Circleville, Jackson County.

**Sept. 11, 1865:** Reveille 3 a. m. March before day break. Passed through Circleville 7 miles east of it Halton camped  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles east of Halton in Bottoms march at 3 o'clock. Camp, 9 miles west of Grasshopper Falls on divide between Halton and Falls Co. Beginning to get better as you approach Cedar and Grasshopper Creek.

**Sept. 12, 1865:** Reveille 3 o'clock. March at day break. Pass through Grasshopper Falls after crossing Cedar and Peters Creek and camped for noon east of creek. The citizens gave us a good dinner. Train started 3 p. m. for Crooked Creek. I left and went ahead in a two horse wagon of Mr. Myers of Circleville. We came two miles east of Crooked Creek and put up for night.

**Sept. 13, 1865:** Started at day break arrived at Easton on Stranger Creek for breakfast. Started after breakfast. Arrived Fort Leavenworth one o'clock p. m.

**Sept. 13, 1865:** Reveille 3 o'clock. Started day break. Passed through Easton. Camped one mile east for dinner. March 3 p. m. Cut Tirvettes Train off at 8 mile house. Camped  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile east of the Salt Creek House for the night.

**Sept. 14, 1865:** Reveille at day break. Started at 8 o'clock. Camped 9:30 o'clock at Old Camp Lyon. Train unloaded and left us.

**Sept. 15, 1865:** No Reville at all. Got up when we got ready, work on the muster rolls began today.

**Sept. 16, 1865:** All up early today at 10 o'clock rain.

**Sept. 17, 1865:** Cool. Cleared off at daylight. Preaching by Christian Commission. Nice Breeze.

**Sept. 18, 1865:** Dull cloudy, 10 o'clock clouds cleared off, sun shone.

**Sept. 19, 1865:** Cool night Co. "D", "H", "K", were mustered out today and paid. They were paid to Sept. 13, six days short.

**Sept. 20, 1865:** Wind in north west. The 14th, 15th and 32nd Illinois started for Springfield, Ill. to be paid off having been mustered out of service a few days ago they are to ride the Iron Horse to their state and soon be citizens again.

**Sept. 21, 1865:** At 3 o'clock p.m. Co. "L" 11th Kansas Cavalry was mustered out of U. S. Services by Capt. Hubbard, 13 volunteer mustering officers at Fort Leavenworth.

**Sept. 22, 1865:** Went to city in forenoon. Came back to camp at noon. At 5:30 p. m. Company "L" was mustered out of services of U. S. By Brevet Brig. Gen. Lowe, mustering officer of Kansas.

**Sept. 23, 1865:** Got up early ate breakfast and went to post headquarters to get pass approved to go to city. Did not return to camp on account of rain.

**Sept. 24, 1865:** Came to Camp in a. m. Back to city in afternoon and at camp at night.

**Sept. 25, 1865:** Paymaster has payed off Co. "L" and scattered it to the four winds of the Earth. This concludes the History of Company "L" 11th Kansas Cavalry. It's organization is no longer known. It's members are flying hither and thither to mothers, sisters, wives and the loving arms of friends at home.

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Written by Jake Pennock of Co. "L" 11th Kansas Cavalry. On March copied by Mrs. L. M. Grigsby, wife of Luther Grigsby, one of Co. "L" 11th Kansas Cavalry.

Brought to us from Topeka, Kansas by Billy Dennison, also a member of Co. "L," 11th Kan. Cav.

The original copy is filed by Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas from May 1, 1865 to Sept. 25, 1865.

# *Levi Powell and A. J. Powell Letters*\*

R. R. 6.  
Columbus, Ind.  
October 1, 1950.

Mr. W. W. Morrison  
Psg. Agent U.P.R.R.  
Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
Dear Mr. Morrison:

At last I have located the letters that I promised to send you, so I hope they will be of benefit to you in compiling material.

You probably already know that the monument referred to in some of the letters is located in the Cheyenne cemetery.

I may drop in to say hello during the 1951 rodeo.

Yours truly,  
Paul Roush.

## **LETTER FROM LEVI POWELL**

Beaver Head Rock  
Montana Territory,  
Dec. 10th.1870

Mrs. Mary Roush  
My Dear Sister:

It has bin some time since I have recd a letter from you, so I thought I would write you a few lines this morning.

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\*Levi Powell established a camp on the north fork of the Laramie river and on March 5, 1872 left this camp to look for strayed cattle. When he did not return a search was instituted and his body was found March 17 on Fish Creek, about 12 miles from camp. Evidently, he had been ambushed while following the trail of the missing cattle and had been slain, scalped and otherwise mutilated.

The body of the 34-year-old Powell was brought to Cheyenne and buried in Lakeview Cemetery. The tombstone has this inscription, "A brother's tribute of love and respect."

The following letters from Levi and A. J. Powell were given to the Wyoming State Historical Department by W. W. Morrison of 2922 Warren Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Mr. Morrison, according to Dr. Howard Driggs, President of the American Pioneer Trails Association, "has unearthed and preserved as much history as any living individual."

These are exact copies from the original letters, which Mr. Morrison had in his possession.



I am enjoying the winter very well, we have very fine weather & no snow in the valleys. I have three hundred & fifty head of cattle on hand at present & they run on the range without any herding.

I go out every week or two & look at them. I have one man hired this winter more for company than utility.

Times are dull here this winter as it is was very dry here last summer. I think we will have good times here next summer. There has been new mines found two hundred miles north west from here.

Should you answer this direct to Beaver Head Rock. Montana Territory.

Levi Powell

### LETTER FROM LEVI POWELL

Waco Texas

April 21st. 1871

Mrs. Mary Roush  
Ever Dear Sister:

I write you a few lines this morning. When I left your place I went to Ills to see Catherine Ping. I found them all well.

I staid there several days, it was so muddy I could not get any where. I found J.R.Powell's family all well when I returned there. I took J.R. down to Kansas with me he staid about one week with A.J. Powell. A.J. is still baching yet.

I left Kansas the 20th of March and arrived here the first of April after a tedious trip of six hundred miles, five of it by stage coach.

I have seen considerable country this spring, I don't like what I have seen of this state so far it is too subject to drouth for farming & the range getting eat out too much for stock raising in this part of the state.

Stock has advanced considerable in price here. I have bought one thousand head of cattle & will go out & buy a few hundred more next week. Horses are high and scarce.

The trees are all leafed out and the flowers are all in bloom which makes it very beautiful in the country.

As I sit here in my room writing, I have a beautiful view of the valley of the Prazos River. The weather is very warm here in the day time but cold in the latter part of the night.

I do not receive my cattle until the 15th of May. It is a little late but I think I can make the trip through to Montana this summer.

Give my best regards to all inquiring friends. If you would write to me about the 10th of June and direct it to Abilene Kansas, I think I would get it, as I expect to get up there by the forepart of July.

Tell Lib I would like to receive a letter from her. I would write her from here but I do not know how she spells her name now since it has changed.

As Ever Your Brother.  
Levi Powell.

### LEVI POWELL'S LETTER

North Laramie River  
Dec, 25th 1871

Mrs. Mary Roush  
Marble, Ind.  
My Dear Sister:

It is with pleasure that I embrace the present opportunity to write to you.

I have bin so busy ever since I left Texas with my herd that I have wrote but few letters. I am here in comfortable winter quarters. My stock scatters considerable this winter.

We have a very hard winter so far the hardest I ever saw in the mountains. I have not lost much stock yet.

Tell George I have got them long horned oxen I was to bring him from Texas and he had better come and get them for I may get hard up and sell them.

How I would like to see Roush out here. There is plenty of deer and antelope here, and thirty miles north of here there is plenty of elk.

If I had Lotta out here, I could make a herder of her this winter. I think that would suit her better than cooking.

I think I will drive my herd west in the spring if I have any left, I think I will go back to Montana again.

The cattle trails have not paid very well last summer. I should have 1150 head of cattle and 26 head of horses, but how many cattle I will have in the spring is hard to tell.

I think the Indians will trouble me some in the spring, they have run off some stock Ft. Fetterman 70 miles north of here.

I believe I have nothing more of interest to write at present.

Please write soon. Direct to Bordeaux Ranch, Wyoming Territory, Via Cheyenne.

I remain as ever your brother.

Levi Powell.

**A. J. POWELL'S LETTER**

North Laramie River  
Wyoming Territory  
April 1st 1872

Ever Dear Sisters:

You no doubt long before this reaches you, you will be sprised of the loss of our dear brother. I will tell you the particulars as I have got them since my arrival at the camp on the 26th of March.

He left camp on the fifth of March to be gone but one knight. He went over north on a stream cald bitter-Cotton Wood, to look after cattle about 16 miles from camp, and not returning for several days they boys that was herding for him, other men that was near here, they struck the mule track that he was wriding on Cottonwood, and a pony track on both sides of the mule track, which showed too planely that he had bin taken a prisoner by the Red Devils, they followed the trail about 8 eight miles and came to where they had kild our dear brother.

They shot him on his mule from the signs where the mule had broke and run. They shot him twist once through the head once through the heart and then mutelated the head. They left the war club that they had used by the boddy with a red flag on it. They were Sue Indians.

At the same time the Red Devils stole 10 head of horses. The commander at the fort has made a demand for the party that done the kiling and steeling, Dont have any idea that he will git either for the Indians policy is a bad one the one that U.S.A. has adopted.

Brother was buried on the 19th of March at Fort Laramie. They tell me that he was buried respectable. Brother J.R.Powell wants his remains brought to the states for enterment. I will do just as you all say in regard to it. I never heard him say as to having a choice where he rests.

I will administer on his estate, if you are not all satisfied chose who you will and I will be satisfied. I will start in the morning for the fort and Cheyenne, anything that I can gather will write you in this.

Dear sisters this letter is for all of you don't be selfish with one & another. The stock was badly scattered when I arrived here, have got them in shape. Bin in the saddle all the time since my arrival until this afternoon and have devoted it to writing. Have four men in camp.

April 10th, Arrived at Cheyenne at last, have not asertained any thing further than what I have written. There



has been a heavy snow storm here that detained me on the road for a week, hoping to here from you all I remain

Your brother A.J.Powell.

Ps. Direct to Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Fort Laramie  
Wyoming Territory  
May the 8th 1872

Dear Sisters:

Yours of the 22nd of April received on last mail day one week ago today. Was glad to hear from you all.

I am gitting a long well so far with the exception that the Red Devils are gitting away with a good many cattle. The storms in April scattered the cattle badly.

I have on the range between 7 and 8 hundred head, will deliver what I have gathered by the 20th of this month and then the rest as I gather them.

In regard to removing brother's remains. They can not well be removed until cold weather so men tell me that has had experience.

I will come in as soon as I git through, it will be some time in June, and then I will explain to you better than I can write. I wrote to brother James for to write to you all for me and to git a Power of Attorney from each of you for me to act as your agent.

The laws here are such that a man has to be a resident of the Territory one year before he can administer. I git a friend to administer and I act as his agent. He makes no charges for befriending us.

I don't think that brother ever had a picture of himself taken, or at least I never saw any. All quiet at camp at present time. If I get back to the States will show you too topnots that my men lifted.

Yours of the 24th recvd & also Power of Attorney. Must close for the present & start for camp.

As Ever your Brother.  
A. J. Powell.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Tonganoxie Kans  
Sept 1st. 1872

Dear Bro & Sisters:

To day will express to you \$900 dollars to Columbus Ia.

Will send it in the name of Mrs. Mary Roush to be divided among you three sisters. Expect every day know to git

the balance of the estate money & then will come & see you all.

This leaves me well.

As ever your bro.  
A. J. Powell

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Tonganoxie Kans  
Oct 18th 1872

Dear Sisters:

It has bin some days since I got home. No doubt but you will be looking for a letter from me before this reaches you.

I have nothing to write you that will be of interest. I got home all right, stoped over Sabath day with Cate. Found them in reasonable health.

The best way for to know how they are doing is to go out & see them. It won't take long.

I failed in trading my place for cattle & it won't do to leave with a renter, so I am stuck here for a while yet, unless I sell I won't go out to fix up Brother's grave until the year is out and then can make final settlement with the administrator.

There was one thing that I forgot when I was there that was to take your receipts so that I can show to the administrator that I have made the dividin of money.

We have beautiful fawl weather here but there was early frost which made a good deal soft corn.

As Ever your Bro  
A. J. Powell.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Tonganoxie Kans  
April 9th 1873.

Ever Dear Sister:

Yours bearing date of March 28th recd. Glad to hear from you.

Have written to some of your folks quite often for me. I believe that I stated in my last letter that I had recd receipts, but didn't tell you that you didn't include in recpt the hundred dollars that was allowed me which should have bin.

In speacking of what my place is worth, it is worth between six and seven thousand dollars. I would not advise any of my folks to come to Kans from this fact that this

part is not a wheat country. Better for corn than any other grain and taxes are very high.

Could tell you all the good and bad qualities of the state, but don't think it worth while. It has bin some time since I have had a letter from J.R. Powell.

This is a backward spring here I am not done sowing oats yet. Have handled some hogs and cattle the past winter, but no money in them.

I will try and answer all letters that is recd. As Ever your Bro.

A. J. Powell.

Ps. I don't have the same Po Box that I use to have my box is no 76.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

At Home

July 6th 1873

Your's of the 13th & 16th. Recd of last month. Was glad to hear from you but sorry two hear of your axident and being hurt.

It appears from your letter that you think that I am trying to steel a portion of the estate money. I only asked for a receipt for this reason that while up there could make final settlement. And then after I got home could settle with each of my sisters & Bros.

I do not feel as it would be right to use the receipt that you signed with your protest accompaning it. I have the receipt from J.R. Powell, Hanna Curry and L Curmichael, just the same that I asked of you.

I have a receipt from C. Ping for the amount of money that I paid them placing me as administory, written for an other but have not heard anseer yet.

I will state to you the same that I did when at your house last faul that the records of the probate court will show to you all what & how I have have handed the matter.

The administrator name. J.C. Whipple. Cheyenne Wyoming Territory.

I was in Leavenworth the 2nd inst and the marble will soon be finished for brother's grave. The reason that it was not done on contract the stock was delayed as the marble cutters had to send to the quarry in Vermont for the stock to fill my order.

I will send you a statement of what every thing cost in regard to the monument when it is up will go out to put it up and settle as soon as harvest is over if nothing happens more than I know of now.



I believe that I have nothing more to write at this time.  
Hoping that this will reach you & find you and family well.  
Answer by return mail. As Ever.

A. J. Powell.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Tonganoxie Kans  
July 27th 1873

Dear Sister:

When I last wrote you, I stated that I would write you a line when I started to Wyoming Territory.

I will start to knight. The monument weight is 5500 Lbs. Will send you a diagram of it after I return.

I will be gone about a month.

As ever your Bro  
A. J. Powell.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Tonganoxie Kans  
Aug 25th 1873

Dear Sister:

As I stated in my last letter that I would write you a few lines when I got back home which I know do.

I removed brother's remains to Cheyenne on the U.P.R.R. and have got the grave fixed up.

Will send you a statement of all the cost at the earliest opportunity.

Your Bro.  
A. J. Powell.

### COST OF MONUMENT BY A. J. POWELL

Cost of monument & putting same up -----	\$917.40
Paid to C. Whipple, administrator -----	\$ 25.00
Bill of expense after settlement with court in 1872 --	\$100.20
<hr/>	
Whole amount -----	\$1042.60
Money on hand -----	\$1368.35
Balance on hand -----	\$ 325.75
Portion -----	\$ 54.29

Sept 1873

A. J. Powell.

**LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL**

Tonganoxie Kans  
Oct 19th 1873

Dear Sister:

Your letter bearing date of the 6th, received. Glad to hear from you, but sorrow to hear that your health is so poor and that there is so much sickness in your neighborhood. As far as myself my health is good.

I have been trying all the time since brother was kild to have the Red Devils brought to justis, but could not until lately git our Government to pay any attention to the matter.

I am in recpt of a letter from the Department of Indian affairs Washington that says that the matter shall be looked into & investigated which I hope will soon be done.

In regard to expenses that may occure in trying to bring those Indians to justis, I don't ask my brother & sisters to help pay the expenses unless it is there wishes so to do. If it is it will be thankfully received.

I don't want you to think that there has bin none worth mentioning. The money that is in my hands that belongs to you cannot sent at the present time on account of the financial crises, banks closed, but think that it wont be long until they will resume payment.

Hoping that when this reaches you that your health may be good, also your familys. Please answer by return mail.

As Ever.

A. J. Powell.

**LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL**

Tonganoxie Kans  
June 25th 1874.

Dear Sisters:

It has bin some time since I received your letter. It is carelessness that I have not written sooner.

The reason that I removed brother's remains was for 2 reasons, first that there was other persons entombed near in a row, so it was actual necessary for to take the boddy up & reEnter to have room to fix up and not intrude on other graves.

In the second that if any of the friends was passing through the country & wished to see his grave it is near the R.Road.

I send the coming week the balance due each of you three. I send it to one address to save expense. I send it

in Hanah Curmichael's name. \$52.29 each ones Portion will send it by express to Columbus Ia.

I believe that I have nothing of interest to write further. My health is good. Hoping that yours will be better than when I last heard from you.

Nothing more at present hoping to hear from you on recpt of money.

Your Brother.

A. J. Powell.

### LETTER FROM A. J. POWELL

Virginia City  
Montana Territory  
Mar 12th 1876

Mrs. Roush:

Dear Sister:

It has bin some time since I have written to you or anyone in that vicinity.

I will drop you a few scrolls to inform you that I am still in the mountains yet & likely to stay here for some time to come.

You see when one once gits to living in the mountains it is hard for them to leave them as it is a country that one can live in easy without much labor & then the country is quite diferent in a mining camp from what it is in any place else.

I tell you it is a hard matter for me to write for it is so seldom that I do any writing at all. This country is different here from any other mountain country that I ever was in before as it is cut up with numerous streams with beautiful valleys between the mountains.

It is the general opinion of the people here that there will be a large emigration to this territory the coming summer from all parts both from the east & west of the Mtns. Even the damd John Chinamen & women are coming to this country and they are a detriment to any country for they live on mere nothing & carry all their money they git to there own bessed country and that is not all, they work for small wages and the laboring class of people has no more show to make anything where they are that is the great objection the American people have to them.

Perhaps you would like to know what we are doing. We are doing not much that we do during the winter but take care of our cattle and that is not much of a job go out over the range two or three times a week & see that they are all on the range. You see that we don't feed stock any here.

We do our own cooking, eating and sleeping, and no one to say that this or that don't suit. I would like for to see



some of you step in here about meal time just to git a square meal on bread beef and coffee etc.

I would like to hear from you as often as it is convenient for you to write. Don't do like I do, but write often. My best wishes to all my sisters and there families.

Tell the children to be good to there parents & kind to all people, that I am coming to see them sometime.

I must stop writing for this time as the knights are shortening of at both ends. I think this will do pretty well for me. We boath have bin very healthy since we bin in this territory.

As Ever. A.J. Powell.

Ps. Direct to Virginia City. Montana Territory.

# *Spanish Diggings* \*

By

HELEN WILLSON

As we go back into time, down into the history of geological and animal formation, the periods of time increase almost beyond comprehension. Twelve thousand years takes us back into the late stone age when man's only machinery consisted of sharpened flints, the bow and arrow and rude traps. The story of Wyoming's earliest inhabitants is enveloped in a haze of mystery and obscurity, but explorations have developed the fact that this State has the most ancient remains of vanished races to be found on this continent. In the prehistoric mines of this State there is embedded the hidden chronicle of extinct races—the story of the stone age and the cave man, of the buried, untold history of the primitive, rude and savage life of the childhood of mankind.

These prehistoric quarries are scattered through a region approximately 400 square miles in Platte and Niobrara counties of Wyoming. This region is a rectangle, ten miles wide, forty miles long to the eastward of the North Platte River. Its western end is northeast of Glendo, Wyo., its eastern terminus near a north and south line between Guernsey and Manville, Wyo.

The "Spanish Diggings" proper is that portion one strikes when one turns at the big sign, three miles west of Keeline and drives from there approximately eleven miles south. Here, within easy walking distance, we find the main quarries of the region—the Barbour, Dorsey and the Holmes quarries. The "Spanish Diggings" comprises only that part of the prehistoric mines region which lies in the Spanish

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\*Down in the southwest corner of Niobrara County, about 25 miles from Lusk, is located what is commonly known as the Spanish Diggings, consisting of a series of pre-historic stone quarries—a mute reminder of days when other races of men peopled these Western plains and used implements made entirely of stone. These diggings are one of many quarries and shop sites located throughout Eastern Wyoming, starting at some point in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and extending down toward Guernsey and Glendo on the Platte River. Hans Gautschi of Lusk has made a thorough study of the Spanish Diggings and is an authority on the subject. This review was written by Mrs. Glen I. (Helen) Willson of Lusk, with the assistance of Mr. Gautschi, and was printed in the Golden Jubilee Edition of **The Lusk Herald**, May 28, 1936.

Hilis, one mile east of the Barbour quarry to one mile west of the Holmes quarry.

The name, "Spanish Diggings," is a misnomer. Some say the name was conferred upon the region by cowboys and others say it was given by early explorers, who thought the excavations were made by preceding Spanish expeditions, which were digging for gold. Spanish explorations were made to this part of North America, under Coronado and others in the Fifteenth Century.

Here, so long ago that the Indians contacted by the earliest white adventurers had no traditions concerning them, men of crude culture labored infinitely. Here, doubtless, was the cradle of manufacturing in America, the locale of the first "big business" on the continent, which went in for organized industry to thus give mass production.

The region is indeed an archaeological paradise. Numerous expeditions of scientific men have visited it, explored and dug among its treasures, and carried away many thousands of relics for laboratory, study and museum display. Considerable literature, precious to scientific minds of the world, has been written concerning it and men have traveled thousands of miles to see it, while others who care not for such things have spent their lifetime within a score of miles without once deviating from their regular pursuits to see it.

### **Different Quarries Described**

The Barbour quarry was named for Dr. Edwin H. Barbour, from the University of Nebraska, who visited the region in 1905. Here large chunks and slabs of rock have been torn from the hillside, as seams were followed up and the desired quartzite obtained. The refuse rocks were dumped down the hillside and apparently the quartzite was carried away to be worked upon elsewhere, as very few chips and almost no refuse pieces are found there. The Holmes quarry is about one mile southwest of the Barbour quarry, or about sixteen miles southwest of Keeline. On the crest of the hill are still to be seen pits from 10 to 25 feet in depth, in spite of the winds and rain of thousands of years, and on the slope of the hill are a series of smaller pits. As the desired material was obtained from one pit, they moved on up the hill, dumping their refuse into the last abandoned pit. There are also open cuts at the crown of the hill. The chunks of quartzite containing the cores were broken off and carried to comparatively flat places on the hills and here were worked into implements. Today the refuse dumps on the hillside resemble those of modern mines. On the ridge of this hilltop at the Holmes quarry,



one may still find chips, "rejects," and partly finished implements.

### Prehistoric Cross on Slope of Hill

On the eastern slope of this hill is a cross, built of rejected material from the adjacent quarries. The cross is approximately 100 feet long, and the outline can be distinctly seen. The best views may be obtained by standing at the head of the cross, looking down the slope. There were apparently various designs made throughout the cross, some of which may yet be seen. In recent years visitors have removed many of the rocks, and others have attempted to reconstruct the designs, which have partially destroyed the value of the prehistoric work from a scientific viewpoint. Those who visit the site should refrain from disturbing any of the rocks, as scientists and archaeologists will undoubtedly make more thorough and complete study of this cross in future years.

From the foot of the cross extends two rows of stone mounds, parallel to each other, which run down into the valley for a distance of more than half a mile. It is thought that the cross was used in some religious ceremonial.

The Holmes quarry was named for William H. Holmes, who wrote "Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities," as Bulletin 60 for the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, and many other articles on archaeological subjects.

The Dorsey quarry, which is about one-half mile a little south by east of the Holmes quarry, was named for Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of the Field Museum of Chicago, who explored the region in company with Billy Lauk and W. L. Stein in 1900. This quarry does not appear to have been so extensively worked as the Holmes or Barbour quarries, but evidence is visible where veins of the precious quartzite were followed up.

In the entire region of the 400 square miles, more than 25 quarries have been located and explored. Still others undoubtedly remain, but have never been found, as they lie buried beneath the soil carried by the wind and rains of many centuries.

Also south of the "Spanish Diggings" proper, near the North Platte River, in the vicinity of Sawmill Canyon, 15 or 20 miles southeast of the Muddy workings, in Converse and Niobrara counties, lies another quarry district. Near

these quarries are shop sites covering many acres, where chips and cores are in such abundance as to stagger one's belief. Most of the material is black and yellow jasper and a fine-grained moss agate.

The location of the "Spanish Diggings" as a prehistoric factory site was dictated by the presence of the raw material. Outcropping along the ridge is a ledge of brittle quartzite. This rock was particularly adaptable to their use, since it breaks with a conchoidal fracture and a lump of it may be worked down and fashioned into crude implements—scrapers, knives, axe-heads, hammers, milling stones, weapon points, paint pans, hoes, etc. The heavy hammers or grooved mauls were usually of dense, hard quartzite, but all the other output of the quarries was of the peculiar quartzite, so peculiar, in fact, that when in the surrounding country or in the neighboring State of Nebraska and also Oklahoma, the tools can be easily recognized as coming from the Wyoming quarries—the formation of the rock at once establishing their source, though the craftsmanship, too, is peculiar to the region of the "Diggings." Many of the finished products have been found in various parts of North America, thousands of miles from the "Spanish Diggings." Fifteen hundred miles away, in Ohio, the site of an ancient village was found, and here in an underlying strata, estimated to be at least 2,000 years old, were found implements from the Wyoming quarries. It is also thought that the specimens of stone tools, implements, etc., found in the mounds of the Mound Builders in the Mississippi Valley, came from the Wyoming quarries. The theory is thus advanced that these quarries may have been the site of the workshops of prehistoric men who roamed over the land ages before the American Indian made his appearance, approached also the region on the Platte river.

Though the tools manufactured were for war, domestic and agricultural uses, tools, not weapons, predominate among the finished articles which have been found—axe-heads, both single and double-bitted, triangular hoes shaped with handles, scrapers and crude knives carved for use in skinning animals. The pursuits of peace and of agriculture seemed to predominate their interests.

All the quarrying was done with stone implements, such as wedges and heavy hammers, and the overlying strata of other kinds of rock were removed to give access to the desired quartzite. Wedges have been found set in the rock seams ready to be driven. This, among other evidences, gives rise to the theory that the region was suddenly abandoned, either from attacks by enemy tribes or from some cataclysm of nature. Nowhere is there evidence that metal

tools were used in either mining or for domestic purposes. Their mining work was a slow, tedious and laborious process and very crude, requiring hundreds of workers to accomplish what two or three men could easily do today.

If we could contrast their labor and output with today's machinery and mass production, we would realize what human intelligence has done in a period of time that is only a moment in the existence of this earth, an infinitesimal fraction of a second in the history of the universe.

### **Tepee Rings Indicate Mode of Living**

Back on the mesa in close proximity to the workings are extensive village sites marked by hundreds of tepee or lodge circles, made by stones apparently used to keep the walls of the tepees in place, the habitations of primitive man being poles covered with the skins of animals or brush. Many such villages are located a number of miles away in pleasant valleys and parks, near springs or running streams. Nevertheless, nearly all of these villages were also workshops, as is evidenced by large accumulations of chips and rejects on the sites, showing that they were simply adjuncts of the quarry mining. However, here are found arrow and lance heads and hide scrapers, beautifully made from brilliantly colored agate, jasper and chalcedony. Most of these are small, and the work far superior to other quarry products, leading some who have studied them to believe they were made by modern Indians after the quarry races were no more.

There has been no systematic plan of exploration, and no excavation of the pits to uncover the hidden relics of the race who lived so long in these desolate wilds—experts, scientists and curiosity seekers who have roamed over the terrain have only seen surface indications and picked up such specimens as lay before the naked eye.

### **What Became of Race Who Worked the Diggings?**

What became of this ancient race of manufacturers, traders and perhaps farmers, whose products were carried so far and spread over the continent? The best the learned archaeologists can do is guess. Erosion has obliterated considerable evidence, but the quarries, the workshops and camp sites, still remain as evidence of the frugality and ingenuity of a prehistoric race, and in no section of the entire world can be found ancient quarries of such magnitude



as those of Wyoming's prehistoric mining and manufacturing district.

As far back as 1905 it has been from time to time proposed that this region be made a national park, but, though the United States Bureau of Ethnology was interested, the area was so large, and so many private land titles were involved, that action was deferred. In the succeeding years efforts have been made along this line and the national park service title to at least a few square miles is still being petitioned to acquire and preserve for posterity the archaeological marvels of this area, which are now subject to removal by mere curiosity hunters and to vandalism.

### **"Spanish Diggings" Discovered in 1879**

A. A. Spaugh, pioneer resident of this section of Wyoming, who now has extensive ranch holdings in and around Manville, is credited with having located the "Spanish Diggings" as early as 1879; Lauk and Stein of Whalen Canyon, near Guernsey, explored the region in 1882; I. S. Bartlett of Cheyenne in 1893; Riggs of the Field Museum in 1895; Dr. G. A. Dorsey in 1900; Dr. Barbour in 1905; and after that several scientific expeditions were made. In 1915, C. H. Robinson, of Bloomington, Ill., representing the Illinois State Museum and the McLean County Historical Society, in company with Hans Gautschi of Lusk, spent two weeks exploring the "Diggings" and surrounding prehistoric sites. Mr. Robinson was greatly enthused over the findings in the entire region, and did more to interest local people in the "Diggings" than any other person. Mr. Gautschi has since accompanied and acted as a guide for many local people and those from surrounding towns. Mr. Ralph Olinger, formerly of Lusk, but now of Newcastle, Wyo., Mr. O. A. Moss of Manville, and J. R. Phillips of Casper have also been particularly interested in the prehistoric sites and all have fine collections of artifacts obtained from the sand blowouts in the adjacent country.

# *The State Song of Wyoming*

By

KENNETH E. CROUCH\*

Wyoming does not have an official State Song but a poem entitled "Wyoming" written by former Charles E. Winter of Casper, Wyoming, has been set to music under two titles and is popularly accepted as the State Song.

In the summer of 1903, Judge Winter, then living in Grand Encampment, Wyoming was traveling east to promote some mining interests. During his three weeks travel he became "homesick" for Wyoming and while riding thru Pennsylvania wrote some verses.

On his arrival home, he typed the verses and placed the sheet in a pigeon-hole in his desk. Later Earl R. Clemens, then editor of the **The Grand Encampment (Wyoming) Herald** and a musician, came into his office. He handed the verses to Mr. Clemens remarking, "We've been wanting a State Song. Here are the words. You provide the melody."

Several months later Mr. Clemens returned with the poem set to music.

In 1903, Judge Winter and Mr. Clemens were delegates to the third Wyoming Industrial Convention in Sheridan. Here they secured a barber and tailor and formed a quartet to sing the new song at the afternoon session. The convention adopted a resolution declaring "Wyoming" the State Song.

The town of Grand Encampment, now known as Encampment, in the early days was a wild, typically western copper mining district. A few college men operated these mines and often had chorus singing for a pastime and thus developed the State Song.

The composer of the first score of "Wyoming," Earl R. Clemens, was born in Flowerfield, Michigan, November 8, 1877, and died at Terra Bella, California January 10, 1943,

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\*A notable collection of state and military songs of the United States has been compiled by Kenneth E. Crouch. Of the forty-eight states in the Union, thirty-eight have adopted official anthems.

Ten states have no official songs. Others have two, and one state, Tennessee, has three. Two of the states, Arizona and Washington, have state "Anthems," the other thirty-six have state songs.

Kenneth E. Crouch has published articles on state songs in journals in nearly every state of the Union. He is a professional journalist and editor of the Bedford, Virginia, **Democrat**, and is the assistant national historian of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

and was buried in Constantine, Michigan. He was graduated from the Marcellus, Michigan schools and his first experience in printing was in a shop at his birth place.

He moved to Constantine, Michigan in 1897 and with his brother began publishing the **Constantine Record**. In 1902 he went to Grand Encampment, Wyoming and became editor of the **The Grand Encampment Herald**. From here he went to Rhyolite, Nevada and was co-founder of the **The Rhyolite Herald**. In 1911 he founded **The Terra Bella News** at Terra Bella, California, and continued as editor-publisher until his death. His wife, Elizabeth Hoffman Clemens, succeeded him as editor. He and his wife wrote **Life in the Ghost City of Rhyolite**.

Professor George Edwin Knapp of Lake Charles, Louisiana, composed the music to Winter's poem **Wyoming** and called it the **Wyoming March Song**. In 1919 he came to the University of Wyoming at Laramie, as director of the Music Department. He remained until 1931. While working here he found some mimeographed copies of Judge Winter's poem **Wyoming**. In his spare time he wrote a melody for the words and was assisted in arranging the harmony by some members of the music faculty and advanced harmony students. After the song had been introduced at a State Teachers' meeting the musical setting was printed in the State Course of Study.

Mrs. Harold Vaughn, an outstanding musician and composer, composed the music for a soprano solo for the Winter poem **Wyoming** in 1912.

The first time the song was played by a band the author, Judge Winter, was making a political speech in the Odd Fellows Hall at Casper, Wyoming, and here under the direction of Harold Banner the Winter-Clemens composition brought hearty applause.

**That's Wyoming** was written for the 1940 celebration of the Golden Anniversary of Wyoming's Statehood. The words and music were composed by Jack Bryant.

The "Anniversary Song" was scored by Emmett C. Ek-dall, who was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, October 8, 1905. After he was graduated from the University of Wyoming, he moved to Ventura, California, where he engaged in the real estate business.



# *Life of Frank Ball*

By

LORA NEAL JEWETT\*

This is the true portrayal of the life of Frank Ball, a pioneer of what is now Sublette County, Wyoming. Frank, the third son of Daniel and Josephine Ball, was born at Hamilton, New York, November 9, 1869. He had two brothers, John and Charles, and a sister who died in infancy. His mother, Josephine Wilcox, was born in Onieda, New York, and his father in Hamilton. In 1872 they moved to a farm near Morris, New York; but not satisfied with that location, they later went to Brooklyn where they resided until Daniel Ball had the urge to come West.

In the year 1884 Daniel Ball left New York to seek his fortune in the West. His young wife stayed behind and worked as a dress designer and cared for her three children. Being expert at her trade, she set up her own business and prospered in it.

Later, young Frank decided to follow his father to the great West. He went first to Memphis, Tennessee and on to the town of Waterfall, where he took the train. In those early days trains traveled slowly, but even so it was fast travel as compared with wagons, horses and oxen, which were at that time in use. Trains were loaded with passengers, men and women on their way West to seek fortune and adventure. This particular winter had been a hard one in the Western States, with livestock dying by the thousands from blizzards and starvation.

On reaching the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Frank saw dead cattle in large numbers lying along the railroad tracks.

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\*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH—Mrs. C. Gordon Jewett, wife of a prominent ranchman of Big Piney, Wyoming, has written a number of articles under the name of L. Ellis Jewett which have appeared in many of the leading newspapers and magazines.

She organized the first Republican Club in Sublette county and the Historical club of the same county and was the first Historian. Twenty-two years ago in 1928, she also organized the Writers Club, which is now the Artist Guild of Sublette county, and is one of the outstanding clubs in the State of Wyoming. She has been made President Emeritus of this guild.

She is a member of the Cow Belles, Eastern Star Chapter of Pine-dale, Junior President of the Auxiliary of the VFW, Fremont Peak-Pinedale, Wyoming, The Press Reporting Syndicate and the Dramatic League of America.

That winter of '86-'87 was long remembered as one of the worst in the state's history.

Young Frank Ball and his father worked for the Wasatch Stock and Grazing Company. This outfit ran thirty thousand sheep and twenty-five thousand cattle. After the hard winter of 1886, the stock was counted when spring came, and totaled four thousand sheep and nineteen head of cattle—all this big stock company had remaining. The Company tried to winter the remaining sheep and cattle across the river, west of Green River City, but the cattlemen would not let the sheep cross the river. "They should have," Frank Ball reminisced many years later, "because their headquarters was west of Green River City at Ham's Forks."

Slim Thomas, also known as "Skinney Thomas," was the head man of this organization. The following spring, after the bitter winter was at an end, feed became plentiful all over that section of the country. The abundant snowfall had put the ground in fine condition for grass and grain. One could stop overnight any place along the roads and find good grazing for his horses and cattle. The spring rains also were heavy and Wyoming prospered.

Soon after his son Frank arrived in Wyoming, Daniel filed on a homestead on Ham's Fork, and Frank went to work for Al Pomeroy on Fontenelle Creek, north of Opal, Wyoming. In March of that year, snow was so deep on Fontenelle Creek that it required two days to go by sled to the town of Opal for supplies, and then the horses had difficulty in making it through the deep snow.

It was while Frank was working for Mr. Pomeroy that he learned of a man named Fagan who was hauling supplies for the Blyth-Fargo Company, and he was telling of plenty of land up Big Piney way. At that time a vast tract of land in that region was unfenced and unsettled, with no ranches along the Cottonwood, north of Big Piney.

The year of 1888 found Frank Ball squatting on land that later became his own ranch. None of this land had been surveyed at that time. Then he went to Ham's Fork and persuaded his father to return with him. They later built two little cabins at the head of the Cottonwood near the mountains, where they could get out timber. Father and son settled on Ball Island, which later Charles Ball took up\*.

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\*"took up" is an expression used by the early settlers and means that people took up the land under government filing. Many of the old timers are very proud of the fact that they secured their land in this manner.

Ball Island is now owned by the Jewett Land and Live Stock Company, and Mr. Ball's ranch joins it on the south.

This island was named after Daniel Ball, Frank's father. It was fine hay land, well watered with clear, cold water from the Cottonwood. This and other streams are fed by melting snow from the mountains, and often in early summer they overflow their banks.

In those early days, during the settling of this vast country, many hardships had to be endured; but Mr. Ball always got a lot of joy and satisfaction out of life in the great outdoors. He was an expert with the lariat and took great pride in his roping ability, and his increasing competence started him in the calf-elk industry. In the years of '88 and '89 thousands of elk wintered along the Cottonwood. They lay hidden during the day, and at night traveled down along the river.

At first, Frank started catching a few elk just for the fun of it; then the idea came to him that he might make some money out of it. With his well-trained cow-pony, Socks, he herded the elk into a high corral. One day he wrote to Justin Garvin, the President of the Long Island Railroad in New York, about this new venture and received an offer from him of \$100 for every elk delivered at the railroad. Thirty-two of the elk were shipped, then in 1892 Mr. Garvin wrote to Frank that Mr. George Gould wanted thirty head of elk for his hunting grounds at Kingston, New York. Later on, a carload of elk was shipped to Dr. Stewart Webb of Mehasannie, New York State.

Frank Ball was becoming widely known, and orders came for elk to be shipped to many different places in the East. Being a New Yorker himself, and the possessor of a pleasing personality, Frank Ball found himself on the road to success, and his dream of buying and stocking a large cattle ranch seemed likely to be fulfilled. He delivered his herds of elk in person and besides being paid for them, he received three dollars for every day he was traveling to and from his home. He also received passes on the railroads which included his meals and berth.

An order for many elk came from a gentleman in Salt Lake City, and these animals were delivered to Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake. By this time, Frank Ball had acquired a herd of Hereford cattle and a large tract of land. The orders for elk continued to pour in, and Frank Ball filled all of them, as there were no game laws at that early day.

Along the wooded bottoms of the Cottonwood River, antelope could be found in large numbers the year around. It was not an uncommon sight to see a thousand head in one



drove, and they were so tame, Mr. Ball said, one could drive right through the herd and they would not run or even cease grazing. Antelope furnished much of the ranchers' meat. Many Indians came to hunt and fish and kill their meat for winter. Most of these Indians were friendly to the white settlers, but occasionally there would be a renegade among them. These renegades would never go back to the Indian Reservation, and often wintered with the whites. One was named Indian Charley who stayed at the 666 Ranch; and another went by the name of Poker Jim. He was so fat and crippled he couldn't walk, so his squaws made a pole rack drawn by a pony and he rode on that. Once Poker Jim and his women came to the Ball Ranch and asked for whiskey. Mr. Ball never kept it around, but he did give him some Jamaica Ginger Rum, and Poker Jim drank it straight.

The Indians used their tepee poles to carry loads, and the winter of 1890 a redskin by the name of Palwaggi with four squaws wintered on the Alex Price ranch near the old Luman place. Palwaggi's ponies were starving, and he knew that Mr. Ball put up hay to feed his stock through the winter; so, one day Frank Ball found Palwaggi and his four squaws at his door. The old Indian grunted and pointed to the haystack, then to his pony. Frank then knew what was wanted, and he gathered up a number of burlap sacks and motioned for the squaws to go fill them with hay. Some weeks later Palwaggi returned for more hay, and his squaws presented the generous white man with three pairs of gloves, a pair of moccasins and a deer hide they had tanned and made into a buckskin jacket. Several times that winter the Indians came for hay to keep their ponies alive until spring. The women always carried the big sacks of hay while Palwaggi rode the pony.

The Indians were very friendly with Mr. Ball, and considered him their good friend. The winter that Poker Jim died, a settler named Andrews and John Howard, who now lives near Casper, went down to bury him. He had a little cabin on the rim of the bench below Bowman's and west of Mrs. Motts'. They found no trace of Poker Jim, but they trailed his squaws to an air hole in the river, and it was there they believed the squaws had dumped his body.

The great camping place for the Indians was on North Cottonwood Creek, and near the head of Horse Creek. This was a fertile valley with good grazing land. Today the Jewett and the O'Neill outfits own a lot of this land, and it has been turned into rich meadowland. Beaver Creek was another stream along which the Indians liked to hunt and fish and have horse races. There still remain marks of their old race-track, and, like our modern race courses, it was a

circular track. The Indians loved to bet on races, and they would bet anything they possessed on one. Sandy Marshall and old man Roy lived up that way. Roy liked to bet on the races, and he was pretty good in a foot race himself.

Mr. Ball states that there were no bridges on Green River during the first years he knew this part of the country. They would swim their calves across first, then follow with their horses. When the river was high, many people lost their lives while trying to cross in the swift, strong current.

Everyone, both the whites and Indians, for many miles around, knew Mr. Ball as a good neighbor and a kind and liberal person. In the wintertime, the old squaws knew where to go when they were out of supplies and hungry—to Mr. Frank Ball. When they came begging for cornmeal, flour and other food supplies, they always received them. One winter day, when he was riding through one of his pastures, he came across a lot of stray horses. On looking around he found Butch Cassidy and his gang camped at the mouth of the Cottonwood. Their prime object was to keep away from the law, as they were a notorious outfit. This was a good cattle and game country, and by wintering here they knew they would have plenty to eat. They knew too, that in such a wild, timbered country, any officer would be a fool to try to capture them. They were wanted criminals who had pulled some spectacular jobs over the country.

Mr. Ball realized that the only thing to do was to keep on friendly terms with them, and he allowed their horses to eat his hay as long as they stayed. Cassidy belonged to the Train Robbers' Syndicate, and he also participated in the holdup of several banks. He and his gangsters were connected with the McCarthy mob, and some of their recruits were taken from the Hole-In-Wall. Cassidy was not only a notorious outlaw, but a very canny and shrewd one as well.

During his lifetime, Frank Ball acquired large holdings of land and cattle. He gave each of his two sons, Frank Ball, Jr. and Walter Ball, a fine ranch and a herd of cattle; and at the time of his death he left the home ranch to his daughter Alice Ball Nucomb. The rest of his large estate was divided in three equal parts among his three children.

As a pioneer, Frank Ball was an influence for progress and for good in his adopted state, Wyoming. He was always ready to help his neighbors and friends, and all who were in trouble or in need. He believed in law and order, and up to his passing, two years ago, he proved himself always a fine neighbor and friend.

His wife, who preceded him in death by many years, was formerly a Chicago girl whom he met on one of his trips

East. It was purely a love match and their married life was a very happy one. When she developed a heart ailment, he took her to a lower altitude but the change did not prove beneficial and when the final summons came, they were spending the winter at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mr. Ball returned to Wyoming where he remained a widower for the rest of his life.



# *The First Telephone Exchange In Wyoming*

Courtesy of the Mountain States Telephone and  
Telegraph Company

The first telephone exchange in Wyoming was established in the cupola room of the old opera house block in Cheyenne on March 22, 1881. The old opera house was on the site of the present annex building on Capitol Avenue between seventeenth and eighteenth streets. The building was destroyed by fire about 1902.

The exchange was started by Mr. Charles F. Annett, who at the time was superintendent of telegraph for the mountain division of the Union Pacific.

In Mr. Annett's diary he describes the first installation and experimental use of the telephone in Wyoming as follows: "I was manager of the Union Pacific R. R. telegraph at Cheyenne, Wyoming. In the early part of 1878, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, who was general manager of the American Bell Telephone Company, sent two complete sets of telephones with magneto transmitters to Mr. J. J. Dickey, superintendent of telegraphy of the Union Pacific (at Omaha), and I was chief operator of the mountain division between North Platte, Nebraska, and Laramie, Wyoming. And after Mr. Dickey had made some demonstrations of the telephone at Omaha he boxed up the two sets of telephones and sent them to me at Cheyenne, Wyoming, where I gave an exhibition connecting up one set in the telegraph office of the Union Pacific R. R. and the other end of a line several blocks distant in one of the stores which was considered a wonder in those days." This was in early February 1878.

On February 24, 1878, Mr. Annett connected two telephones in an experiment between Cheyenne and Laramie using Western Union Telegraph wires and the now famous first long distance telephone conversation in the Mountain States area was held between Bill Nye in Laramie and others with the late Senator F. E. Warren, Col. E. A. Slack and others in Cheyenne. The experiment was repeated between the two cities again on February 28th, 1878 with others participating.

Later in the diary Mr. Annett says: "I first connected up with the Union Pacific R. R. Telegraph Office, Round House, Carshops, and Superintendent's office. Shortly after this

I built private telephone lines connecting up several cattle ranches and in 1881 I organized the Wyoming Telephone Company and established a telephone exchange in Cheyenne, Wyo., and at Laramie, Wyoming and connected them with an extra territorial line through Cheyenne Pass using a number 12 steel wire. This connection was completed in 1882."

In 1883 a switchboard was established for the Swan Land and Cattle Company at Chugwater, Wyo., connecting up several of the company's ranches and a line was run from Cheyenne to Chugwater using the barb wire fencing part of the way (this was the first use of barb wire fence on record in telephone history). Following this, in 1883 also, several of the Warren ranches were connected to the Cheyenne exchange. F. E. Warren was then Governor of the Territory.

Late in the year 1883 The Wyoming Telephone Company was merged with The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company with headquarters in Salt Lake City. Mr. Annett became the General Manager of the Rocky Mountain Bell Company at the time of the transaction and left Cheyenne.

In September 1869, the Cheyenne-Denver long distance line was completed and in 1900 a line was finished between Cheyenne and Salt Lake City connecting Denver with Salt Lake City via Cheyenne.

On January 25, 1915 the first transcontinental telephone line between New York and San Francisco was opened for public use.

"The Cheyenne exchange was not burned at the time the fire destroyed the old opera house building. The exchange had been moved twice before the fire and if my memory serves me right the exchange was located in the Bresnahan Block at 17th and Carey at the time of the fire."

# *Wyoming's Wealth of History*

(Reprinted from The Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald,  
Feb. 18, 1951)

By

HOWARD R. DRIGGS\*

Bugle calls ringing over old Fort Bridger are among my first memories of historic Wyoming. I heard them in 1889, just before the storied post was abandoned. As a youngster, I was helping my father and brothers drive a small herd of cattle from Utah to a ranch we had staked out in the Henry's Fork country. Those were stirring days because Uncle Lando Herron was along. He had been at Fort Bridger in 1855 with Louis Robison acting for the Mormon church in the purchase of the old trading post. In the sale, John Hockaday represented Bridger and Vasquez.

Soldiers were drilling on the old parade ground when we drove our wagons and cattle through the fort. We ran into Shoshones and Utes as we traveled southward toward the lordly Uintahs. Sagehens, antelope and other game were plentiful. Streams were alive with trout. It surely was "Wonderful Wyoming," then—as now.

Nights brought us close to some of its stirring history. Father and Uncle Lando had driven oxtteams over the trail we followed. Later, when the handcart companies were caught in the early snows of the South Pass, they helped to rescue the freezing, starving emigrants. They were close to the Johnston Army episode. When the Overland Stage was running, father played his part as a blacksmith's helper at the Granger Stage Station.

In July, 1895, some other young men and I were on the way to Yellowstone Park, when we came upon frontier trouble. We got into Jackson Hole just in time to help ranchers stand guard through the night against an expected attack from Shoshones. While we didn't see the

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\*Much history that never will be known, because it has never been recorded, would undoubtedly prove to be interesting and perhaps throw a far different light on what is now available had all of it been preserved.

Dr. Howard R. Driggs, President of the American Pioneer Trails Association, points out in this article a few of the activities his association is doing to preserve and add to our colorful historic records.

Dr. Driggs resides at Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.



Shoshones, it was good to hurry on next morning to the park where the soldiers were in charge.

### **History First Hand**

This was when the settlers were coming into Star Valley and Teton Basin. A new era had started for Wyoming and surrounding states. With boyish enthusiasm I was sharing the ranching routine and getting some of the romance of Wyoming's colorful history straight from old timers who lingered.

Uncle Nick Wilson, who settled Wilson, Wyo., was one of these. It was a rare experience to help this picturesque frontiersman bring out in book form the story of his life among the Shoshones. "The White Indian Boy" we published has brought the old West close to thousands of girls and boys over the country.

Days since then have made me realize the value of these firsthand stories of America's making. Happily, the revered Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard did a marvelous thing in preserving many of them for Wyoming. Agnes Wright Spring and others still are carrying on.

Wyoming's history was given national prominence in 1930, when President Herbert Hoover proclaimed the Covered Wagon Centennial and Boy Scouts and others from over the nation gathered at Independence Rock. Ezra Meeker had spent a score of years trying to awaken our country to the worth of our pioneer heritage. He had succeeded in getting a few monuments placed, one in Casper, on the Oregon Trail he loved. We published "Oxteam Days," telling his life story. The Covered Wagon Centennial was a national dedication to the cause for which Uncle Ezra struggled valiantly.

Among the Wyoming leaders who backed the commemoration were Governor Brooks, Governor Emerson, Robert S. Ellison, Dan Greenburg, Tom Cooper, Richard Evans, Warren Richardson, John Charles Thompson, A. J. Mokler, Joseph Weppner, T. J. Gatchell, Perry Jenkins, Jim Harrower—to name only a few.

### **Organized in 1940**

In other western states there was also an enthusiastic response to the call from the Oregon Trail Memorial Association to mark the highways of history, and save the "story spots" along them. A demand to broaden the scope of the activities honoring the pioneers led to the organization of the American Pioneer Trails Association at the 1940 convention in Jackson, Wyo.

Today, not only the Oregon Trail but the Lewis and Clark, the Santa Fe, the Mormon, the Old Spanish and other trails have been reclaimed and marked largely by the school children guided by leading citizens. State and national historical monuments have been dedicated.

In Wyoming we have Forts Bridger, Caspar, Laramie and Phil Kearny. In other states, like shrines have been established where Americans and people of many lands can linger and learn something of **what it cost to put the stars in our flag.**

Hundreds of books on the epic of America's making have been written since national interest was stirred by the Covered Wagon Centennial. Thousands of pictures have been painted portraying the Western movement. Notable among these are the paintings of William H. Jackson, which are said to be to the West what the Currier & Ives were to the East.

Forty of the Jackson paintings are reproduced in full color and in their historic settings in "Westward America." The originals may be seen in the Jackson Memorial Wing of the National Museum, near Scottsbluff, Neb. The wing was made possible through a gift of Julius F. Stone and residents of the North Platte Valley cooperating with the National Park Service. Thousands of visitors have visited the famed Western gallery since its dedication in 1949.

Out of this portrayal of the Old West has come another splendid project.

### **History Kept Alive**

Interested citizens are presenting copies of Westward America to art centers, libraries, high schools, colleges and universities and adding other volumes to establish collections of Western Americana or enhance those already existing.

Through the years, travelers have been brought into Wyoming by varied activities which have kept history at work for America. Boy Scouts re-ran the Pony Express in 1935. Five years later, there was a trek over the Bozeman Road, with dedication of a monument to Portugee Phillips at Fort Laramie and another to Father De Smet at Lake De Smet.

F. W. Lafrentz, founder of the American Surety Company, of New York, and a Wyoming pioneer, was among those participating in the events. Now in his nineties, Mr. Lafrentz's heart ever is with the state that opened opportunities for him to become a national leader. At one time Mr. Lafrentz was a member of the Wyoming legislature.

Now, as chairman of the board of the American Pioneer Trails Association, he is serving the cause with devotion.

What is ahead? Wyoming has been named the sponsoring state for bringing through the story of the Cattle Industry. Our girls and boys especially need that stirring epic in attractive, authentic forms. Many of them are overfed with pseudo cowboy tales fittingly described by Josh Billings when he said, "Trubble with sich yarns is thet 'bout half the lies they tell ain't true." Our hope is to see **American Cattle Trails**, by Herbert O. Brayer, and a map of the Cattle Trails, by Hugh Glen, published and distributed widely this year. Thanks to Russell Thorp, Archie Allison, Elmer Brock and others, the project is well on its way to realization.

### Will Observe Centennial

Other plans of challenging interest to Wyoming and the nation are in the making. Colorado this year celebrates its Diamond Jubilee. That Centennial State has been invited to sponsor Overland Stage Trails observances. Wyoming has a deep interest in those historic highways, one of the most famed of which ran first through Casper. Then, because of Indian trouble, it was run farther south, close to the Wyoming-Colorado line. We hope there will be a number of celebrations honoring "Old Stage Coach Days."

Next year, it is proposed we have celebrations honoring the "Centennial of the Covered Wagon Migration." During 1852, thousands of home-building pioneers crossed the plains. Ezra Meeker and his young wife and baby made the journey that year. It is conservatively estimated that five thousand died along the Oregon, Mormon and California Trails.

Rebecca Winters was among these. Marked by a wagon tire, her grave near Scottsbluff has become a shrine to pioneer motherhood. Rebecca was the daughter of Gideon Burdick, a drummer boy in Washington's Army when it crossed the Delaware.

A re-dedication of old Independence Rock may well be a national tribute and fitting remembrance of the army of pioneers who won and held our West. Wyoming will have another opportunity. The spirit of the pioneers must be kept alive. The dauntless spirit that made America will keep America. Every community along storied trails will honor itself by treasuring these highways of history and enrich itself by conserving its historical resources. People like to travel. Let it be made more profitable by persuading them to linger where the drama of America's making has been enacted. It will make those visitors more understand-



ing and appreciative of the background of American life. It will also bring money into Wyoming.

### **Crossed Wyoming**

No state has more romantic trails than has Wyoming. Across it runs a trunkline of some of the most famous—Oregon, Mormon, California, the Pony Express and Overland Stage. Carved deep in its rocks, as near Guernsey, is a thrilling record of the mighty migration. Then there were the trails of the Astorians and the trappers. Even before these, Indian trails of intense interest, traced by animals before history was recorded. Besides all these was the Bozeman Road, scene of the last stand of warriors fighting for their hunting ground. With such a rich background, Wyoming must carry forward to a more splendid development of its historical resources.

The Wyoming Council of the American Pioneer Trails Association was organized in 1948, to reinforce the good work of the Landmark Commission. As a part of the national organization, this council is in position to bring new force into the movement and gain nationwide attention for Wyoming.

As I write these lines, I seem to hear again, the bugle calls ringing over old Fort Bridger, and in them feel the call for action.

# *Accessions*

to the

## WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

December 1950 to June 1951

Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe H., Moorcroft, Wyoming: Donors of a very, very old iron lighter with two spicketts for the wicks.

McPherrren, Mrs. Ida, Sheridan, Wyoming: Donor of Tintype of Poison Bill Tyson; Menu of the Third Annual Banquet of The Old Settlers' Club of Sheridan and Johnson Counties, October 20, 1904, Unity Hotel; Commencement program of the Sheridan High School in 1900, 1901; hand bill for entertainments given by Judge Robert P. Parker in 1905; hand bill of Clint and Bessie Robbins Show.

McConnell, W. E., Chugwater, Wyoming: Donor of cast steel hatchet found at Chugwater Creek on old Fort Laramie-Cheyenne road.

Bartley, Esther (Mrs. E. T.), Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a tray cloth which belonged to Betsy Hinds Foster, great-grandmother of Mrs. Bartley. She was born in 1798. She grew the flax, spun the thread, wove the linen and embroidered the cloth about 1817. Lustre Ware cup in the same pattern used by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in the White House. It was given to Mrs. Bartley about 1880 by her grandfather.

Jewett, Mrs. Gordon, Big Piney, Wyoming: Donor of a photograph of herself.

Russell, Austin P., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a steel engraving of Fort Laramie in the early days.

Daniel Bagley School, Fourth and Fifth Grades, Seattle, Washington: Donors of **My Weekly Reader**.

Augspurger, Miss Marie M., Middletown, Ohio: Donor of several pictures of Yellowstone National Park.

Gano, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt W., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of a William S. Sperry clock.

Smalley, Mrs. Edith A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a number of pictures of various people and organizations.

Himstreet, Mrs. C., Salt Lake City, Utah: Donor of four pictures of early day events in Cheyenne.

Yarter, Mrs. Edmond A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of U. S. Flag with 45 stars.

Hunt, U. S. Senator from Wyoming, Washington, D. C.: Donor of a colored picture of Cheyenne taken by the Air Corps in March 1950. It was snapped at an altitude of 9000 feet and a distance of 20 miles. The lens of the camera weighed 200 pounds.

Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Missouri: Donors of a picture of Custer's Last Fight.

Voetter, Richard G. W., East Lansdowne, Pennsylvania: Donor of a pen sketch of Fort Laramie 1869 by Charles Voetter.

Carnegie Library (Miss Mary Carpenter, Librarian), Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of unframed picture of Army Day Parade, April 6, 1946; map of the Platte Bridge, Deer Creek, LaBonte and Horse Shoe Stations copied by L. C. Bishop in 1935; map of Fort Fetterman by L. C. Bishop and E. B. Shaffner in 1937.

Evans, Robert, Billings, Montana: Donor of a picture of the Governor's Mansion (Cheyenne) when it was under construction in 1901.

Swisher, B. F., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of **The Cheyenne Sun**, Tuesday, November 11, 1884.

Schoonjans, Mrs. Lois, Saratoga, Wyoming: Bridle donated to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

Office of the Live Stock and Sanitary Board, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of the official list of brands in Wyoming in 1899; **Wyoming Brand Book** supplement numbers 1, 2, and 4; **Wyoming Brand Book** for 1936.

Scanlan, Mrs. W. J., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of an early day cook stove used in the covered wagons.

Burnside, Raymond A., M. D., Des Moines, Iowa: Donor of a picture of Fort Reno, Wyoming, taken in 1866 by Captain J. L. Proctor.

Byron, Mrs. Elsa Spear, Sheridan, Wyoming: Donor of a picture of the Francis J. Barwig house built in Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1888.

Williams, Loren, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of part of a buffalo's tooth found in Crow Creek, about 8 miles east of Cheyenne.

Kinney, Kenneth and Kenworthy, John, Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donors of an old cap gun.

Pidcock, John K., Omaha, Nebraska: Donor of a Japanese sword and rifle.

Thompson, Oren A., Cheyenne, Wyoming: Donor of a cap-lock gun, about 100 years old which was made in England.

### Books—Gifts

Barker, Emerson N., gift of **Early Colorado Mails**. Published by the author.

Morgan, Nicholas G., volume 11, **Heart Throbs of the West**, by Kate B. Carter. 1950. Published by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1950.

Learn, Lem, **A Little Wyoming History**. Published by the author, 1950.

McCullough, A. S., **The Ohio**, author, R. E. Banta. Published by Rinehart, 1949.



Johnson, Roy P., author, **Jacob Horner of the Seventh Cavalry**. Published by the North Dakota Historical Society, 1949.

Burnside, Raymond A., M. D., **Custer Battlefield**, by Edward S. Luce. Published by National Park Service, 1949.

### **Books—Purchased**

Ruxton, George F. A., **Ruxton of the Rockies**. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press, 1950. \$3.34.

Schmedding, Joseph, **Cowboy and Indian Trader**. Published by Caxton 1951. \$5.00.

Hinton, John Howard, **History of the U. S. of America** (two volumes). Published by Tallis. \$6.80.

Rush, N. Orwin, **Letters of Edgar W. Nye**. Published by University of Wyoming 1950. \$2.50.

Ewan, Joseph, **Rocky Mountain Naturalist**. Published by University of Denver Press 1950. \$4.12.

# General Index

## —A—

Adam's, Major Camp, 8  
Afallen's Bluffs, 25  
Alkali Station, 25  
Allison, Archie, 60  
America, 28  
American Bell Telephone Company, 55  
"American Cattle Trails," 60  
American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute Bureau, 43  
American Indian, 44  
American Pioneer Trails Association, 57, 58, 60, 61  
American Surety Company of New York, 58  
Anderson, Major, 2, 10, 11, 16, 17, 19  
Andrews, 52  
Anheuser-Busch, Inc., gift to museum, 63  
Annett, Charles F., 55, 56  
"Anniversary Song," 48  
Antelope Island, 51  
Anthony, D. R., 9  
Arapahoes, 10, 20  
Arizona, 47  
Artist Guild—Sublette County, 49  
Astorians, 61  
Augsburger, Miss Marie M., gift to museum, 62

## —B—

Ball, Alice, 53  
    Charles, 49, 50  
    Daniel, 49, 50, 51  
    Frank, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53  
    Frank, Jr., 53  
    Island, 50, 51  
    John, 49  
    Josephine, 49  
    Ranch, 52  
    Walter, 53  
Banner, Harold, 48  
Barbour, Dr. Edwin H., 42, 46  
Barbour quarry, 41, 42, 43  
Barnwell, 8  
Bartlett, I. S., 46  
"B" Company, 10, 24  
Barrett's Mills, 27  
Bartley, Mrs. Esther (Mrs. E. T.), gift to museum, 62  
Battle of Platte Bridge, 21  
Bayside, Long Island, New York, 57  
Beauvais Ranch, 25  
Beaver Creek, 52  
Beaver Head Rock, Montana Territory, 30, 31  
Bed Tick Creek, 23  
Bedford, Virginia "Democrat," 47  
Big Blue, 27  
Big Bitter Cottonwood, 23  
Big Muddy, 22  
Big Piney, Wyoming, 49, 50  
Big Sandy, 27  
Big Scout, 10

Billings, Josh, 60  
 Bitter Cottonwood, 33  
 Blackfeet, 20  
 Black Hills, 41  
 Black Vermillion, 27  
 Bloomington, Illinois, 46  
 Blyth-Fargo Company, 50  
 Bordeaux Ranch, 32  
 Bowman's, 52  
 Boy Scouts, 58, 59  
 Bozeman Road, 59, 61  
 Brayer, Herbert O., 60  
 Bresnahan Block, 56  
 Bridger, James, 5, 57  
 Britney, Lieutenant, 15, 16, 17, 18  
 Brock, J. Elmer, 60  
 Brooks, Governor B. B., 58  
 Bryant, Jack, 48  
 Bulletin 60, 43  
 Burdick, Gideon, 60  
 Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, 43  
 Burnside, Dr. Raymond A., gift to museum, 63  
 Bush, Frank, 15  
 Butte Pass, 7  
 Byron, Mrs. Elsa Spear, gift to museum, 63

—C—

Cache La Poudre, 9  
 California, 11  
 California Regiment, 22  
 California, Terra Bella, 47  
 California Trail, 60, 61  
 Camp Collins, 24  
 Camp "K," 17  
 Camp, Little Blue, 27  
 Camp, Lyon, 28  
 Camp, Major Adam's, 8  
 Carnegie Library, gift to museum, 63  
 Casper, Wyoming, 46, 48, 52, 58  
**Casper** (Wyoming) **Tribune Herald**, 57  
 Cassidy, "Butch," 53  
 Castle Rock, 6  
 "Cattle Trails," 60  
 Cavalry, 7th, 27  
 Cavalry, 14th Pennsylvania, 25  
 "Centennial of Covered Wagon Migration," 60  
 Centennial State, (Colorado), 60  
 Cheyenne Indians, 20  
 Cheyenne language, 20  
 Cheyenne Pass, 56  
 Cheyenne telephone exchange, 56  
 Cheyenne, Wyoming, 33, 46, 49, 55, 56  
 Chicago, Field Museum, 43  
 Chimney Rock, 24  
 Christian Commission, 28  
 Chugwater, Wyoming, 36  
 Circleville (Nebraska), 28  
 Clancey, Lieutenant, 5, 10, 13, 14, 15  
 Clear Creek, 28  
 Clemens, Earl, 48  
 Clemens, Elizabeth Hoffman, 48



Clemens, Winter, 48  
 Collins, Lieutenant, 19, 20  
 Colorado, 60  
 Colorado-Wyoming line, 60  
 Columbus, Iowa, 34  
 Columbus, Indiana, 30  
 Comanches, 20  
 Company "D," 18, 19, 20  
 Company "F," 8  
     "G," 15, 19  
     "H," 6, 17, 18, 19, 20, 29  
     "I," 6, 20  
     "J," 9, 21  
     "K," 17, 20, 29  
     "L," 8, 17, 20, 29  
     "M," 8  
 Connor, General, 22, 26  
 Constantine, Michigan, burial place of Clemmens, 48  
**Constantine Record**, 48  
 Converse County, 43  
 Cooper, Tom, 58  
 Coronado, 42  
 Cottonwood, 24-27, 50, 51, 53  
 Cottonwood-Bitter, 33  
 Cottonwood ranch, 25  
 Cottonwood Station, 25  
 Courthouse Rock, 24  
 Covered Wagon Migration Centennial, 58, 59, 60  
 Cow Belles, 49  
 Crooked Creek, 28  
 Crouch, Kenneth E., 47  
 Curmichael, Hannah, 39  
 Curmichael, L., 36  
 Currier and Ives, 59  
 Curry, Hannah, 36

—D—

Daniel Bagley School, gift to museum, 62  
 Deer Creek, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23  
 Delaware River, 60  
**Democrat**, Bedford, Virginia, 47  
 Dennison, Billy, 29  
 Denver Bridge road, 23  
 Denver, Colorado, 56  
 Denver Road, 24  
 Department of Indian Affairs, 38  
 DeSmet, Father, 58  
 DeSmet, Lake, 58  
 Devil's Back Bone, 7, 13, 14  
 Devil's Gate, 6  
 Diamond Jubilee (of Colorado), 60  
 Dickerson, 16  
 Dickey, J. J., 55  
 Dodge, General, 25  
 Dorsey, George A., 43, 46  
 Dorsey Quarry, 41, 43  
 Dramatic League of America, 49  
 Drew, Lieutenant, 11, 12, 14, 15, 27  
 Driggs, Howard, 30, 57

—E—

Eastern Star Chapter, Pinedale, Wyoming, 49

Easton, 28  
Ethnology, U. S. Bureau, 46  
Ekdall, Emmett C., 48  
Elder Creek, 23  
Ellison, Robert S., 58  
Emerson, Frank C., 58  
Evans, Richard, 58  
Evans, Robert, gift to museum, 63  
Expedition, Powder River, 23

## —F—

Fagan, 50  
Falls Co., 28  
Ficklines Bluffs, 24  
Field Museum, Chicago, 43, 46  
Fifteenth Century, 42  
First Telephone Exchange in Wyoming, 55  
Fish Creek, 7, 30  
Flowerfield, Michigan, 47  
Folks, Captain, 23  
Fontenelle Creek, 50  
Fort Bridger, 57, 59, 61  
Fort Caspar, 59  
Fort Fetterman, 32  
Fort Halleck, 24  
Fort Kearney, 22, 23, 26, 27  
Fort Kearny, Phil, 59  
Fort Laramie, 9, 23, 33, 34, 59  
Fort Leavenworth, 23, 28, 29  
Fort Mitchell, 10, 24  
Fremont Sloo, 25

## —G—

"G" Company, 11th Ohio, 17  
Galvanized Troops, 8  
Gano, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt W., gift to museum, 62  
Garvin, Justin, 51  
Gatchell, T. J., 58  
Gautschi, Hans, 41, 46  
Glen, Hugh, 60  
Glendo, Wyoming, 41  
Goddard, 9  
Gold Regions, 15  
Golden Anniversary, Wyoming (1940), 48  
Gould, George, 51  
Grand Encampment, Wyoming, 47, 48  
Granger Stage Station, 57  
Grasshopper Creek, 28  
Grasshopper Falls, 28  
Great Salt Lake, 51  
Greenburg, Dan, 58  
Green River, Wyoming, 53  
Green River City, Wyoming, 50  
Greer, Captain, 8, 10, 12-20  
Grigsby, Luther, 29  
Grigsby, Mrs. L. M., 29  
Guernsey, Wyoming, 41, 46, 61

## —H—

Hallock Road, 24  
Halton, 28  
Hamilton, New York, 49  
Hammond, 12

Ham's Forks, 50  
 Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities, 43  
 Harper, Lieutenant, 11  
 Harrower, Jim, 58  
 Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond, 58  
 Hereford Cattle, 51  
 Henery, General Gus, 16  
 Henry's Fork, 57  
 Herron, Lando, 57  
 "H" Company, 6, 9  
 Hockaday, John, 57  
 Himstreet, Mrs. C., gift to museum, 62  
 Historical Club, Sublette County, 49  
 Holding, John, 21  
 Holding, Sergeant, 12, 16  
 Hole-In-Wall, 53  
 Holmes quarry, 41, 42, 43  
 Holmes, William H., 43  
 Hook, H. M., 26  
 Hoover, President Herbert, 58  
 Horse Creek, 13, 14, 17, 22, 23, 24, 52  
 Horse Shoe, 9, 11, 18  
 Hot Springs, Arkansas, 54  
 Howard, John, 52  
 Hubbard, Captain, 29  
 Hubbard, Lieutenant, 20  
 Hunt, Lester C., U. S. Senator, gift to museum, 62

## —I—

"I" Company, 6, 11  
 Idaho, 11, 15  
 Illinois Regiments, 14th, 15th, 32nd, 29  
 Illinois State Museum, 46  
 Independence Rock, 6, 58, 60  
 "Indian" Charley, 52  
 Indians, Cheyenne, 20  
 Indian scouts, 21  
 Indians, Sioux, 24  
 "Iron Horse," 29

## —J—

Jackson Hole, 57  
 Jackson Memorial Wing of National Museum, 59  
 Jackson, William H., 59  
 Jackson, Wyoming, 58  
 Jenkins, Perry, 58  
 Jewett, Mrs. C. Gordon, 49  
 Jewett, Mrs. C. Gordon, gift to museum, 62  
 Jewett Land & Livestock Co., 51  
 Jewett, L. Ellis, 49  
 Jewett, Lora Neal, 49  
 Jewett & O'Neill outfits, 52  
 Johnson Army (U. S.), 57  
 Johnson, Dr., 16  
 Julesburg, Nebraska, 9, 24, 25  
 Julesburg Station, 24  
 Junction North & South Platte Rivers, 25

## —K—

"K" Camp, 17  
 "K" Company, 9  
 Kansas, Abilene, 32  
 Kansas, Oaskosoosa, 21



Kansas, Prescott, 21  
Kansas, Tonganoxie, 35, 37, 38  
Kansas, Topeka, 29  
Kearney, 26  
Keeline, Wyoming, 41  
Kelly, 16  
Kenworthy, John, gift to museum, 63  
Kingston, New York, 51  
Kinney, Kenneth, gift to museum, 63  
Knapp, George Edwin, 48

—L—

LaBonte, 10, 11, 21  
LaBonte Creek, 23  
LaBonte Station, 23  
LaFrentz, F. W., 58  
Lake De Smet, 58  
Lakeview Cemetery, Cheyenne, 30  
Landmark Commission (Wyoming), 61  
La Puelle, 10, 11, 14, 23  
Laramie, 8, 9, 10, 16, 17, 23, 24, 26, 55, 56  
Laramie Peak, 23  
Laramie River, 23, 30  
Laramie, Wyoming, University, 48  
Lauk, Billy, 43, 46  
Lawrence Fork, 24  
Leavenworth, 7, 16, 26, 27, 36  
Leavenworth Times, 9, 11  
Lewis and Clark, 59  
Lib, 32  
Life in Ghost City of Rhyolite, 48  
Little Bitter Cottonwood, 23  
Little Blue, 27  
Little Blue Camp, 27  
Little Sandy, 27  
Livestock and Sanitary Board (Wyoming), gift to museum, 63  
Long Island Railroad, New York, 51  
Lotta, 32  
Louisiana, Lake Charles, 48  
Lowe, Brevet Brigadier General, mustering officer, Kansas, 29  
Lower Willow Creek, 13  
Luman place, 52  
Lusk Herald, 41  
Lusk, Wyoming, 41, 46

—M—

Mackey, Major, 13  
Manville, Wyoming, 41, 46  
Marcellus, Michigan, 48  
Marrow's (Jack) Ranch, 25  
Marshall, Sandy, 53  
Marysville, 27  
Massachusetts Cavalry, 3rd, 26  
May, Corporal, 18  
McCarthy mob, 53  
McConnell, W. E., gift to museum, 62  
McDonald, Lieutenant, 20  
McLean County Historical Society, 46  
McPherrin, Mrs. Ida, gift to museum, 62  
Meeker, Ezra, 58, 60  
Mehasannie, New York, 51  
Memphis, Tennessee, 49

Michigan, 6th, 16, 21, 22  
Mississippi Valley Mound Builders, 44  
Mitchell, 24  
Mokler, A. J., 58  
Montana, Territory, 14, 15, 31, 39  
Moonlight, General, 5, 7, 10  
Mormon Church, 57  
Mormon emigrants, 26  
Mormon Trail, 59, 60, 61  
Morrison, W. W., 30  
Moss, O. A., 46  
Motts, Mrs., 52  
Mound Builders of Mississippi Valley, 44  
Mountain Division of the Union Pacific, 55  
Mountain States area, 55  
Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, 55  
Muddy Creek, 7, 22, 27  
Mud Springs, 24  
Muddy workings, 43  
Myers, Mr., 28

## —N—

National Park Service, 59  
Natural Bridge, 23  
Nebraska Regiment, 23  
Nebraska, 44  
Nebraska troops, 23  
Nebraska, University of, 42  
Newcastle, Wyoming, 46  
New Orleans, Louisiana, 8, 15, 16  
New York City, New York, 56  
Niobrara County, 41, 43  
North America, 42, 44  
North Cottonwood Creek, 52  
North Laramie River, 32, 33  
North Platte, Nebraska, 55  
North Platte River, 41, 43  
North Platte Valley, 59  
North Powder River, 17  
Nucomb, Alice Ball, 53  
Nye, Bill, 55  
Oaskasoosa, Kansas, 21  
Ohio, 44  
Ohio Cavalry, 11th, 15, 17  
Ohio, Columbus, 39  
Ohio Troops, 16  
Oklahoma, the State of, 44  
"Old Man" Roy, 53  
Old Spanish Trail, 59  
"Old Stage Coach Days," 60  
Olinger, Ralph, 46  
Omaha, Nebraska, 25, 55  
Oneida, N. Y., 49  
O'Neill and Jewett outfits, 52  
One Mile station, 24  
Opal, Wyoming, 50  
Opera House Block, 55, 56  
Oregon, 11  
Oregon Trail, 59  
Overland Stage Trail, 60, 61  
Overland Trail, 57, 58, 60, 61

Oregon Trail Memorial Association, 58  
"Oxteam Days," 58

## —P—

Palwaggi, 52  
Pawnee Rock, 27  
Pennock, Jake, 29  
Pennock, Sergeant, 13, 27  
Pennsylvania Cavalry, 14th, 25  
Peters Creek, 28  
Philadelphia, 8  
Phillips, J. R., 46  
Phillips, Portugee, 59  
Pidcock, John K., gift to museum, 63  
Ping, Catherine, 31, 36  
Platte bottom, 23  
Platte Bridge, 6, 7, 9, 14, 16, 17, 23  
Platte County, 41  
Platte River, 6, 7, 9, 14, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 41, 44  
Plumb, Colonel, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10  
Plumb Creek, 26  
Poison Creeks, 7, 13  
"Poker Jim," 52  
Pole Creek, 24  
Pomeroy, Al, 50  
Pony Express, 59  
Pony Express Trail, 61  
Porterfield, Sergeant, 24  
"Portugee" Phillips, 59  
Powder River, 4, 5, 8, 10  
Powder River Expedition, 23  
Powell, A. J., 30, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40  
Powell, James, 34  
Powell, J. R., 31, 33, 35, 36  
Powell, Levi, 30, 31, 32  
Prazos River, 31  
Prehistoric Cross, 43  
Prescott, Kansas, 21  
Press Reporting Syndicate, 49  
Price, Alex, 52

## —Q—

Quarries, Barbour, Dorsey and Holmes, 41

## —R—

Ranch 666, 52  
Red Buttes, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20  
Red Buttes Pass, 7  
Red Devils (Indians), 33, 34, 38  
Regiment, 16, 9  
Republican Club, Sublette County, 49  
Reshaw Creek, 12, 22  
**Rhyolite Herald**, 48  
Rhyolite, Nevada, 48  
Richardson, Warren, 58  
Ridge, Nine Mile, 27  
Riggs, of the Field Museum, 46  
Robinson, C. H., 46  
Robison, Louis, 57  
Rock Creek, 27  
Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, 56  
Rocky Ridge, 9-14  
Rocky Ridge Station, 7, 8



- Roy, "old man," 53  
 Roush: ———, 32  
 Roush, Mrs. Mary, 30, 31, 32, 34, 39  
 Rush Creek, 24  
 Russell, Austin P., gift to museum, 62  
 —S—  
 Salt Creek House, 28  
 Salt Lake City, Utah, 9, 51, 56  
 San Francisco, California, 56  
 Santa Fe Trail, 59  
 Sawmill Canyon, 43  
 Scanlan, Mrs. W. J., gift to museum, 63  
 Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, 24, 59, 60  
 Schoonjans, Mrs. Lois, gift to museum, 63  
 Shoshones, 57-58  
 Shrader, Corporal James, 20, 21  
 Sioux, 20, 24, 33  
 Slack, Colonel E. A., 55  
 Smalley, Mrs. Edith A., gift to museum, 62  
 Smith, Henry, 20, 21  
 Smithsonian Institute, 43  
 Snake, 17, 20  
 Snake Indian Scouts, 21  
 Snow Creek, 22  
 "Socks" (cow-pony), 51  
 Sons of Confederate Veterans, 47  
 South Dakota, 41  
 South Pass, 10, 16, 57  
 South Platte River, 25  
 Spanish Diggings, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46  
 Spanish Expeditions, 42  
 Spanish Explorations, 42  
 Spanish Hills, 41, 42  
 Spaugh, A. A., 46  
 Spencer rifle, 15  
 Split Rock, 6  
 Spring, Agnes Wright, 58  
 Springfield, Illinois, 29  
 Star Ranch, 23  
 Star Valley, 58  
 Stein, W. L., 43, 46  
 Stenkbery, Sentinel, 18  
 Stone, Julius F., 59  
 Stranger Creek, 28  
 Sublette County, Wyoming, 49  
 Swain, Byron, 20, 21  
 Swan Land and Cattle Company, 56  
 Sweetwater Bridge, 13  
 Sweetwater River, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21  
 Sweetwater Station, 11, 14, 17  
 Swisher, Dr. B. F., gift to museum, 63  
 —T—  
 Table Rock, 24  
 Teepee Rings, 45  
 Tennessee, 47  
 Terra Bella, California, 48  
**Terry Bella News**, 48  
 Teton Basin, 58  
 Texas, 32  
 Texas, Waco, 31

"That's Wyoming," 48  
 Third U. S. Cavalry, 14  
 Thomas, Slim (Skinney), 50  
 Thompson, John Charles, 58  
 Thompson, Oren A., gift to museum, 63  
 Thompson Ranch, 27  
 Thorp, Russell, 60  
 Three Crossings Station, 6, 9  
 Timpkins, 24  
 Tirvettes Train, 28  
 Todd, Sergeant, 22  
 Tonganoxie, Kansas, 34  
 Topeka Historical Society (Kansas), 29  
 Train Robbers' Syndicate, 53

## —U—

Uintahs (Uintah Mountains), 57  
 Union Pacific Railroad: Car shops, 55  
     Round House,  
     Superintendent's office,  
     Telegraph office,  
 United States Bureau of Ethnology, 46  
 University of Nebraska, 42  
 University of Wyoming, 48  
 Utah, 11, 57  
 Utes, 57

## —V—

Vail, Theodore N., 55  
 Valley City, 26  
 Vasquez, 57  
 Vaughn, Mrs. Harold, 48  
 Ventura, California, 48  
 V.F.W. Auxiliary, Pinedale, Wyoming, 49  
 Virginia Cavalry, 25  
 Virginia City, 14, 39  
 Voetter, Richard G. W., gift to museum, 63  
 Volunteers, 5th U. S., 27

## —W—

Wagon Hound, 23  
 Walker, Lieutenant, 11, 19  
 Warren, F. E., 55, 56  
 Warren ranches, 56  
 Wasatch Stock and Grazing Company, 50  
 Washington, state, 47  
 Washington's Army, 60  
 Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe H., gift to museum, 62  
 Webb, Dr. Stewart, 51  
 Weppner, Joseph, 58  
 Western Union Telegraph wires, 55  
**Westward America**, 59  
 Whalen Canyon, 46  
 Whipple, J. C., 36, 37  
 Whiskey Gap, 6  
 White Indian Boy, 58  
 Wilcox, Josephine, 49  
 Williams, Loren, gift to museum, 63  
 Willow Creek, 17, 19  
 Willow Springs, 7, 14, 17  
 Willson, Helen, 41  
 Willson, Mrs. Glen I., 41  
 Wilson, Nick, 58

Wilson, Wyoming, 58  
Wind River, 4, 5, 6, 17  
Winnebago Indians, 23  
Winter, Charles E., 47, 48  
Winters, Rebecca, 60  
Writers' Club, Sublette County, 49  
Wyoming-Colorado line, 60  
Wyoming Council, 61  
Wyoming Industrial Convention, Sheridan, 47  
Wyoming March Song, 48  
Wyoming quarries, 44  
Wyoming Statehood, 48  
Wyoming State Song, 47  
Wyoming Telephone Company, 56  
Wyoming Territory, 37

—Y—

Yarter, Mrs. Edmond A., gift to museum, 62  
Yellowstone Park, 57





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